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THE NEW YORKER

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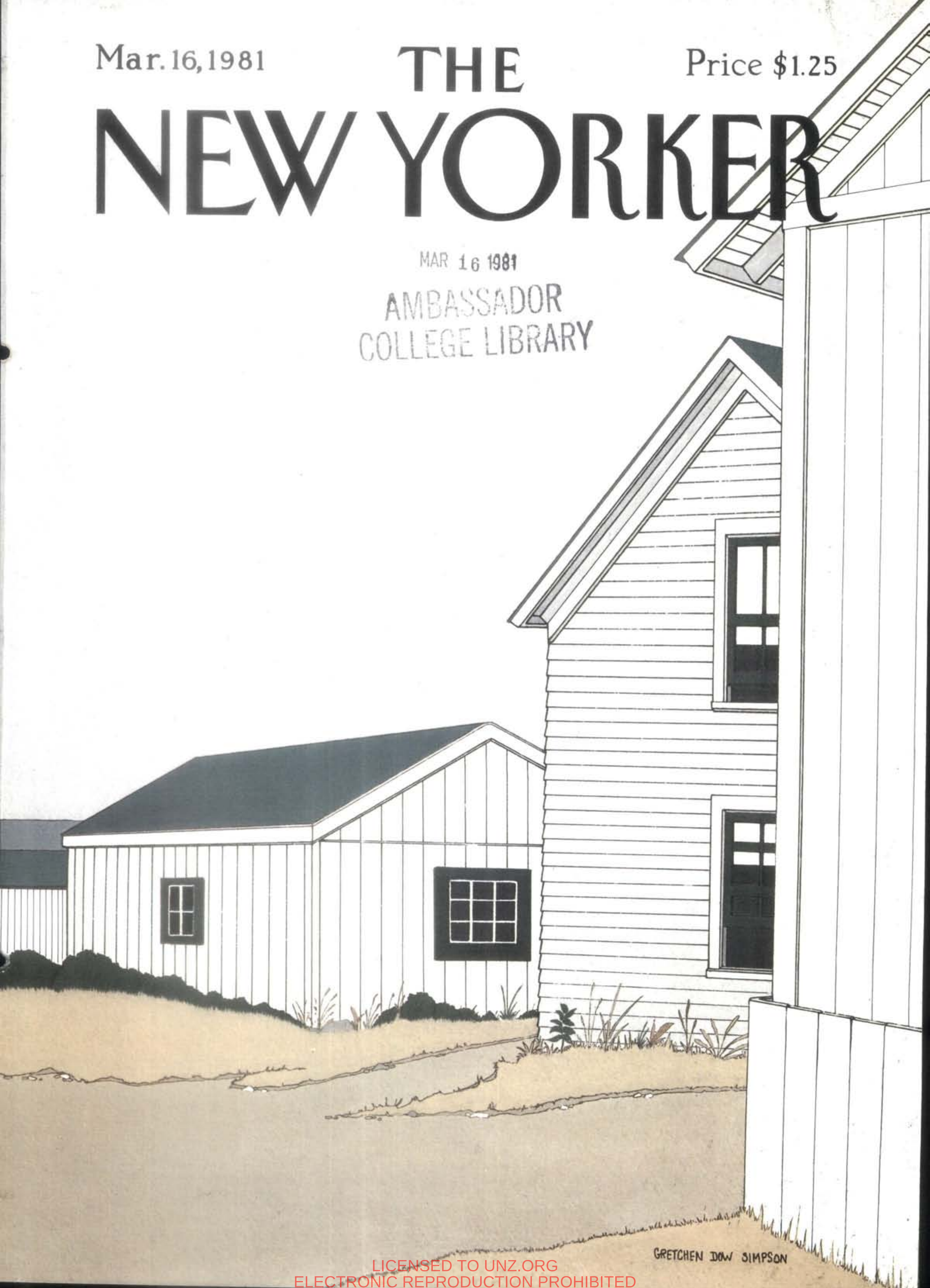
GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON

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Seville vs. Leading Luxury Import Models
Sales Per R. L. Polk, Jan.-Oct. 1980

Seville by Cadillac	28,641
Mercedes 240D	8,326
BMW 528*i*	6,169
Volvo GLE (Sedans and Station Wagons)	9,216
Audi 5000 (Complete "5000" series including Diesel and Turbo)	22,257
Peugeot 505S (All models)	2,774
Saab 900 (Complete "900" series including Turbo)	8,576

What makes Seville the exception . . . its distinctive styling? Yes, to a degree. Ride and roominess are considerations, too. Or maybe the key factor in Seville's success is its advanced technology.

The benefits of front-wheel drive. The first time you sit inside a Seville, you'll notice what seems to be an inordinate amount of legroom. That's one of the benefits of front-wheel drive. Front-wheel drive also gives Seville impressive traction in a wide variety of road conditions. Note: Of the six luxury imports listed in the chart on the left, only Audi and Saab have front-wheel drive.

A unique choice in engines. Seville is available with any one of three power plants: the standard Diesel engine, a gas-powered V6 or the new V8-6-4 engine. No other carmaker offers a comparable selection—foreign or domestic.

Cadillacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Cadillac dealer for details.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are acted by Tracy Pollan, Jan Leslie Harding, Sam Robards, and Ralph Davies, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Amadeus—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BAM Theatre Company—Two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. Ibsen's **the wild duck:** Wednesday, March 11, at 8 (preview); Thursday, March 12, at 6:30 (opening); Friday, March 13, at 8; Saturday, March 14, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 15, at 2 and 7:30; and Saturday, March 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **a midsummer night's dream.** Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Black Elk Lives—A play by Christopher Sergel based on John G. Neihardt's book "Black Elk Speaks." Preview Wednesday, March 11. Opens officially on Thursday, March 12, at 7. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Follies—A contemporary entertainment done in vaudeville style, with the comedy team of Shields and Yarnell, Tessie O'Shea, acrobats, animal acts, magicians, and so on. Walter Marks is responsible for the music and lyrics. Previews through Saturday, March 14. Opens officially on Sunday, March 15. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Monday, March 16, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Childe Byron—William Hurt and Lindsay Crouse are very good as Lord Byron and his grown daughter in this foolish play by Romulus Linney. (3/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 29.)

Close of Play—The contents of this rather shallow domestic farce by Simon Gray are grim indeed. A distinguished old British professor listens in silence as his two grown sons and his daughters-in-law pour out their troubles in a series of monologues. With William Roerick as the professor, and John Horton, Pauline Flanagan, Caroline Lagerfelt, John Christopher Jones, and Veronica Castang. (3/9/81) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Coming Attractions—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Déclassée—A revival of Zoë Akins' 1919 play, with Sharon Laughlin, Michael Fischetti, Kevin O'Rourke, Eileen Burns, and Phyllis Somerville. (Lion Theatre Company, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Cole Porter's 1934 musical **anything goes** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 11. Opens officially on Thursday, March 12, and will run through Sunday, April 5. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fifth of July—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42nd Street—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Heartland—A play by Kevin Heelan. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson repeats his brilliant performance in this first-rate revival, which might well be a bore without him. John Osborne was the playwright. (3/9/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Knuckle—In this play by the English dramatist David Hare, a man interrupts his investiga-

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COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Arnie Levin, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, William Steig, William Hamilton, Al Ross, Edward Koren, Charles Barsotti, Charles Addams, Jack Ziegler, Thomas B. Allen, Charles Saxon, Mick Stevens, Donald Reilly, Edward Frascino, Boris Drucker, Sidney Harris*

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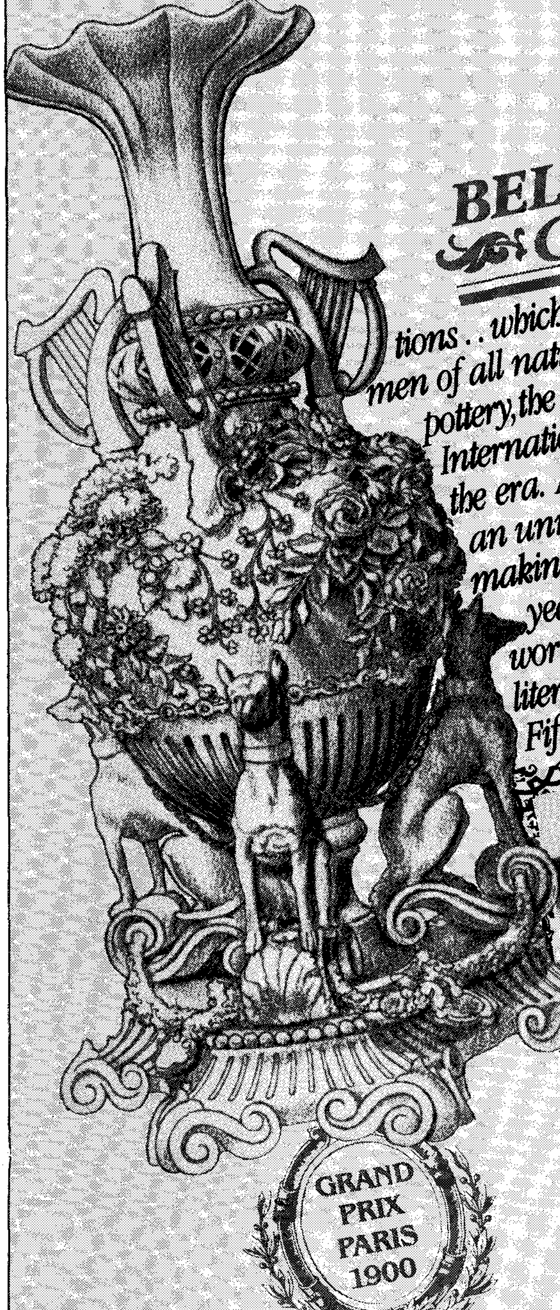

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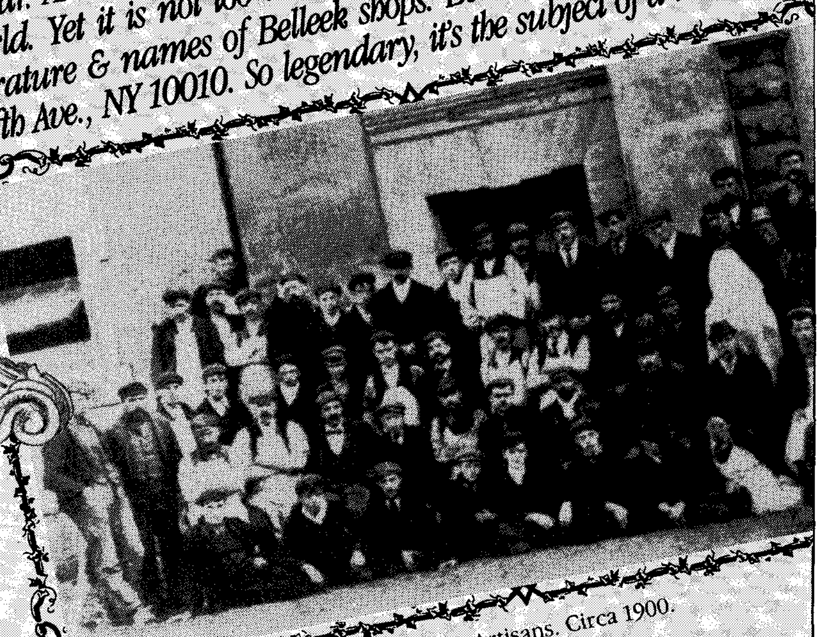

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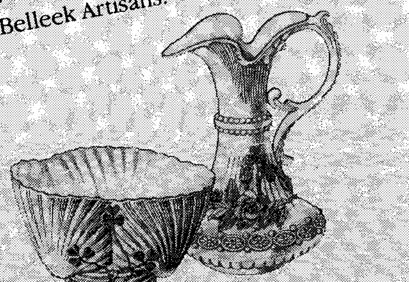

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion of his sister's disappearance with long, cynical lectures on a number of abstractions. The character is a bore, but he is well acted by Daniel Gerroll. With Fran Brill and Alice Drummond, among others. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, March 15: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 18: **THE ZOO, COX & BOX,** and **TRIAL BY JURY.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Lolita—Edward Albee's adaptation of the Nabokov novel, with Donald Sutherland, Ian Richardson, Clive Revill, and Shirley Stoler. Blanche Baker has the title role. Frank Dunlop is the director. Previews through Wednesday, March 18. Opens officially on Thursday, March 19. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—This production of O'Neill's autobiographical drama has a distinguished black cast, but it seems rather tame, on the whole, in spite of a stunning performance by Al Freeman, Jr., as Jamie Tyrone. (Reviewed in this issue.) Reopens Tuesday, March 17. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Lunch Hour—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a conclusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marching to Georgia—A play by Barbara Daniel, with Janice Fuller at the head of the cast. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Marry Me a Little—Suzanne Henry and Craig Lucas in a two-character musical with songs by Stephen Sondheim. Preview Wednesday, March 11. Opens officially on Thursday, March 12. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mary Stuart—In this "absurdist" comedy by a German dramatist, Wolfgang Hildesheimer, about the Queen's last day on earth, that fine actress Roberta Maxwell is given a chance to do some amusing clowning. The script grows tiresome, but the performance of the entire company is quite lively. Des McAnuff directed, and Jim Clayburgh designed the impressive setting. (3/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 15.)

One-Act Play Festival at Lincoln Center—The first of three programs presenting new plays by American playwrights. The three plays here are John Guare's "In Fireworks Lie Secret Codes," Percy Granger's "Vivien," and Jeffrey Sweet's "Stops Along the Way." None is especially memorable, although Mr Granger's and Mr. Guare's have their good moments. They are well acted by Michael Egan, James Woods, Graham Beckel, and Kathleen Widdoes, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Piaf—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, March 15, at 7:30.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY.** (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Texts—A marvel. Joseph Chaikin is the sole actor in this adaptation of Samuel Beckett's prose poems, and fifty-five minutes is much too short a time to spend with him. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

Veronica's Room—A thriller by Ira Levin, with Georgine Hall, John Milligan, Innes-Fergus McDade, and Claude-Albert Saucier (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A miserable performance of Dario Fo's farce about the rebellion of some working people in Milan. (2/23/81) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,680 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A nightclub singer with

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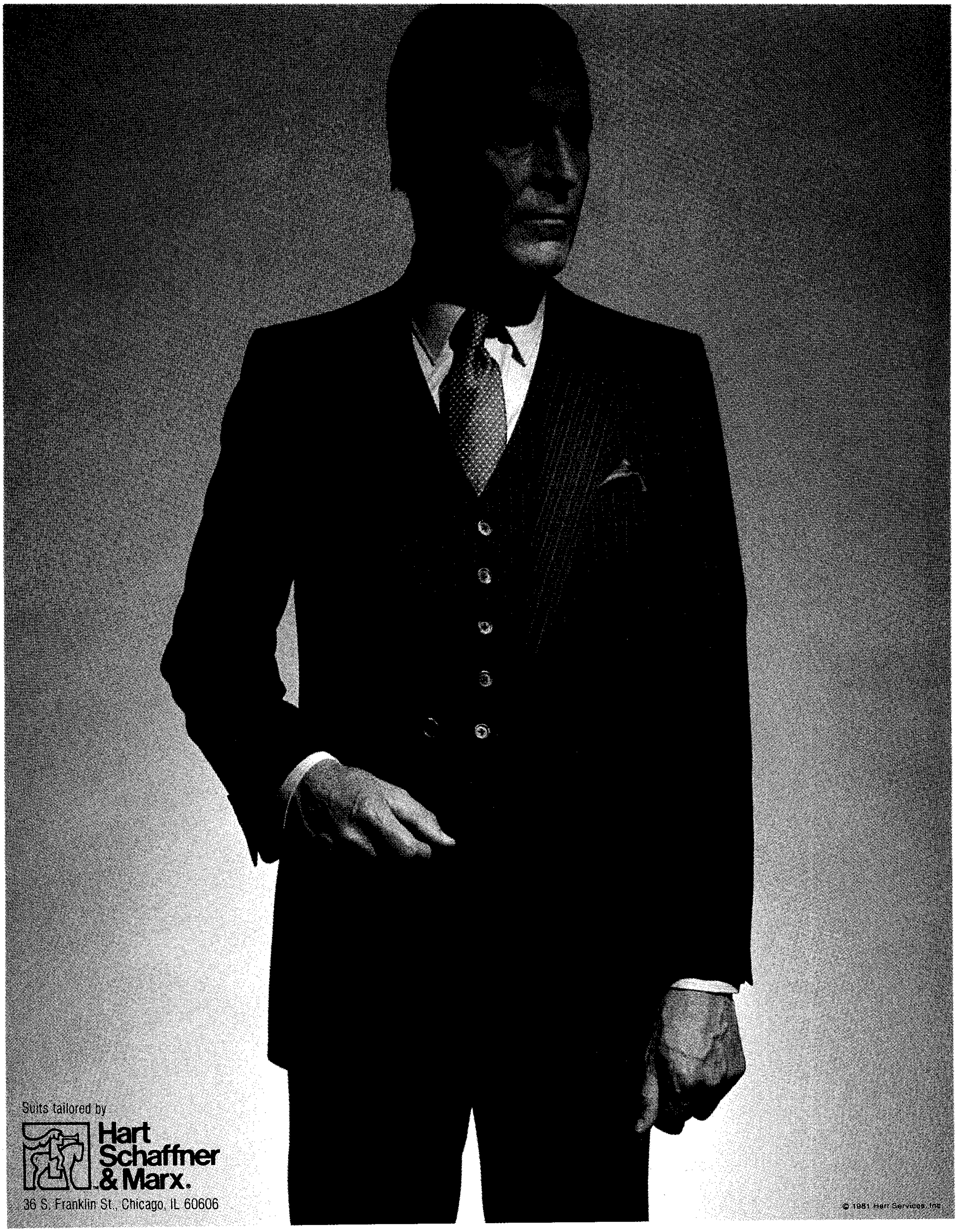
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 15.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. With Anita Gillette and John Hammil. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A new show, a patchwork of Americana, will have the Rockettes doing a precision number called "Stars and Stripes" (what else?) and thirty-six other performers doing everything from country hoedowns to polkas to jam sessions. Previews through Friday matinée, March 13. Opens officially on Friday evening, March 13. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30; Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 2:30 and 8.)

HASTY PUDDING SHOW—A musical, "Serf's Up," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday through Sunday, March 20-22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-617 495-5205.)

DANCE

OHIO BALLET—Thursday, March 12, at 7, and Sunday, March 15, at 2: "Schubert Waltzes," "Duet," "Images," and "Fantasy in F Minor." . . . ¶ Friday, March 13, and Saturday, March 14, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Pavane," "Summer Night," "Scenes from Childhood," and "Aureole." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

DIANA ROSS AND THE JOFFREY BALLET—A single benefit performance. (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Sunday, March 15, at 8.)

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MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 29—Tuesday, March 17, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-8240), and Wednesday, March 18, at 8: "Fractions," "Tango," "10's with Shoes" (première), and "Roadrunners." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8: "Fielding Sixes," "Duets," and "Exchange." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2: "Signals," "Inlets," and "Locale." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8: "Duets," "Inlets," and "Exchange." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, March 11-14, at 8, and Sunday, March 15, at 2. . . . **PEARL PRIMUS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

LUCINDA CHILDS DANCE COMPANY—Performing "Melody Excerpt," "Interior Drama," and excerpts from her new work, "Relative Calm." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, March 15, at 5. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY OF SENEGAL—Forty-five dancers, musicians, singers, and acrobats in a one-week engagement. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesday, March 17, at 7:30—a benefit performance, for tickets call 889-7300—Wednesday through Friday, March 18-20, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 3 and 8.)

ANNA SOKOLOW—A company of actors and dancers, directed by Miss Sokolow, in a program combining text, movement, and music, with themes from the Old Testament and the diaries of Franz Kafka. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

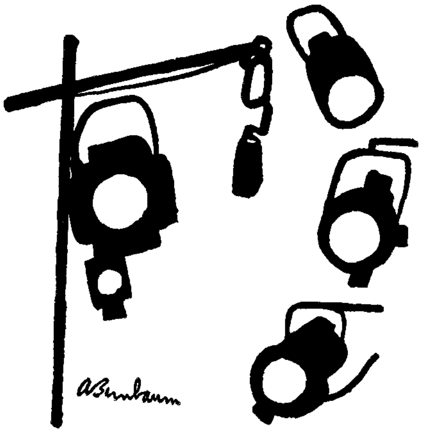
SAHOMI TACHIBANA AND COMPANY—A program of traditional Japanese dance, celebrating Miss Tachibana's fiftieth year as a dancer. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 East 88th St. Thursday, March 19, at 7, and Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 8. For tickets, call 534-6909.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, *in which bold-face* type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Musicians pass through on weekends: On Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, a Maserati of a rhythm section—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—will perform; Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, will belong to free-stride pianist **JAKI BYARD.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. **DON ELLIOTT,** vibraharpist, mellophonist, singer, whistler, and composer for movies and television, leads a quartet through Sunday, March 15; *on Tuesday, March 17, clarinettist* **PHIL BODNER** will arrive to work with a quartet. Music from nine.



BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, March 11-12, ex-Eagle Randy Meisner & the Silverados and Rosanne Cash & the Cherry Bombs; Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III,** the wry, witty folkie with the humorous gyrating stage presence; Sunday, March 15, blues singer **TRACY NELSON** and **ROOMFUL OF BLUES;** Monday, March 16, Blotto and Doug & the Slugs. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **AL DAILEY** is at the piano, supported by a bassist, through Saturday, March 14; on Monday, March 16, **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a great hard-bop sideman and Ella's accompanist for years, will move in with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-forty-five.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. *62nd* St. *(688-8501)*—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is keeping watch over the Café Carlyle while Bobby Short is away. Mr. Shearing is assisted by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place—which has become as respectable as a three-piece suit—still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, March 11, the Arcadians and Dog Eat Dog; Thursday, March 12, Arthur Monroe Zone and Blaiz Brothers; Friday, March 13, Pet Clams, the Go, and the Kelvins; and Saturday, March 14, Neighbors & Allies and the Colors. Music long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish *they had* names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**BYRDIE GREEN,** a Dinah Washington-inspired blues singer, has moved into this room for a while. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, *ten-thirty,* and twelve-fifteen. The center-of-the-room microphone belongs to singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** on Sundays

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at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music back room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: the Fusilier Ceili Band (ten teen-agers from Brooklyn and Queens, who play Irish-folk and step-dancing numbers) and folksingers Dan Milner and Paul Kaplan on Wednesday, March 11; the Valley Partners, a duo from Amherst, Mass., on Thursday, March 12; the Fly By Night String Band on Saturday, March 14; Royston Wood & Heather Wood and the Derby Ram on Wednesday, March 18; **HARRY & JEANIE WEST,** with **SCOTT WEST** on Thursday, March 19; and lightning-like fiddlers **KEN KOSEK & MATT GLASER** on Saturday, March 21. Music from about eight-thirty Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, March 15, trumpeter **GLENN ZOTTOLA** and his heavyweight quartet—pianist **HAROLD DANKO,** drummer **BUTCH MILES,** and bassist **RICK LAIRD**—will perform from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Flutist **HERBIE MANN'S** quintet is here through Sunday, March 15; on Tuesday, March 17, trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD,** who hasn't been in a New York club in a while, will arrive with a quartet that will feature pianist **KENNY BARRON** and drummer **AL FOSTER.** Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: singer Margret Taylor on Wednesday, March 11; **JAMES MOODY,** flutist, saxophonist, occasional singer, and bebop comedian, Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14; Sunday, March 15, pianist Jorge Dalto; and Monday, March 16, singer Carmen Lundy along with Monday regulars pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM.** Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **RALPH SUTTON,** a mostly ragtime player, has settled in to perform Tuesdays through Saturdays. Mr. Sutton's less than rigorous style incorporates at one time or another the buoyancy of Teddy Wilson, the bluesy oscillating chords of Junior Mance, and obeisant quotes from Fats Waller. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the d.j.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Bohemia on Thursday, March 12; the Method Actors and the Lyres on Saturday, March 14. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish.

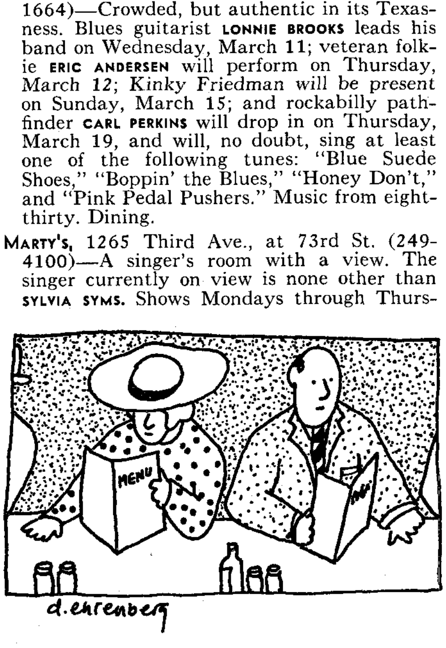
Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. A Latin-jazz band called Brazilian Express will visit on Friday and Saturday, March 13-14; on Monday, March 16, **RED RODNEY, CHARLI PERSIP, GERRY LA FURN,** and **RICKY FORD** will headline a benefit concert; and on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, top-drawer bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** will lead his band, Top Shelf. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and his combo. On Sundays from nine to one, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, which features trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Pianist, composer, and National Public Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** are on hand through Saturday, March 14; on Tuesday, March 17, another fine duo, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** will take over for a week. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. Blues guitarist **LONNIE BROOKS** leads his band on Wednesday, March 11; veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN** will perform on Thursday, March 12; Kinky Friedman will be present on Sunday, March 15; and rockabilly pathfinder **CARL PERKINS** will drop in on Thursday, March 19, and will, no doubt, sing at least one of the following tunes: "Blue Suede Shoes," "Boppin' the Blues," "Honey Don't," and "Pink Pedal Pushers." Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view. The singer currently on view is none other than **SYLVIA SYMS.** Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.



Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, March 11, Justin Trouble, Belle Star, and the Lynne Messinger Band; Thursday, March 12, Blood, Needle Dik, and Flint; Friday, March 13, the Offs and Science; Saturday, March 14, Von Lmo and Ozone; Sunday, March 15, BMT and Roustabouts; Monday, March 16, Zanoni, Captain Dark, and Easy Action; and Tuesday, March 17, Papers, Bobby Stewart & the I.D.s, and Illiterate Diplomats. Music from well after eleven.

Michael Phillips, 994 First Ave., at 54th St. (888-0018)—A new clean-line-design restaurant that has landed singer and stride pianist **BROOKS KERR,** who can be heard Thursdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty to two. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**FRAN WARREN,** who came to prominence as the vocalist with the Claude Thornhill band, is singing music associated with Harry James, Gene Krupa, and Woody Herman (with support from an octet) through Saturday, March 14. On Tuesday, March 17, singer **BONNIE KOLOC,** who hails from Chicago, will begin performing folk tunes, blues, and ballads. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The jazz part of the schedule: pianists **CEDAR WALTON** and **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and their respective quartets will perform Friday and Saturday, March 13-14. The folk part: Vermont songwriter and singer **MICHAEL HURLEY** will be onstage on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed, long and narrow second-story room. The absolutely topnotch jazz: Wednesday, March 11, saxophonist **CHARLES ROUSE,** pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEN RILEY;** Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN,** pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **AL FOSTER;** Sunday, March 15, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** band; Monday and Tuesday, March 16-17, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY;** and on Wednesday, March 18, **JON HENDRICKS'** family band, **HENDRICKS, HENDRICKS & HENDRICKS,** will move in for five nights. Jazz from about ten. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** orchestra plays music to take it all in to, and to dance to as well, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, March 11, four rapper bands, the Sugar Hill Gang, Sequence, Funky 4 Plus 1, Grand Master Flash; Thursday, March 12, Ex-Husbands, Helen Wheels Band, and

Walter Steding; Friday, March 13, the Shirts and Shock; Saturday, March 14, **POLYROCK** and Shock; Monday, March 16, Conceptual and Shock; and Tuesday, March 17, Tierra, Aerodancers, Coconuts, Looks, Coati Mundi, and Shock. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

ROCK LOUNGE, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—A high-tech bar, a high-tech d.j. platform, industrial-carpet-covered benches, lounge chairs (upstairs), video monitors (a.k.a. TV sets), and rock and roll—all the comforts of Tribeca. The bands: Friday, March 13, Simple Minds; Saturday, March 14, Bauhaus. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"From Rodgers and Hart with Love" is a revue in the King Cole Room that features singers Mimi Hines and Larry Kert and a surefire set list. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, March 11, trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE'S** quintet; Thursday through Sunday, March 12-15, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** and his African-funk quintet; Tuesday, March 17, bassist Miroslav Vitous and his quartet; Wednesday, March 18, saxophonist Denny Morouse; and Thursday through Sunday, March 19-22, tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and his quintet. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Wednesday through Saturday, March 11-14, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** collaborates with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM;** on Tuesday, March 17, pianist **DANNY MIXON** will lead a trio; and on Wednesday, March 18, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will begin a four-night stint with a bass player. Music from nine-thirty the rest of the time. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** is leading a quartet in these knotty-pine quarters through Saturday, March 14; on Monday, March 16, **BOBBY MC FERRIN** will sing, with more than a little help from pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** and drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD;** and on Tuesday, March 17, smoky-voiced singer **MORGANA KING** will take over. Music from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. The **BRIDGEWATER BROTHERS** —trumpeter **CECIL** and saxophonist **RON**—and their quintet will perform Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14; Thursday through Saturday, March 19-21, will belong to jazz singer and yodeller **LEON THOMAS** and his band. Sundays, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** heads up his own trio; and Mondays and Wednesdays are turned over to pianist Hugh Lawson. Music most nights from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Q: What does Gramercy Park have in common with Chicago's South Side? A: Chicago blues, of course. The Chicago blues will come in the form of guitarist **SAMMY LAWHORN** on Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, and **OTIS RUSH,** many listeners' favorite guitarist and singer, on Friday and Saturday, March 20-21. On Wednesday and Thursday, March 18-19, the very promising-sounding Mississippi Blues Fife & Drum Band will pay a visit. Shows most nights at nine and midnight.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, March 11, Nightwatch; Thursday, March 12, the Lines and Mande Dahl; Friday, March 13, Chris Spedding; Saturday, March 14, Nervus Rex and the Babylon Dance Band; Tuesday, March 17, Cheeky and Messenger; and Saturday, March 21, the New York sound (the **DRIFTERS**) versus the Detroit sound (the **MARVELLETTES**). Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pianist Terry Waldo plays piano rags on the Terrace Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Tuesdays, he alternates with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. On Mondays, the capacious downstairs room is given over to salsa bands after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting the **RED RODNEY** and **IRA SULLIVAN** quintet through Sunday, March 15. On Tuesday, March 17, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will move in his sextet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** band blasts off. Music from ten.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in Peacock Alley, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Hideaway, a small, smoky room that looks like Shangri-la with ice buckets, **HAZEL SCOTT** is at the piano singing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and innumerable other tunes in her lively, intelligent way. Beginning Tuesday, March 17, the room will be given over to debonaire, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** who will sing tunes by Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and Joel (Billy). Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday through Saturday, March 11-14, guitarist **AL CASEY** and his quartet; Sundays, **JAZZ À CORDES,** a hot-jazz quintet; Mondays, pianist **BROOKS KERR** and ageless drummer **SONNY KERR;** Tuesdays, master drummer **JO JONES** and his quartet; and Wednesday through Saturday, March 18-21, trumpeter Franc Williams' Swing Four. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FREDDY QUINN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, March 11, at 8.

OLU DARA'S OKRA ORCHESTRA—450 W. 31st St., twelfth floor. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 9 and 11. For information, call 947-0808.

KOOL & THE GANG—With the Gap Band and Yarbrough & Peoples. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, March 12, at 7:30.)

SHA NA NA—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, March 14-15, at 4 and 8.

JAZZ CONCERTS AT CARNEGIE HALL—The last two of three weekly concerts celebrating the Hall's ninetieth anniversary—Friday, March 13, at 8: The Chick Corea quartet, with Dizzy Gillespie. . . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8: Count Basie and his orchestra, with Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and others. (Carnegie Hall.)

JORMA KAUKONEN & VITAL PARTS—With New Riders of the Purple Sage. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

WILLIE MACK QUARTET—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Friday, March 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

HANNA ARONI—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.

ETHEL MERMAN—With the Long Island Philharmonic. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, March 15, at 7.)

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS and **JAMES CHANCE & THE CONTORTIONS**—Palladium. Tuesday, March 17, at 8.

CECIL TAYLOR—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 20, at 8.

COUNTRY GAZETTE—Eisner and Lubin Audito-

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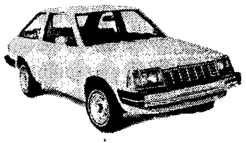

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

rium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, March 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

Irving Plaza—Saturday, March 14: Tuxedomoon and Waitresses. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21: Snakefinger. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 12, at 8:30: Foday Musa Suso. . . . ¶ Friday, March 13, at 8:30: Malcolm Goldstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8:30: Armando Sanchez. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8:30: Paquito d'Rivera. . . . ¶ Friday, March 20, at 8:30: Tom Mitchelson and the New Dawn Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8:30: Gamelon Son of Lion. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Billy Al Bengston—Abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

David Burt / Ruth Lerman—Abstract metal sculptures including a series of weathervanes. / Abstract carved-stone sculptures and bronzes. Through Saturday, March 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Dan Christensen / Katherine Gili—Large color-field paintings. / Abstract welded-steel sculptures by an English artist. Through Saturday, March 21. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Late paintings in an elegant Minimalist style by this abstractionist. Through Saturday, March 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Dash—Quiet views of Long Island landscapes and waterways. Through March 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

John Evans—The artist kept a collage diary in 1980; twenty-six of the works are in this show—each appointed with the artist's usual row of ducks' heads. Through March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Erich Heckel (1883-1970)—Paintings and drawings by a founding member of Die Brücke. Through March 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Houser—Realist landscape paintings in the Precisionist mode. Through March 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Max Klinger (1857-1920)—Etchings and engravings. Through Saturday, March 21. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen—Book shapes formed out of African blue granite, Turkish marble, onyx, and other stones. Through March 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert LaHotan—Landscape paintings of Andalusian villages, Portugal, and the Maine coast. Also still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Abby Leigh—Stylized landscapes and cityscapes by a young actress lately turned painter, whose work reflects her tutelage under Will Barnet. Through April 4. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Oils, temperas, and works on paper. Through April 4. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Joan Mitchell—An exuberant four-panel painting, more than twenty-three feet long; other oils; and thirteen lively pastels. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Ellen Phelan / David Strome—Five constructions of shaped canvas or painted wood, two of them freestanding and the others wall pieces. / Abstract paintings—diptychs, with clean-cut emblematic forms seen against contrasting backgrounds. Through March 28. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Katherine Porter—Large new abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

William Ridenhour—Large acrylic paintings by an artist who specializes in odd juxtapositions—an outsize black beetle and a red snapper; a black piano and a copying machine. Through March 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Edith Schloss—Lyrical watercolors (and a few oils) celebrating the birds and the flowers and the sunshine of the Mediterranean coast. Through Wednesday, March 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Bonnie Sklarski—One huge painting (reminiscent of the Hudson River school in scope) of Afghanistan canyons, plus figure drawings and smaller paintings of the Arabian desert wastes. The artist teaches at Indiana University but obviously travels around a lot. Through March 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

May Stevens—A series of large paintings having to do with Rosa Luxemburg. Through March 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Expressionist paintings, several portraying circus life and Las Vegas floor shows, in bright-colored oils and pastels. Through March 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851)—Thirty drawings and watercolors dated 1828-50. Through April 25. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, mostly of his favorite subjects—churches and dance halls. Through Friday, March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Daisy Youngblood—Unglazed fired-clay sculptures, generally animal shapes. Through April 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

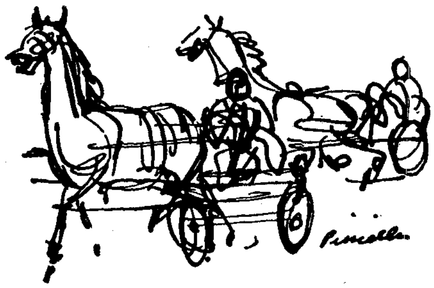
Group Shows—At the **arsenal gallery**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs depicting animals, often whimsically. Anne Arnold, Ed McGowin, Don Nice, and Betty Tomkins are among the fifty-seven artists. Through April 28. (Open until 4:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **davis & langdale**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A loan of drawings and watercolors by English and American artists of the eighteenth to twentieth centuries. Among the leading names are George Bellows, Maurice Prendergast, and Gwen John. Through March 28.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alice Baber—Paintings of pale, delicately colored petal-shaped forms that appear to be floating on a white ground. Through Saturday, March 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957) / **Louis Lozowick** (1892-1973)—Hammered-metal figurative reliefs, several large-scale. / Lithographs and drawings focussing on Manhattan bridges in the thirties. Through Saturday, March 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Victoria Barr—The artist's travels in Bali, Java, India, and the Caribbean are reflected in these more or less abstract landscapes dotted with the silhouettes of palm trees. Through March 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)



Cynthia Carlson—A tongue-in-cheek installation (the target is decorative painting) that involves floral patterns on the wall. The mediums are ceramic and acrylic. Through March 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Enrique Castro-Cid—Paintings of female figures. Through April 8. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ralph Fasanella—Recent primitive paintings. Through March 28. (Johnson, 72 E. 56th St. Opens weekdays at noon.)

R. M. Fischer—Lamps and fountains constructed of ordinary utensils, found metal, and plastic objects. Through Saturday, March 14. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Outsize watercolors of tangled forest depths, many of them done during this California artist's recent stay at the MacDowell Colony. Through Saturday, March 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sam Gilliam / Austé—Color-field paintings. / Drawings: Day-Glo paint and pencil. Through March 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Juan Gómez-Quiroz—Still-lifes of plants and vases and bottles. Through Saturday, March 14. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Large abstract paintings by a colorist who interrupts his compositions with wildly inappropriate collages (valentines, souvenir fans) and often trims them with discordant found objects—a saw, a tree branch. Through March 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Steve Keister—About a dozen hanging plywood constructions painted with Day-Glo or covered with fluorescent Plexiglas, all of them gleaming with reflected gallery light. There is also a large freestanding piece, similarly aglow. Through April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ed Kerns—Abstract paintings. Through March 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Eugene Leake—Maryland landscape paintings. Through March 28. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Paper painted by this colorist with egg tempera, acrylics, inks, and dyes and then folded into abstract patterns. Through Saturday, March 21. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Eugène Mihaesco—Pen-and-ink drawings and pastel sketches by an artist whose work often appears in the pages of this publication. First one-man show in New York. Through April 11. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

George Nick / Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Realist oil paintings done in Bulgaria (locomotives), Yugoslavia (villages), and suburban Boston (a view of the express highway). Through March 26. / Nude-and-drapery studies. Through April 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings from the seventies, often called the Avignon paintings, after the city where they were first exhibited. Through Saturday, March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Larry Poons / Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—A new set of impastoed paintings. Through Saturday, March 21. / Collages and paintings. Through Saturday, March 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Porter / Alastair Noble—Another group of kaleidoscopic paintings by this abstract artist whose inspiration comes from jazz music. / Interference patterns photographed on TV screens and transferred to paper by silk-screening and a blueprint technique. Through Saturday, March 14. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Karen Shaw—Collages using cutouts of art reproductions and unified by means of the artist's usual alphabet code. Through March 28. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—A series of nine related paintings of rooms, from which a story of sorts emerges. Through March 28. (Gladstone, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Sivard—Paintings in which turn-of-the-century artists (Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec) and writers (Oscar Wilde) are seen in their

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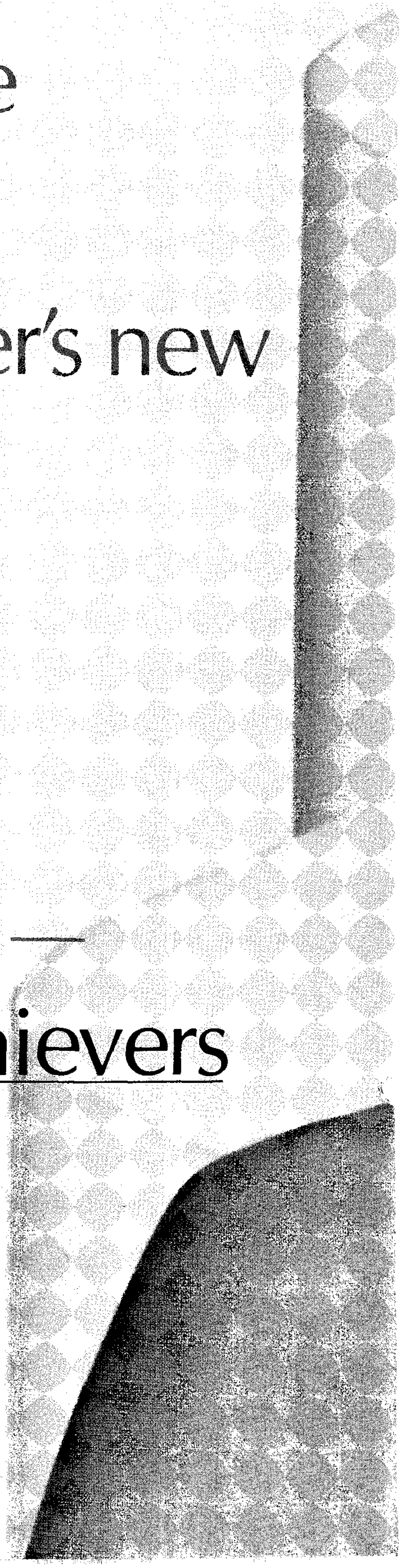

While only nature controls the aging process,
the Swiss Age-Controlling Skincare Program helps control the signs
of aging and recalls the youthful, vital appearance of Swiss complexions
via science, using formulas blended in Estée Lauder's U.S. laboratories.

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1. Find your type of skin along the side.

2. Check each column for the products that are precisely right for you. (4 to 6 maximum.)

3. Come in to the Skincare Control Center at your Estée Lauder counter ASAP.*

*As Soon As Possible

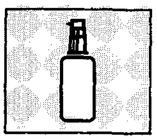
While only nature controls the aging process, the Swiss Age-Controlling Skincare Program helps control the signs of aging and recalls the youthful, vital appearance of Swiss complexions via science, using formulas blended in Estée Lauder's U.S. laboratories.

DRY ← NORMAL → OILY

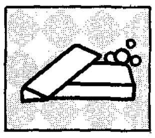
STEP 1

cleansing

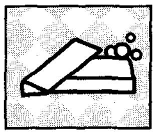
Clean, really clean skin is the beautiful beginning. *Estée Lauder brings it to you with* these super-performing cleansers.



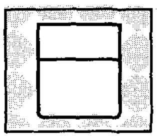
New
Thorough Cleansing Gel ☐
A clear space-age gel that rinses off to leave your skin feeling fresh, clean and vital.



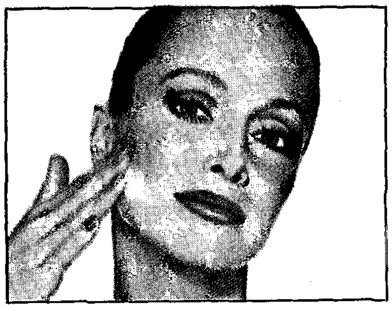
Basic Cleansing Bar n/o ☐
An effective, non-soap, non-alkaline bar that gives you the soap-and-water method of washing in any kind of water.



Basic Cleansing Bar n/d ☐
A non-soap, non-alkaline bar with added moisturizer gives the mildest clean of all.



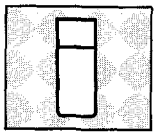
New
Tender *Creme Cleanser* ☐
A swift, light and delectably creamy formula to massage on/tissue off.



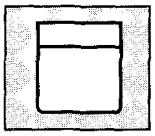
STEP 2

refining

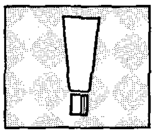
Routinely sluffing dead surface cells leaves your skin with a smooth clear glow you really can't get any other way. You will actually see texture and clarity improve.



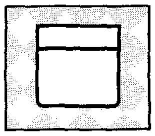
Solid Milk Cleansing Grains ☐
The wholesome way to deep-clean your pores and smooth surface roughness.



Almond Clay Pack ☐
Scientific granules give the benefits of mild scrubbing plus deep cleansing.



Gentle Action Skin Polisher ☐
An extremely delicate emulsion that simply eases away dulling surface flakes. Ideal for dry and sensitive skins.



Creme Pack ☐
This stimulating mask draws out debris and promotes internal cleansing of the skin.

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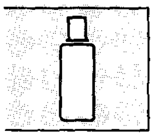
STEP 3

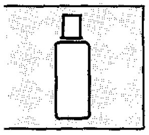
protection

Totally new and important for today's needs, protectors create an invisible barrier between you and the harmful effects of sun and pollution. They also get the skin ready to accept the nourishers to come.



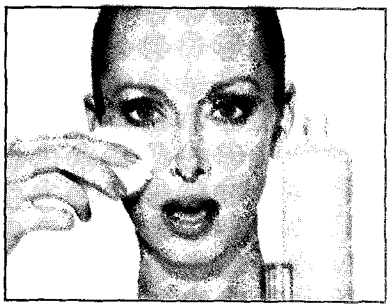
New
Full-Strength Protection Tonic ☐

The vigorous alcohol-based skin protector is immensely efficient for preparing normal and oily skin for further treatment.



New
Gentle Protection Tonic ☐

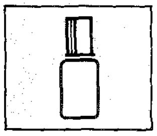
The kindly non-alcoholic neutralizing protector prepares normal to dry and sensitive skin for further treatment.



STEP 4

nourishing

These extraordinary treatments have breakthrough formulas that bind in moisture, strengthen skin's protection, increase elasticity and encourage skin to look and act younger.



New
Non-Oily Skin Supplement ☐

A victory for oily skin; helps restore smoothness and resiliency without leaving any oily residue.

Swiss Performing Extract ☐

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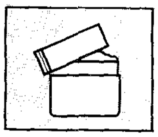
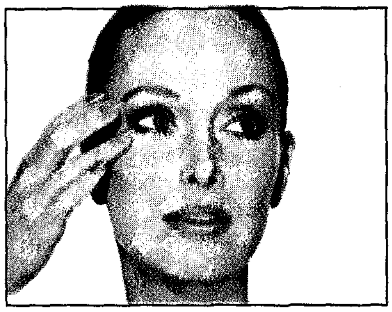


New
Age-Controlling Creme ☐

This extra-rich concentrated cream encourages all skin (and dry skin in particular) to do what young skin does on its own—look soft, smooth, radiant.

special care

When needs and preferences are special, these super-performers are experts in speeding help where you need it most.



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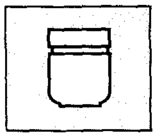

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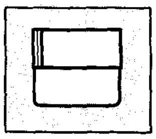
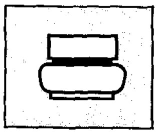


New
Swiss Eye Creme ☐

Extra emollience designed specifically for thin, vulnerable skin.



European Performing Creme ☐

Precious emollients encourage skin to breathe through other treatments.

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It's changing people's minds about Irish Whiskey.

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FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
TRADE MARK
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Experience the taste
that experience created.
Old Bushmills.
Since 1608.

respective haunts. Through March 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Paintings of New England and New Mexico. Through Saturday, March 21. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Sylvia Wald—Impressionist cloud sculptures made of wire mesh and hanging from the ceiling, plus abstract collages involving colored Japanese papers, reeds, and cord. Through Saturday, March 21. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Maine landscapes (long vistas and deep forest) in oil on canvas. Through April 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells—Graphite drawings, some with collage. Through April 1. (Holly Solomon, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Large paintings in which a small, freehand grid pattern is filled in, dot by dot, on raw canvas, plus fragile-looking vases, bowls, and abstract objects made of papier-mâché. Through March 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frank Wright—Realist documentary paintings—for instance, the inaugural parade of William McKinley—plus landscapes and portraits. Through Friday, March 20. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Thirty-one lithographs by James McNeill Whistler are on view in the fine-print room, many of them done from his hotel room in London. Through March 31. The gallery is open Mondays and closed Saturdays.

Francisco Zuñiga—Charcoal drawings and pastels, plus a couple of life-size bronzes, by this artist whose life work seems to be the depiction of Mexican peasant women. Through March 28. (Brewster, in new quarters at 41 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: New Image paintings by Richard Bosman, Ken Goodman, Dennis Kardon, and Richard Mock. Through March 28. . . . **del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: A loan show of sculptures (and preparatory drawings for them) by thirty-three twentieth-century artists—Jean Arp, Louise Bourgeois, and Isamu Noguchi among them. Through March 31. . . . **pearl,** 29 W. 57th St.: "Charmion von Wiegand and Her Circle," gouaches and collages from the forties to the sixties by the artist herself; three drawings of her (by John Graham, Hart Crane, and Mark Tobey); and works by Mondrian, Sonia Delaunay, and Carl Holty from the artist's own collection. Through March 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Roland Baladi / John Clem Clarke—Everyday objects carved life-size in Carrara marble—a desk calculator, a flashlight, a toaster, a hair dryer. / Illusionist painted constructions in which a painting is seen through trompe-l'oeil veils and gauzes and screens of varying transparency. Through Saturday, March 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the large front gallery, assemblages by Al Souza, in which color photographs, paintings, and tiny sculptures—all on the same theme—are framed together.

Bill Barrell—Expressionist paintings. Through March 25. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Berlind / Michael Torlen—Realist paintings: brightly lighted interiors seen through windows looking in, and nocturnal landscapes seen through windows looking out, plus brooding studies of the woods at night. / Tightly organized abstract paintings based on the floor plans of the Egyptian temple at Luxor. Through March 25. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Loren D. Calaway—Small, handsomely finished constructions (boxes, cabinets, mechanical implements)—wholly abstract conceits that seem to begin where Joseph Cornell left off. Through Saturday, March 21. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Eric Fischl / R. L. Kaplan—New Image figurative paintings and drawings. / This artist, largely self-taught, who drives a cab for a living, concentrates on the dogs he sees around town and on the shadows they cast. Through Saturday, March 21. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Anne Healy—Small-scale wall reliefs (cardboard colored with pastels) suggested by Celtic illuminated manuscripts. Through March 28. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

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Norman Laliberté—Appliquéd banners (as is this artist's custom), plus painted-wood constructions and collages. Through March 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Barry Le Va / Elliot Schwartz—A wood, cardboard, and homosote construction that is a model for part of a large outdoor project. / Factory machines and industrial laboratories are the subjects for a series of black-and-white photographs. Through Saturday, March 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Marion Lerner Levine—Realist paintings, a number of them still-lifes in which old postcards are seen spread out on a lace tablecloth. Through March 25. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Steve Linn—Realistic sculptures (in natural wood and bronze) duplicating furniture and other objects. Through March 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Charles Luce—Two installations, each with text; one consists of a hundred arrows piercing a painted wall. Through March 28. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Janis Provisor / Joe Zucker—Large, decorative paintings in which trees, flowers, moons, and dancers are built up of modelling paste, papier-mâché, and plywood cutouts. / Two large semi-abstract paintings with a fractured-glaze surface. Through Wednesday, March 18. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Royden Rabinowitch—Sculptures and drawings. Through March 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Garry Rich—Thirty portraits that have in common their size (24 x 24 inches) and medium (industrial enamel on canvas under glass). The subjects include the artists Larry Bell and Bruce Nauman, the dealer Pam Adler, and the actor Dennis Hopper. Through Saturday, March 14. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

David Salle—Figurative paintings. Through April 2. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

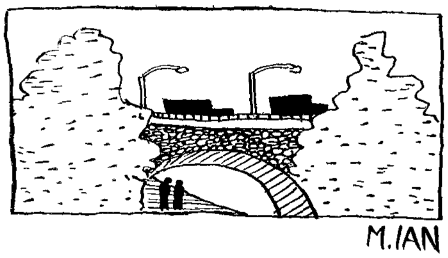
Mark Saltz—Large paintings, mostly six feet square, of simple forms—a hat, a leg—done in rich colors thickly applied. Through Saturday, March 14. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Ben Schonzeit—New works by this realist artist who projects photographic slides onto a canvas and air-brushes them in. In these paintings, the artist's own brushwork is more visible; the subjects range from a shipwreck (in black and white) to a tricky rendition of Siamese-twin horses. Through March 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Richard Serra—A hundred-and-twenty-foot Corten-steel arc. Through April 4. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Carol J. Steen / Margo Herr—Abstract constructions (sheets of lead joined to wood) in various sizes. / Paintings and pastels based on standing stones. Through Saturday, March 14. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Michael Hunt Stolbach—A two-gallery exhibit of works from his "Quadrettatura" series: an installation—painted rag paper on canvas—covering three walls at Neill, 136 Greene St., and small works at Fields, 60 Grand St., between West Broadway and Wooster St. (opens at noon). Both shows through Wednesday, March 18.



Paul Waldman / Laura Grisi—Tondo paintings, with figurative fragments. / A triangular work made up of a hundred and twenty-one triangular-framed photographs (with collage). Through March 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Tino Zago / Humberto Chavez—Paintings of rocky crags thrusting up from clear water—a merging of scenes familiar to the artist in Nova Scotia and the Dolomites. / New constructions and collages. Through March 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Arata Isozaki—Seven designs for homes by the Japanese architect who has been given the commission to design the proposed Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. Through April 25. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Don Johnson / Bruce Patterson—Sculptures (encaustic over hardware cloth) representing buildings and landscapes. / Blueprint paper collaged with photographs, painted masking tape, and so forth. Through April 11. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

David Knoebel / Allan McCollum—Installations incorporating light bulbs in their sockets. / Small paintings. Through March 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Gerhardt Liebmann—Paintings and drawings dating from 1969 to the present by a surrealist. Through March 28. (Carlson, 33 Bleecker St., between Bowery and Lafayette St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—An installation by a conceptual sculptor with a liking for large-scale machines. Through Friday, March 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Laura Shechter—Still-lifes and interiors in oils, watercolors, pencil, and silverpoint. Through March 29. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Daily, except Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Campus—Photographs of interiors and landscapes. Through March 28. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another gallery at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Both shows through March 29.

Frank Gohlke / Linda Connor—Photographs of the architecture and landscape of the rural Midwest and Texas. / Sharp-focus photographs of Nepal and India and other Asian countries. Through March 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

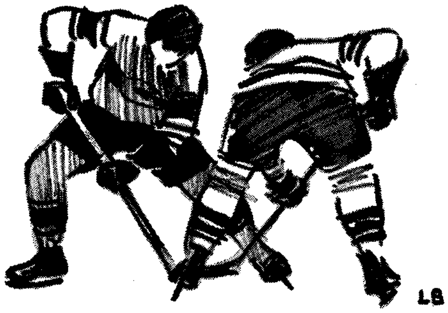
W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Prints dated 1953 to 1978, including such picture essays as "Minamata" and "Pittsburgh." Through April 4. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Photographs representing his entire career. Through March 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Josef Sudek (1896-1976)—Photographs by the Czech artist, many of which have not been seen in New York before. Through April 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still-life photographs. Through March 28. (French Institute / Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Baron Wilhelm Von Gloedon (1856-1931)—Stylized photographs, chiefly of young men posed in the gardens and courtyards of Sicily.



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Through March 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Yang—Eight-by-ten contact prints of landscapes. Through Friday, March 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Show—A large exhibition, with examples by Félix Bonfils, Eliot Porter, Betty Hahn, and others. Through April 18. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Leonardo da Vinci: Nature Studies from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle," a show of fifty drawings—landscapes, botanical studies, and designs for waterways. Through June 7. . . . ¶ A pair of winged-animal sculptures abut the entrance to the museum's new Assyrian gallery, on the second floor, and within are various other objects that were recovered at the ancient capital of Nimrud, including a group of seven-foot limestone bas-reliefs arranged as they might have been in the palace of King Assurnasirpal II (884-859 B.C.), from which they came. These works have not been on view since 1968. . . . ¶ A show of more than fifty works by John Marin, nearly all of them watercolors. Through March 29. . . . ¶ A survey of Korean art incorporating more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; Koryo celadon; Yi ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through Sunday, March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except March 17, from 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of sixty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by American artists, notably Mark Rothko's "Violet, Black, Orange, Yellow on White and Red;" Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Pay-Telephone;" and two untitled watercolors by Agnes Martin. All are recent gifts to the museum's collection of contemporary art. Through April 12. . . . ¶ "19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. . . . ¶ A show of more than forty works by Alexander Calder, including several recent acquisitions to the museum's collection. Through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of nineteenth-century French realist paintings and drawings—genre scenes, still-lifes, portraits, and landscapes—by little-known and well-known artists, among them Courbet, Degas, and Millet. Through May 10. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about a hundred recent acquisitions of nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, along with a few drawings and photographs. Through March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On display: The seventy-pound man-powered aircraft "Gossamer Albatross," which Bryan Allen pedalled across the English Channel in June, 1979. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's art awards. Through April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Innovative Furniture in America," forty-seven pieces that are examples of technique (bentwood), comfort (a Morris chair), materials (Saarinen's plastic "Womb" chair), portability (a Bonner chair), and dual function (a sofa bed). Through May 10. . . . ¶ A show of laminated carved furniture made in the shop of the New York cabinetmaker John Henry Belter between 1844-63. Through May 24. . . . ¶ A display of nearly five hundred matchsafes from the Brener collection, which has examples made of precious materials (silver, ivory, gold) in precious shapes (babies, animals, musical instruments) dating from the eighteen-seventies, not long after the invention of the friction match. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A survey of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing more than a hundred works by thirty-six major artists. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-sixth annual juried exhibition: paintings, sculptures, and graphics by more than two hundred artists. Among the prize-winners are Karl Schrag, Lennart Anderson, Anne Poor, Paul Georges, and James Lechay. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of drawings, renderings, and scale models for eleven visionary projects commissioned by the Architectural League of New York in recognition of its centenary. Each project is the work of an architect-artist team; some of the pairings are Richard Meier and Frank Stella; Emilio Ambasz and Michael Meritet; and Susana Torre and Charles Simonds. Through June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of eighteenth-century illustrated French books, of which the stars are a group of *fête* books, which might have been the society pages of their day. (One print illustrates a masked ball at Versailles.) Other books include La Fontaine's "Fables," illustrated by Oudry, and the collected works of Molière with drawings by Boucher. Through May 30. . . . ¶ A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. Many photographs. Through May 30. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection always closes at 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Through April 11. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of photographs, prints, assemblages, sculptures, and paintings by six contemporary artists showing here for the first time: Curtis Bunyan, Nanette Carter, Janet Henry, Howard McCalebb, Leon Waller, and Stanley K. Whitney. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Creative Time, First Precinct House, 48 Old Slip, between Water and South Sts., one block south of Wall St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.—Six installations evoking the jailhouse-police-station atmosphere of the building's former life. Vito Acconci, Stephen Antonakos, Marianne Edwards, Jerry Jones, Pedro Lujan, and Tom Rankin are the artists. Through April 4.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Women performance artists from London and Los Angeles: Thursday, March 12, at 8 (performed at 178 Franklin St.) and Friday, March 13, at 8 (at Franklin Furnace itself). Exhibition: Newspapers, magazines, and books by artists (John Cage, Yoko Ono, Allan Kaprow) from the fifties and sixties; through April 11.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Tona Scherchen-Hsiao (music), Friday, March 13, at 8:30; Ethnic Heritage Ensemble (music), Saturday, March 14, at 8:30; Skip Blumberg (video), Sunday, March 15, at 8:30; Stuart Sherman (performance), Friday and Saturday, March 20-21, at 8 and 10:30. Exhibition: Portraits—in pastel by Anne Doran, in large-format Polaroid photographs by Mark Magill and Mary Heilmann, and on videotape by Joan Logue; through March 28.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Works by more than a hundred artists are on view in the main show, an homage to New Wave culture, including such works as fourteen mounted metal panels painted by graffiti artists who consider themselves masters of their craft. Also paintings, drawings, and photographs, similarly inspired. Through April 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 11, at 8: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; conducted by Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Friday, March 13, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Pablo Elvira; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 2: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Louise Wohlafka, Luciano Pavarotti, Brent Ellis, and Sesto Bruscantini; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Monday, March 16, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 17, at 7:30: A new production of "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-6067.) . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8: Montserrat Caballé and José Carreras presenting a program of operatic arias, with Martin Katz, piano. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giuliano Ciannella, Pablo Elvira, Renato Capecchi, and Philip Creech; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ileana Cotrubas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Ariel Bybee, and Geraldine Decker; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, March 11: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Martha Sheil, RoseMarie Freni, Sheryl Woods, Jerry Hadley, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 12: "La Bohème," with Carol Vaness, Karon Poston, Barry McCauley, and Alan Titus; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 13: A new production of Verdi's "Attila," with Marilyn Zschau, Samuel Ramey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Sergiu Comissiona. (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 14: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Andrew Smith; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 14: "Mary, Queen of Scots," with Ashley Putnam, Barry Busse, Rico Serbo, Richard Fredricks, Kenneth Bell, and John Seabury; Peter Mark. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 15: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Judith Forst, Diane Curry, Justino Díaz, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 15: "Attila," with Marisa Galvany, Samuel Ramey, Joseph Evans, and William Justus; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 17: "Attila," with Marilyn Zschau, Samuel Ramey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Andrew Smith; David Effron. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 19: "Carmen," with Judith Forst, Inga Nielsen, Garry Grice, and Robert Hale; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 20: "Attila," with Marilyn Zschau, Samuel Ramey, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 21: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Martha Sheil, RoseMarie Freni, Sheryl Woods, Jerry Hadley, and Robert McFarland; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Giulio Cesare," with Gianna Rolandi, Judith Forst, Diane Curry, Justino Díaz, and Donnie Ray Albert; Ralf Weikert. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 26.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Performances of Puccini's "Suor Angelica" and Orff's "Die Kluge." Conducted by Bruce Ferden and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 19, and Saturday, March 21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

Bel Canto Opera—Henry Shek conducting the first two of four performances of Rossini's "Otello," staged by Gary Filsinger. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturday, March 21, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 22, at 3. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting an all-Mozart program on Thursday, March 12, at 8; Friday, March 13, at 2; Saturday, March 14, at 8; and Tuesday, March 17, at 7:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Schumann-Mozart-Ravel program Thursday through Saturday, March 19-21, at 8, and Tuesday, March 24, at 7:30 (all with Emanuel Ax, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 11, and Friday, March 13, at 8, and Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

Württemberg Chamber Orchestra—Jörg Faerber conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Concert Hall, Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Czech Philharmonic Orchestra—At CARNEGIE HALL: Wednesday, March 18, at 8, Vaclav Neumann conducting a Smetana-Martinu-Dvořák program, no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 8, Zdenek Kosler conducting a Martinu-Tchaikovsky-Dvořák program, with André Laplante, piano. . . . CONCERT HALL: A repeat performance of the March 18 concert. (Lehman College, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

Orchestre du Capitole de Toulouse—Michel Plasson conducting an all-French program, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 434-1900. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

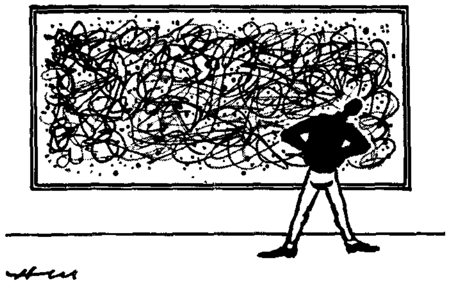
Clarion Concerts Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Cherubini's opera "Lodoiska," in concert form, with Susan Von Reichenbach, soprano; Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke and David Britton, tenors; Philip Frohnmeyer and Ronald Corrado, baritones; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8.)

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

All-Schubert Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Moshe Atzmon conducting, with Zara Nelsova, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting and acting as piano soloist, with Julius Baker, flute; Mary Alderdice, harpsichord; and Janet Bookspan, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 8.)



Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor. With Elly Ameling, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Monday, March 16, at 8.)

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Nathan Stutch, cello, and Noriko Kitamura, piano. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 832-1155. Monday, March 16, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Saverio Mercadante's "Il Giuramento" in concert form, with Katia Ricciarelli and Marvis Martin, sopranos; Agnes Baltsa, mezzo-soprano; Denes Gulyas and Thanos Petrakis, tenors; Franco Bordoni, baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 17, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of programs, this one devoted to music and dance. Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, Webern, Bartók, Robert Moran, and Irving Fine are the composers; Hanya Holm, Annabelle Gamson, Pearl Lang, Barbara Roan, and Phyllis Lamhut are the choreographers. With the Pearl Lang Dance Company, the Don Redlich Dance Company, and dancers Terry Creach, Miss Gamson, Miss Roan, and Miss Lamhut. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100 Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Veronica Jochum, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 3.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting a benefit concert, with Agustin Anievas, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Barbara Conrad, mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 21, at 8, and Sunday, March 22, at 5:30.)

Verdi's Requiem—Richard Vogt directing the Riverside Choir and the First Congregational Church Choir of Old Greenwich, with Daisy Newman, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Ara Berberian, bass. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, March 15, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus—Alexander Dashnaw directing, with Jeannette Walters, soprano, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chamber Orchestra. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Chamber Singers and the Swarthmore College Singers—A joint concert, with Peter Schubert and Peter G. Swing directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Zaidee Parkinson—Piano, in an all-Janáček program, with Curtis Rayam, tenor, and Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 11, at 8.)

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, in an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Leonard Raver—Organ, in a program including the New York première of William Albright's "The King of Instruments" and the premières of Richard Felciano's "On the Heart of the Earth" and Gardner Read's "Galactic Novae." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

William Purvis—Horn, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second in a series of three programs of contemporary music, this one with Susan Belling, soprano. (Symphony

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in a series of seven concerts, this one with the New World String Quartet; David Burge, piano; and Cyrus Stevens, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program performed by Oscar Shumsky, violin; Milton Kaye, piano; and a chamber ensemble from the Curtis Institute of Music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 3.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 14, at 8, an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 8, an all-Liszt program.)

New York Harp Ensemble—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8.)

Kuyken Quartet—A program of baroque music played on original instruments. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 14, at 8.)

Grete Sultan—Piano. (WQXR Auditorium, New York Times Building, 229 W. 43rd St. Saturday, March 14, at 8. A limited number of free tickets are available thirty minutes before concert time on a first-come, first-served basis, in the lobby of the New York Times Building.)

Sharon Robinson—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

Yehuda Hanani and Edward Auer—Cello and piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—A program of chamber music by Handel performed by the Concert Royal, with Ann Monoyios, soprano, and Drew Minter, countertenor. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano, with Nancy Allen, harp. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 15, at 3.)

Chamber Music—Linda Chesis, flute; Gerard Reuter, oboe; Atsuko Sato, bassoon; Charles Niedich, clarinet; Dennis Lawless, horn; and Elena Ivanina, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 15, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Edward Lee—Piano, in a program of Russian music. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, March 15, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and the Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday and Tuesday, March 16-17, at 8.)

Ann Schein—Piano, in the fifth in a series of six all-Chopin recitals, this one including the complete preludes. With Earl Carlyss, violin; Joel Krosnick, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 16, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of music by Aaron Copland, Elliott Carter, William Schuman, David Del Tredici, and others. With Christine Whittlesey, soprano; John Graham, viola; and Setsuko Nagata, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 16, at 8.)

Michael Schneider and Christian Schneider—Organ and oboe. (Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Central Park W. at 65th St. Monday, March 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Caecilian Chamber Ensemble—Gerardo Levy conducting. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Monday, March 16, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music for a While—A program of early lieder entitled "Three Renaissance Lifestyles." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Tuesday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 582-6464.)

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Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The second in a series of five one-hour concerts of music, this one played by Heinz Wunderlich. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 5:30.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

Andrew Bolotowsky—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

Louis Bagger—Harpsichord. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Giora Feidman—Clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano, and Gary Karr, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 18-19, at 8.) . . . ¶ The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 20, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano, in the second of three recitals, this one with Miriam Fried, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 19, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music by Roger Sessions, Seymour Shifrin, Eric Chasalow, and others, performed by Steven R. Gerbet and Robert Pollock, piano; Mr. Chasalow, flute; and the Atlantic String Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, and Luciano Pavarotti—Soprano, mezzo-soprano, and tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 20, at 3.)

American Chamber Trio—An all-Bartók program performed by June DeForest, violin; Daniel Morganstern, cello; and Bernard Rose, piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

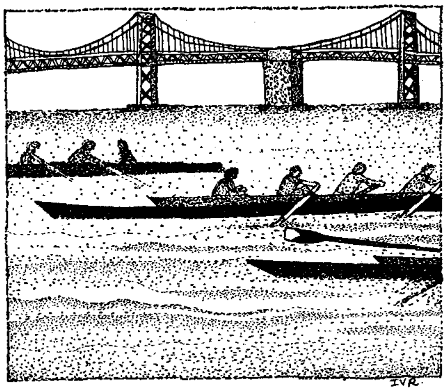
Minna Pöllänen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 21, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell, violin; Yo-Yo Ma, cello; and Richard Goode, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, March 21, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—In an all-Russian program. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 21, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Bach & Sons—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Erick Friedman, violin; Judith Norell, harpsichord; Bert Lucarelli, oboe; Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Richard Frisch, bass; and the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sergiu Comissiona, Kenneth Cooper, and Allan Miller. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in and play during orchestral sessions, and singers will be able to participate in the final work on the program—"The Magnificat." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 21, from 11 to 11. For additional information, call 865-2557.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Friday, March 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, March 15, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, March 21, at 8:05. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 17. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, March 20. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 20, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, March 11. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, March 14. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, March 18. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, March 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, March 17, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 14, and the Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 21. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 14.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, March 14, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 18, at 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 14. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, March 11, at 2: Japanese lacquer ware, including inro, netsuke, and kogo. From the collection of Gretchen Kroch Kelsch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 11, following the Kelsch sale: Japanese works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 12, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, March 13, at 2: Modern and contemporary Chinese paintings and Chinese ceramics and works of art. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 2: English, French, and other Continental furniture, clocks, and decorations. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 19, at 10:15 (continuing all day), and Friday, March 20, at 10:15 and 2: Furniture, rugs, and decorative works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 14. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, March 20, at 2, and Saturday, March 21, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, including Tiffany lamps, furniture, glass, silver, and pottery. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 14. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Wednesday, March 11, at 2: American and European paintings.

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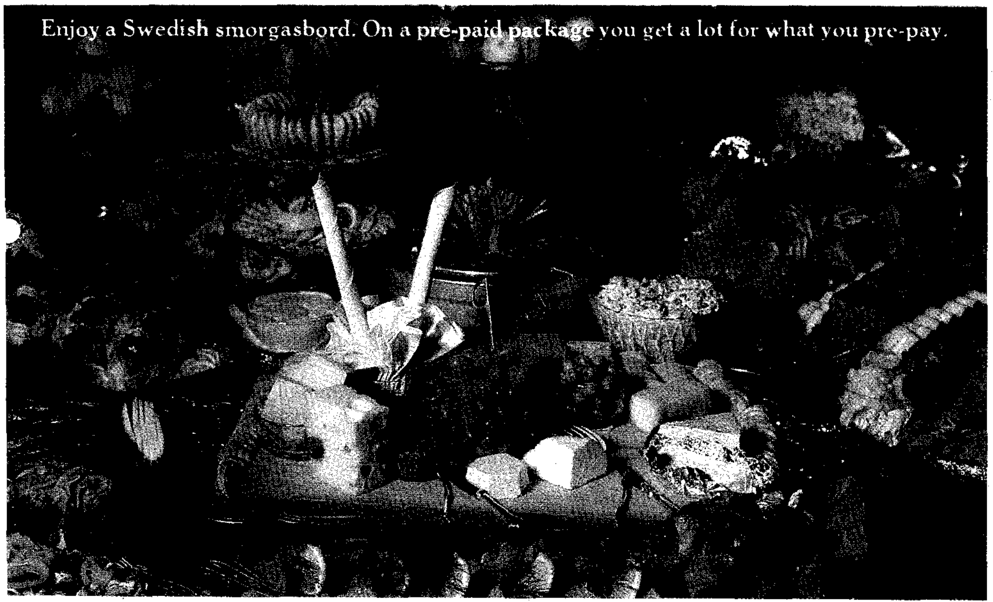
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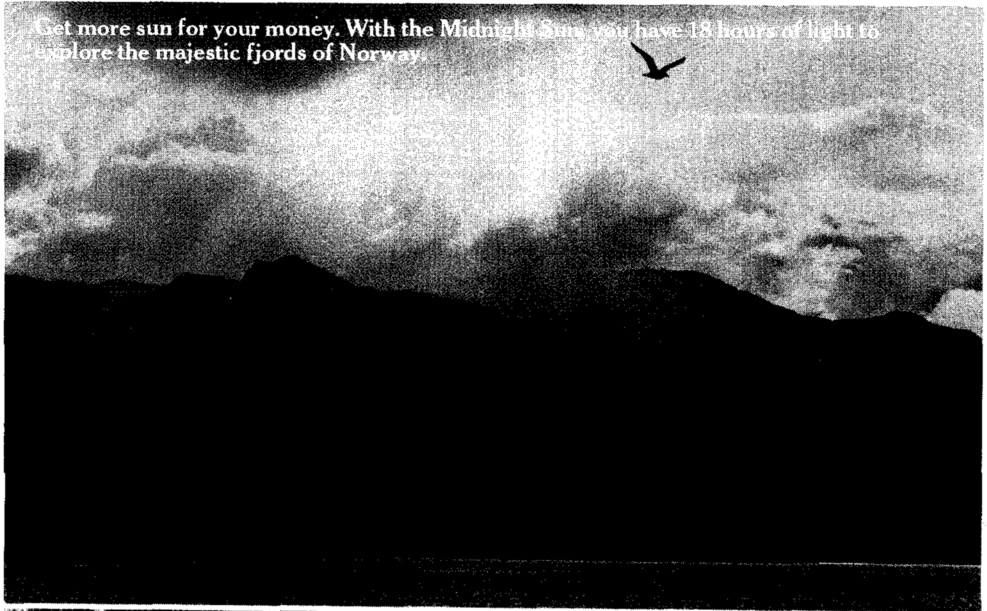
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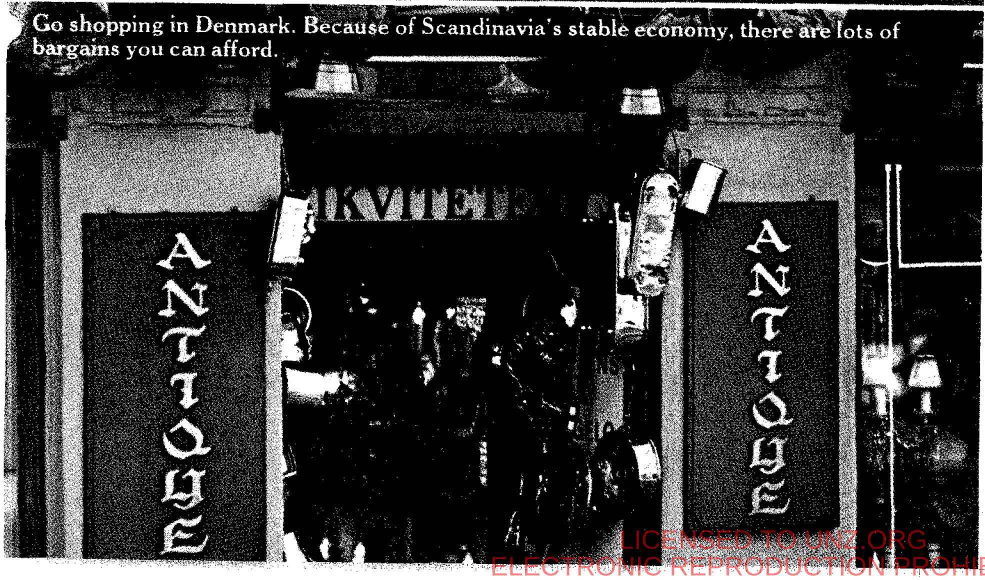
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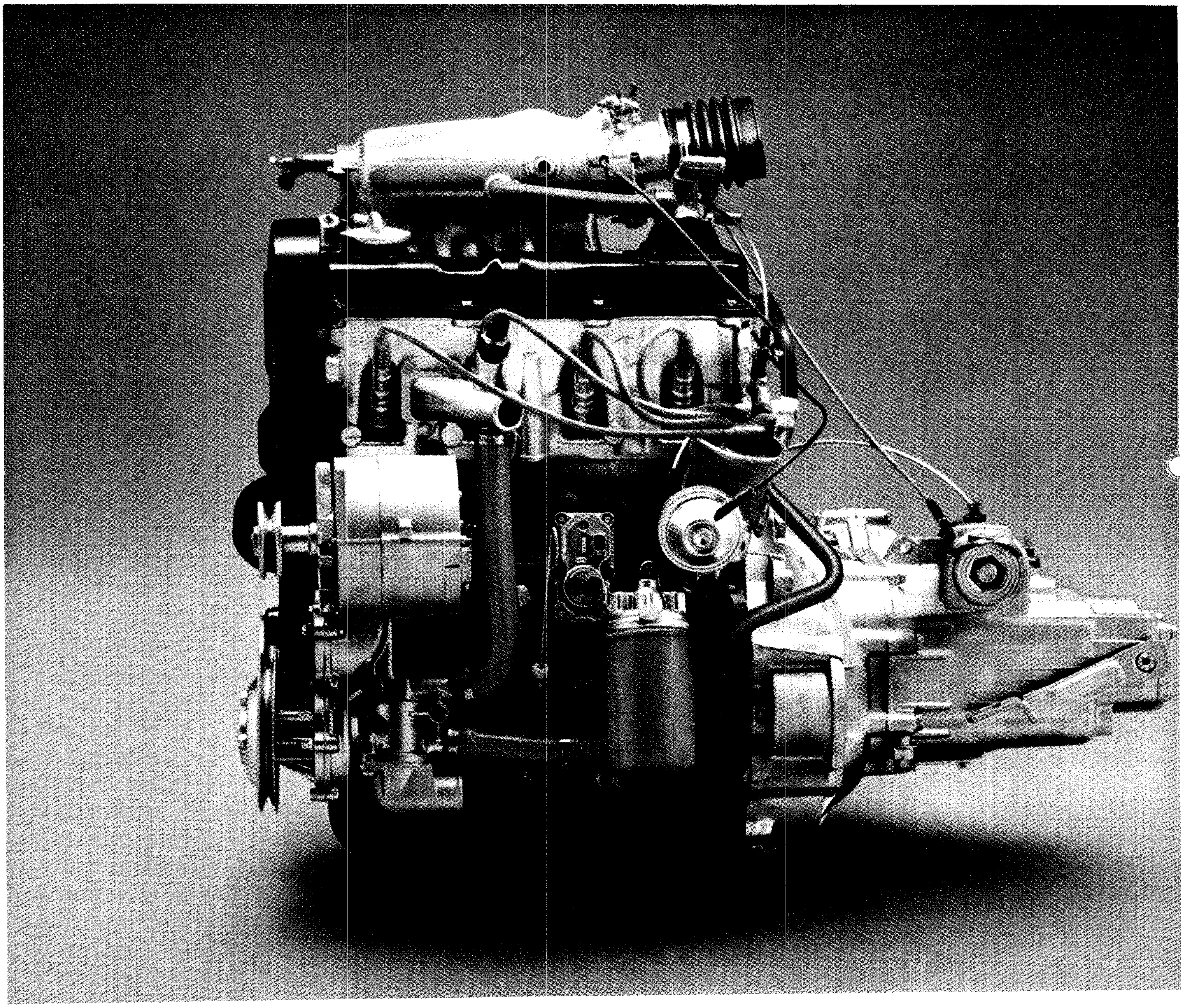

INTRODUCING THE 1981 RABBIT.

We really went to town on the Volkswagen Rabbit this year.

There's a trim new grille up front.

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Maybe they can't.

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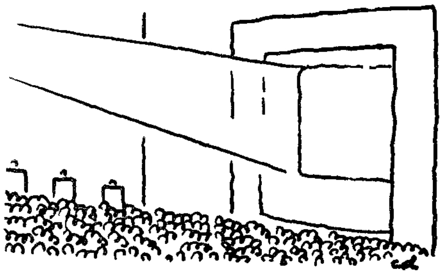
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 15: "The Roads of Exile" (1978; directed by Claude Goretta; in French).
March 16: Theatre closed.
From March 17: "1941." (†)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through March 14: "Northern Lights" (1979; John Hanson and Rob Nilsson).
March 15-17: "The War at Home" (Glenn Silber and Barry Alexander Brown), a documentary.
From March 18: "The Wobblies" (Stewart Bird and Deborah Shaffer).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 12: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman" (†) and "American Gigolo." (†)
March 13-19: "The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger; and "The Big Red One" (Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill.
From March 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Competition." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Resurrection." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 12: "Altered States." (†)
From March 13: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Raging Bull." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 12: "Nine to Five." (†)
From March 13: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Eyewitness" (Peter Yates), with William Hurt and Sigourney Weaver.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Competition." (†)

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through March 12: "My Brilliant Career." (†)
March 13-18: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard.
From March 19: "Image Before My Eyes" (Josh Waletsky), a documentary about pre-Second World War Jewish Poland.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Melvin and Howard." (†)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 19: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.
From March 20: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Great Santini." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through March 12: "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.
From March 13: "Modern Romance" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Kathryn Harrold.

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 12: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
From March 13: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 19: "Altered States." (†)
From March 20: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 19: "Gloria" (John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and John Adames.
From March 20: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi.

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through March 12: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.
From March 13: "The Elephant Man." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles II" (Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All Night Long." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 12: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman." (†)
From March 13: "Nine to Five." (†)

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through March 12: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
From March 13: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 12: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
From March 13: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard.

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 12: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)
From March 13: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 12: "The Elephant Man." (†)
From March 13: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 12: "The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.
From March 13: "Raging Bull." (†)

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 19: "Nine to Five." (†) From March 20: "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: Through March 12: "Galaxina" (William Sachs), with Stephen Macht and Dorothy R. Stratten. From March 13: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 12: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (directed by Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
From March 13: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 12: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura and Ugo Tognazzi.
From March 13: "American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"La Cage aux Folles II" (Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 19: "The Elephant Man." (†) From March 20: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.
Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 3: Through March 12: "Raging Bull." (†) From March 13: "Nine to Five." (†)
Theatre 4: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (John Sayles).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 12: "The Earthling" (Peter Collinson), with William Holden and Ricky Schroder.
From March 13: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei and Oleg Tabakov.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 12: "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)
From March 13: "Fantasia." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through March 19: "Resurrection." (†)
From March 20: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"La Cage aux Folles II" (Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 19: "Raging Bull." (†)
From March 20: "Cutter and Bone" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 14: "Man of Marble" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
From March 15: "Confidence" (István Szabó; in Hungarian), with Péter Andorai and Ildikó Bánsági.

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 15: "Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)" (Francis Mankiewicz; a Canadian film, in French), with Marie Tifo.
From March 16: "Nine Months" (Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian, with Lili Monori and Jan Nowicki.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)
Theatre 2: "Oblomov" (Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei and Oleg Tabakov.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Competition." (†)
Theatre 2: "The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.
Theatre 3: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film, Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi.
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through March 12: "The Elephant Man." (†)
From March 13: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 12: "The Incredi-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ble Shrinking Woman" (†) and "The Final Countdown" (Don Taylor), with Kirk Douglas and Martin Sheen. From March 13: "Nine to Five." (†)

Theatre 2: Through March 12: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier. From March 13: "Windwalker" (Keith Merrill), with Trevor Howard.

Theatre 3: Through March 12: "Private Benjamin." (†) March 13-19: "The Competition." (†) From March 20: "Altered States." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through March 12: "Eyewitness" (directed by Peter Yates), with William Hurt and Sigourney Weaver. March 13-19: "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones. From March 20 (tentative): "The Final Conflict" (Graham Baker), with Sam Neill.

Theatre 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Theatre 3: "Nine to Five." (†)

Theatre 4: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 5: Through March 19: "The Jazz Singer" (Richard Fleischer), with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier. From March 20 (tentative): "Back Roads" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and Tommy Lee Jones.

Theatre 6: Through March 12: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman." (†) From March 13: "Eyewitness" (Peter Yates), with William Hurt and Sigourney Weaver.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 3: Through March 12: "Sunday Lovers" (a four-episode film; Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi; in English, French, and Italian), with Wilder, Roger Moore, Lino Ventura, and Ugo Tognazzi. From March 13: "The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

Theatre 4: Through March 12: "Popeye." (†) From March 13: "The Competition." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Devil and Max Devlin" (Steven Hilliard Stern), a Disney film, with Elliott Gould and Bill Cosby.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Altered States." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"All Night Long." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Snake Fist Fighter."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Through March 12: "The Dogs of War" (John Irvin), with Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger.

From March 13: "The Funhouse" (Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee.

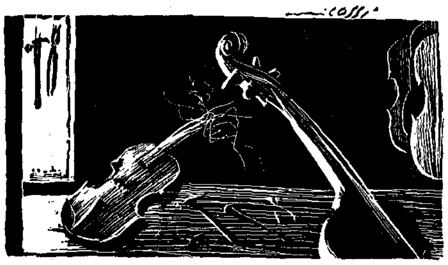
R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

Through March 12: "Galaxina" (William Sachs), with Stephen Macht and Dorothy R. Stratten.

From March 13: "The Howling" (Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"American Pop" (Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

REVIVAL HOUSES



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Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

March 11: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

March 12: "Out of the Past" (1947; Jacques Tourneur), with Jane Greer, Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas, and Rhonda Fleming; and "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.

March 13: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

March 14: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

March 15: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

March 16: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

March 17: "Kyoshira: Castle Menagerie" (1969) and "The Sword" (1963), both films in Japanese, with Raizo Ichikawa.

March 18: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers.

March 19: "The Master and Margarita" (1972) and "It Rains on My Village" (1969), both Yugoslav films, directed by Aleksander Petrovic.

March 20: "The Wild Child" (1970; in French), directed by, and with, François Truffaut; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.

March 21: "Let It Be" (1970; Michael Lindsay-Hogg), with the Beatles; and "Yellow Submarine." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

March 11: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears.

March 12: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "The Tenant" (1976), directed by, and with, Roman Polanski.

March 13: "Manhattan" (1979) and "Annie Hall" (1977), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

March 14: "To Forget Venice" (1979; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Erland Josephson and Mariangela Melato; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

March 15: "Dangerous When Wet" (1953; Charles Walters), with Esther Williams, Fernando Lamas, Jack Carson, and Charlotte Greenwood; and "Million Dollar Mermaid." (†)

March 16: "Lies My Father Told Me" (1975; Jan Kadar; a Canadian film), with Yossi Yadin; and "Adrift." (†)

March 17: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen, Jean-Max, and Renée Devillers.

March 18: "War and Peace" (†) and "Sally of the Sawdust." (†)

March 19: "Let There Be Light" (1945; John Huston), a documentary; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.

March 20: "Mata Hari" (†) and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

March 21: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Bus Stop." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 12: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

March 13-14: "Stardust Memories" (1980; Woody Allen), with Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, and Marie-Christine Barrault; and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, and E. G. Marshall.

March 15-16: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

March 17: "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

March 18-19: "The Pom Pom Girls" (1976; Joseph Ruben), with Robert Carradine, and Jennifer Ashley; "The Van" (1977; Sam Grossman), with Stuart Getz, Deborah White, and Harry Moses; and "Malibu Beach" (1978; Robert J. Rosenthal), with Kim Lankfork, James Daughton, and Susan Player Jarreau.

March 20-21: "What's New Pussycat?" (1965; Clive Donner), with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Romy Schneider, Paula Prentiss, and Capucine; and "Casino Royale." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

March 11: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "The Yakuza" (1975; Sydney Pollack), with Robert Mitchum, Takakura Ken, and Richard Jordan.

March 12-14: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "An Unmarried Woman" (1978; Paul Mazursky), with Jill Clayburgh, Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, and Lisa Lucas.

March 15-16: "The Emigrants" (1971; Jan Troell; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "Norma Rae" (1979; Martin Ritt), with Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.

March 17-18: "The New Land" (1973; Jan Troell; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Eddie Axberg, and Monica Zetterlund; and "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina.

March 19-21: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Midnight Express." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through March 13: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

March 14-16: "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson; and "Daisy Miller" (1974; Peter Bogdanovich), with Cybil Shepherd.

March 17-19: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (†) and "The Sterile Cuckoo." (†)

From March 20: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Deep End." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 11: "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1956; Daniel Mann), with Susan Hayward, Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, Don Taylor, and Jo Van Fleet; and "Rhapsody" (1954; Charles Vidor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman, John Ericson, and Louis Calhern.

March 12-14: "Royal Wedding" (1951; Stanley Donen), with Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Peter Lawford, Sarah Churchill, and Keenan Wynn; and "Three Little Words" (1950; Richard Thorpe), with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, Red Skelton, and Arlene Dahl.

March 15-16: "Blossoms in the Dust" (1941; Mervyn LeRoy), with Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Marsha Hunt, and Felix Bressart; and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939; Sam Wood), with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Killburn.

March 17-18: "All Fall Down" (†); and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

March 19-21: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 11: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

March 12: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "The Soft Skin" (1964; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly, Françoise Dorléac, and Nelly Benedetti.

March 13-14: "Till Marriage Do Us Part" (1974; Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Laura Antonelli; and "Wifemistress" (1979; Marco Vicario; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli.

March 15: A program of film outtakes and other formerly unseen footage.

March 16: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Each Other." (†)

March 17: "Dinner for Adele" (†) and "Loves of a Blonde." (†)

March 18: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.

March 19: "The Men" (1950: Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane; and "High Noon." (†)

March 20-21: "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret; and "Eboli." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 11: "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

March 12: "The Lone Wolf Returns" (1936; Roy William Neill), with Melvyn Douglas and Gail Patrick; and "The Lone Wolf Strikes" (1940; Sidney Salkow), with Warren William and Joan Perry.

March 13: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

March 14-15: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942; William Keighley), with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley, Jimmy Durante, and Richard Travis; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

March 16: "Fanny" (†) and "César." (†)

March 17: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

March 18: "Jungle Book" (1942; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke; and "Cobra Woman" (1944; Robert Siodmak), with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

March 19: "Moby Dick" (†) and "Svengali." (†)

March 20: "The Cocoanuts" (1929) and "Horse Feathers" (1932), both films with the Marx Brothers.

From March 21: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A program of films made by the BBC: March 16 at noon: "Joey" (1972; directed by Brian Gibson), with Christopher Molesworth. . . . March 16 at 2:30: "The Spongers" (1978; Roland Joffe), with Christine Hargreaves, Grace Allen, and Gary Todd. . . . March 16 at 6: "A Day Out" (1972; Stephen Frears), with David Waller, John Normington, James Cossins, and Philip Locke; and "A Hymn from Jim" (1979; Colin Bucksey), with Harry H. Corbett and Christopher Guard. . . . March 17 at noon: "Licking Hitler" (1978; David Hare), with Kate Nelligan, Hugh Fraser, and Bill Paterson. . . . March 17 at 2:30: "A Day Out" and "A Hymn from Jim." . . . March 17 at 6: "Joey." . . . March 19 at 2:30: "Delius: A Song of Summer" (1968; Ken Russell), with Max Adrian, Christopher Gable, and Maureen Pryor; and "Elgar" (1962; Ken Russell), with Sammy Miller and Carole Walker. . . . March 19 at 6: "Isadora" (1966; Ken Russell), with Vivian Pickles. . . . March 19 at 8:30 and March 20 at 2:30: "Dante's Inferno" (1967; Ken Russell), with Oliver Reed. . . . March 20 at 6: "The Spongers." . . . March 21 at 2:30: "On Giant's Shoulders" (1979; Anthony Simmons), with Terry Wiles, Judi Dench, and Bryan Pringle. . . . March 21 at 5: "Delius: A Song of Summer" and "Elgar." . . . ¶ Other, non-BBC, films scheduled during this period: March 12 at 2:30: "The Pink Panther" (1963; Blake Edwards), with David Niven, Peter Sellers, Capucine, Claudia Cardinale, and Robert Wagner. . . . March 12 at 6: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?" (1966; Blake Edwards), with James Coburn, Dick Shawn, Aldo Ray, and Carroll O'Connor. . . . March 12 at 8:30: "Darling Lili" (1970; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and Rock Hudson. . . . March 13 at 2:30: "The Tamarind Seed" (1974; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, Omar Sharif, Sylvia Syms, Dan O'Herlihy, Anthony Quayle, and Oscar Homolka. . . . March 13 at 6: A program of avant-garde works by Robert Attanasio. . . . March 14 at noon: "Robin Hood" (1922; Allan Dwan), with Douglas Fairbanks, Wallace Beery, and Enid Bennett. . . . March 14 at 2:30: "The Tamarind Seed." . . . March 14 at 5: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?" . . . March 15 at noon: "Robin Hood." . . . March 15 at 2:30: "Darling Lili." . . . March 15 at 5: "Let There Be Light" (1946; John Huston), a documentary film. . . . March 21 at noon: A program of short films by Benjamin Goldstein. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—March 11 at 3: A video program by Stephen Beck and Woody and Steina Vasulka. . . . ¶ March 11 at 8: "Songs 1-22" (1964-66; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 12 at 8: "Song 23" (1966-67; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 13 at 7 and 10: Two programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 14 at 2: A program of video films by John Sanborn and Kit Fitzgerald. . . . ¶ March 14 at 5:30: A program by Amalie Rothschild. . . . ¶ March 14 at 8: A program of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ March 15 at 7: "Scenes from Under Childhood" (1969-70; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 17 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ March 18 at 8: "Songs 24-30" (1966-69; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ March 19 at 3: A video program by Stephen Beck and Woody and Steina Vasulka. . . . ¶ March 19 at 8: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1944; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 20 at 8: A program of films by Robert Nelson and Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ March 21 at 2: A video program by Liz Phillips. . . . ¶ March 21 at 8: "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé" (1956; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles).

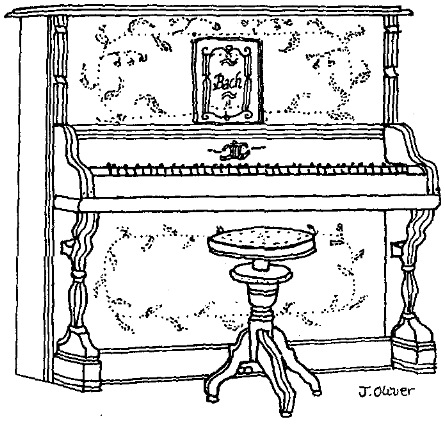
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adrift (1971)—Mannered film by Jan Kadar, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

All Fall Down (1962)—Adapted by William Inge from a James Leo Herlihy novel, this ambitious and elaborately staged John Frankenheimer film is set deep in the Inge territory of homespun and Gothic—that strange area of nostalgic Americana where the familiar is the Freudian grotesque. It's also a peculiar kind of fantasy, in which hideous, lecherous women (schoolteachers seem to be the worst offenders) paw handsome young men, and the one girl who might seem attractive (played by Eva Marie Saint) disqualifies herself by becoming pathetically pregnant. As the mother, Angela Lansbury at times steps free of the howling caricature she's playing and becomes extraordinarily moving. But the film turns out to be a portrait of the writer as an adolescent (Brandon deWilde plays the part) who grows up—"matures"—when he learns that the older brother he idolizes (Warren Beatty) is an empty wreck. Does *anybody* really grow up the way this boy grows up? He learns the truth, squares his shoulders, and walks out into the bright sunlight, as Alex North's music rises and swells in victory. How many movies have pulled this damned visual homily on us, this synthetic growing-into-a-man, as if it happened all at once and forever? Suggested party game: ask your friends to tell about the summer they grew up. The one who tells the best lie has a promising career ahead as a Hollywood screenwriter. With Karl Malden, Barbara Baxley, and Madame Spivy. Cinematography by Lionel Lindon; produced by John Houseman. (Regency; March 17-18.)

All Night Long—This sophisticated slapstick romance starring Gene Hackman and Barbra Streisand is a happy surprise. Hackman, doing the kind of comic acting that rings true on every note, plays a Los Angeles business executive who gives up the phony obligations he has accumulated, drops out, and tries to find a way to do what he enjoys. Streisand plays a soft-spoken bleached blonde—intuitive and cuddly—who joins him. Directed by Jean-Claude Tramont and written by W. D. (Rick) Richter, it has a distinctive comic sensibility; at times it suggests Tati, at other times W. C. Fields, and then, maybe, Lubitsch or Max Ophuls. With Dennis Quaid as Hackman's muscular, inarticulate son; Diane Ladd as Hackman's wife; Kevin Dobson as Streisand's husband; and William Daniels as a lawyer. The poignant tango that is heard is



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José Padilla's "La Violetera," which was also heard in Chaplin's "City Lights." (Reviewed in our issue of 3/9/81.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. (1/19/81) (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through March 12. . . . ¶ Gemini 2; through March 19. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 20.)

American Gigolo (1980)—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy vines at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 12.)

Bus Stop (1956)—See this not for the William Inge play, shrewdly widened by George Axelrod, but for Marilyn Monroe and Eileen Heckart. Don Murray plays a dimly ardent cowboy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

Casino Royale (1967)—A funny atticful of old and new sight gags, verbal gags, and wholesale scene-stealings by such masters as Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, David Niven, Orson Welles, and Deborah Kerr. (Cinema Village; March 20-21.)

César (1936)—The last film of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy (after "Marius" and "Fanny") is named for the pivotal character, played by Raimu. César, the proprietor of a waterfront bar—and the soul of the trilogy—is the father of Marius (Pierre Fresnay), who runs off to sea, leaving his fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), pregnant. She marries the middle-aged, kind sailmaker Panisse (Charpin). In this concluding film—the only one of the three actually directed by Pagnol—Marius and Fanny are at last reunited. Pagnol wrote the story for the stage in the twenties, and, despite the Marseilles setting, the films are very literal-minded and constricted. But the actors redeem much of the pedestrian filmmaking. After Raimu's death, J. B. Priestly wrote, "We can magically command him to return out of those flat tins of film, and show us again his rich humanity and massive, deliberate art. . . . The French should erect a monument to the memory of this player, who reminded us that France had known a Rabelais, a Molière, a Balzac." (There was a 1938 American version, "Port of Seven Seas," with Wallace Beery at his most offensively "human" as César, and a Broadway-musical version, "Fanny," was filmed in 1961, retaining the score only as background music, with a miscast Charles Boyer as César.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Ziegfeld; through March 12.)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gemini 1, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through March 12.)

The Competition—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Gramercy, Plaza, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia; March 13-19. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 13.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, has made a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). (Mini Cinema; starting March 20.)

Dinner for Adele—An innocent, period-piece comedy-melodrama from Czechoslovakia that pits Nick Carter ("America's Greatest Detective") against a villain named Baron von Kratzmar of Wienerschnitzelberg and an avid, Mozart-loving plant that devours mice and a Great Dane and a police inspector. The movie is so wholesome and openly silly that you keep giving up on it, but it plugs along at its own gentle pace, and you will probably find yourself smiling in the end. Directed by Oldrich Lipsky, with Michal Docolomansky as the strong-jawed, iron-brained hero. In Czech. (6/2/80) (Thalia; March 17.)

Each Other (1979)—A reticent, indecisive look at a largely unconsummated lesbian love affair between an Israeli writer manqué (Michal Bat-Adam) and a French tourist (Brigitte Catillon), who pass an eternity (well, almost) strolling the rocky slopes of Jerusalem and talking about their Problem. Miss Bat-Adam also wrote and directed this Israeli-French film; most of the dialogue is in French. (12/10/79) (Thalia; March 16.)

Eboli—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of a remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the Church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Thalia; March 20-21.)

The Elephant Man—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2, and New Yorker 1; through March 12. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 19. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; starting March 13.)

Fanny (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret (and Pierre Prévert), with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, his pregnant fiancée, Fanny (Orane Démazis), marries the sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. César's dominating, expansive character is the central force of the film. When Marius returns, he finds that his leaving was an irremediable mistake—that the sailmaker is acknowledged as the father of his son and that there is no place for him (until the concluding film, "César"). You need a lot of tolerance for warm comic invention; it drags fearfully. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; starting March 13.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that the trim, silver-haired Paul Newman has acquired, and there's a bloom on everything he does in the role of Murphy, the veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, who has spent most of those years in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city. Murphy and his young partner, Corelli (dark-haired, loose-limbed Ken Wahl), do the best they can in dealing with muggers, arsonists, pimps, pushers, and killers—one of them a fellow-officer, Morgan (Danny Aiello), who throws a Puerto Rican teen-ager off a roof. The film is an attempt to show urban crisis *in extremis*, and it's an expression of disgust at racism. But the director, Daniel Petrie, glides over the action, levelling things out, shooting on the hellhole Bronx locations as if he were making a travelogue. Heywood Gould's script, which is based on the accounts of two policemen (Thomas Mulhearn and Pete Tessitore), is an intricately designed mixture of street vaudeville and drama of conscience. With Rachel Ticotin as a Hispanic nurse, Pam Grier as a stoned hooker, Ed Asner in the tired role of the martinet who takes over as commanding officer at the precinct, Miguel Piñero as a drug dealer, and Kathleen Beller as Corelli's girlfriend. (2/23/81) (34th St. East, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 1; through March 12. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; starting March 13.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith.)

High Noon (1952)—The Western form is used for a sneak civics lesson. Gary Cooper is the marshal who fights alone for law and order when his cowtown is paralyzed by fear. Much has been made of the film's structure (it runs from 10:40 A.M. to high noon, coinciding with the running time of the film); of the stark settings and the long shadows; of the psychological insight of the screenwriter, Carl Foreman, and his buildup of suspense. When the film came out, there were actually people who said it was a poem of force comparable to "The Iliad." But its insights are primer sociology, and the demonstration of the town's cowardice is Q.E.D. It's a tight piece of work, though—well directed by Fred Zinnemann; it was produced by Stanley Kramer. With Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado, Lee Van Cleef, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Bridges, Henry Morgan, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Otto Kruger. The cinematography is by Floyd Crosby, and the score is by Dimitri Tiomkin (who took an Academy Award for it). Cooper won the Best Actor award, and the editors were also honored. (Thalia; March 19.)

The Incredible Shrinking Woman—An amiable, sloppy light satirical fantasy starring Lily Tomlin as Pat, a sweetly loony happy housewife in a pretty-poison dream world. The film is an idyll of consumerism. Everything in the suburban development where Pat lives with her advertising-man husband (Charles Grodin) and their two children has a muted artificiality; the style is Necco Deco—a sort of plastic lyricism. The whole family is a little benumbed—like the people in TV commercials, who don't react to anything that doesn't roll on or come in an aerosol can or make the floor shine. Then Pat starts to shrink (because of exposure to the chemicals in the products that the family delights in). Directed by Joel Schumacher, from a script by Jane Wagner (which retains only a few incidents from the Richard Matheson novel that was the basis of the 1957 sci-fi film "The Incredible Shrinking Man"), the picture loses much of its stylized originality when it sets up a good-guys-versus-bad-guys conflict in order to give us a rooting interest in the outcome. But even when it turns into a gimcrack farce it's offhand and likable. Pat, imprisoned in a hamster's cage, finds a friend in a zonked lab technician (Mark Blankfield), and she becomes the beloved of a gorilla named Sidney (played by Rick Baker). It should be a great movie for kids; it's full of toys. With Ned Beatty, Henry Gibson, Elizabeth Wilson, and John Glover. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Olympia, and Criterion Center; through March 12.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. In Czech. (Thalia; March 17.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch-counter man at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Baronet.)

Midnight Express (1978)—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. It rushes from torment to torment, treating Billy's ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison. All of this is packaged as social protest. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (8th St. Playhouse; March 19-21.)

Million Dollar Mermaid (1952)—Esther Williams was a great advertisement for the one-piece bathing suit; still, centering a story on the invention of the thing leaves a lot of dead space in a movie that goes on for 115 minutes. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, was not known for his sense of pace. In this M-G-M musical splasher, Esther Williams plays Annette Kellerman, the Australian swimming champ who went into show business; Walter Pidgeon plays her father, Maria Tallchief plays Anna Pavlova, and Victor Mature is the American promoter who discovers first Annette and then Rin Tin Tin. The picture's only claim on one's attention is in the two sequences staged by Busby Berkeley, which were excerpted for "That's Entertainment!" Berkeley used smoke pots and sparklers, and put Williams, wearing a chain-mail bathing suit made of thousands of gold flakes, at the top of a geyser. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15.)

Moby Dick (1930)—John Barrymore's second Ahab; he had also appeared in a silent version called "The Sea Beast," with Dolores Costello as the beautiful girl waiting on shore. In this talkie remake, directed by Lloyd Bacon, the girl is played by Joan Bennett. (Dolores Costello had become Mrs. Barrymore and was pregnant.) It should be explained that in both these versions Ahab's driven character is accounted for by the existence of a beautiful girl who really did love him but whom he misunderstood. The first version was excitingly romantic; this talkie is much less so—Barrymore is forty-eight and not wildly in love with his leading lady, and he's working with a whale that resembles a vast mattress. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 19.)

My Brilliant Career (1980)—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Britain. (2/4/80) (Manhattan 2; through March 12.)

1941 (1979)—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 17.)

Nine to Five—A feminist revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the

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lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Sutton; through March 12. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 19. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 13.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Embassy; through March 12.)

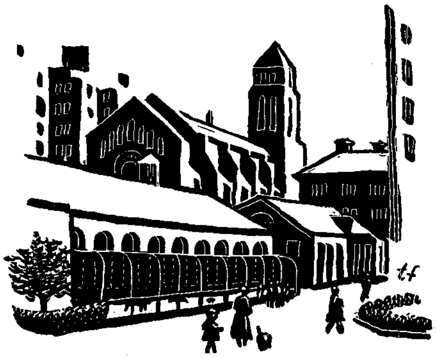
Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again; the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (Olympia; through March 12.)

Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 12. . . . ¶ Paramount; through March 19. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; starting March 13.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Festival; through March 19.)

Sally of the Sawdust (1925)—D. W. Griffith directed W. C. Fields in this film, which was Fields' first success with the movie public. It's an adaptation of Fields' stage hit "Poppy," and he plays Professor Eustace McGargle, the con man with a heart of gold. (Fields appeared in a sound version of the same material in 1936.) Griffith was working for a studio and didn't have control of this production (or much dexterity at this type of comedy). It doesn't have a great deal to recommend it besides Fields, although the cast includes Alfred Lunt. Sally is the unexciting Carol Dempster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. With Wendell Burton. (Mini Cinema; March 17-19.)



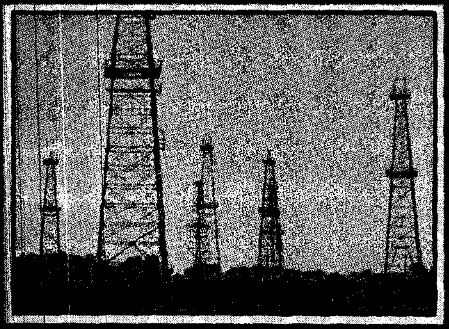
Svengali (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Marian Marsh) into becoming a great singer. In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. Physically perfect for Trilby, Marian Marsh is a classic example of type-casting. But it would have taken more of a hypnotist than Archie Mayo, who directed, to get a performance out of her. In some sequences, the imaginative scene designs (which re-create Paris in the eighteen-nineties) and Mayo's staging suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, Luis Alberni, Paul Porcasi, and Carmel Myers. Adapted from du Maurier's "Trilby" by J. Grubb Alexander. (There are at least five film versions—the first in 1914.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 19.)

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon (1970)—Liza Minnelli as the head girl of a jolly gang of the maimed. She has been disfigured by acid; her chums are an incurable neurological patient and a paralyzed homosexual. The maudlin quality of the original book is not aided by the tone of Otto Preminger's film, which makes the bravado of characters in appalling circumstances seem sometimes to be more relished than respected. (Mini Cinema; March 17-19.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)

War and Peace (1956)—Sixty thousand horses and sixty thousand men (including Napoleon) cannot put Tolstoy together again. An overblown version of the classic, with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Mel Ferrer. Directed by King Vidor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's a beguiling catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 21.)



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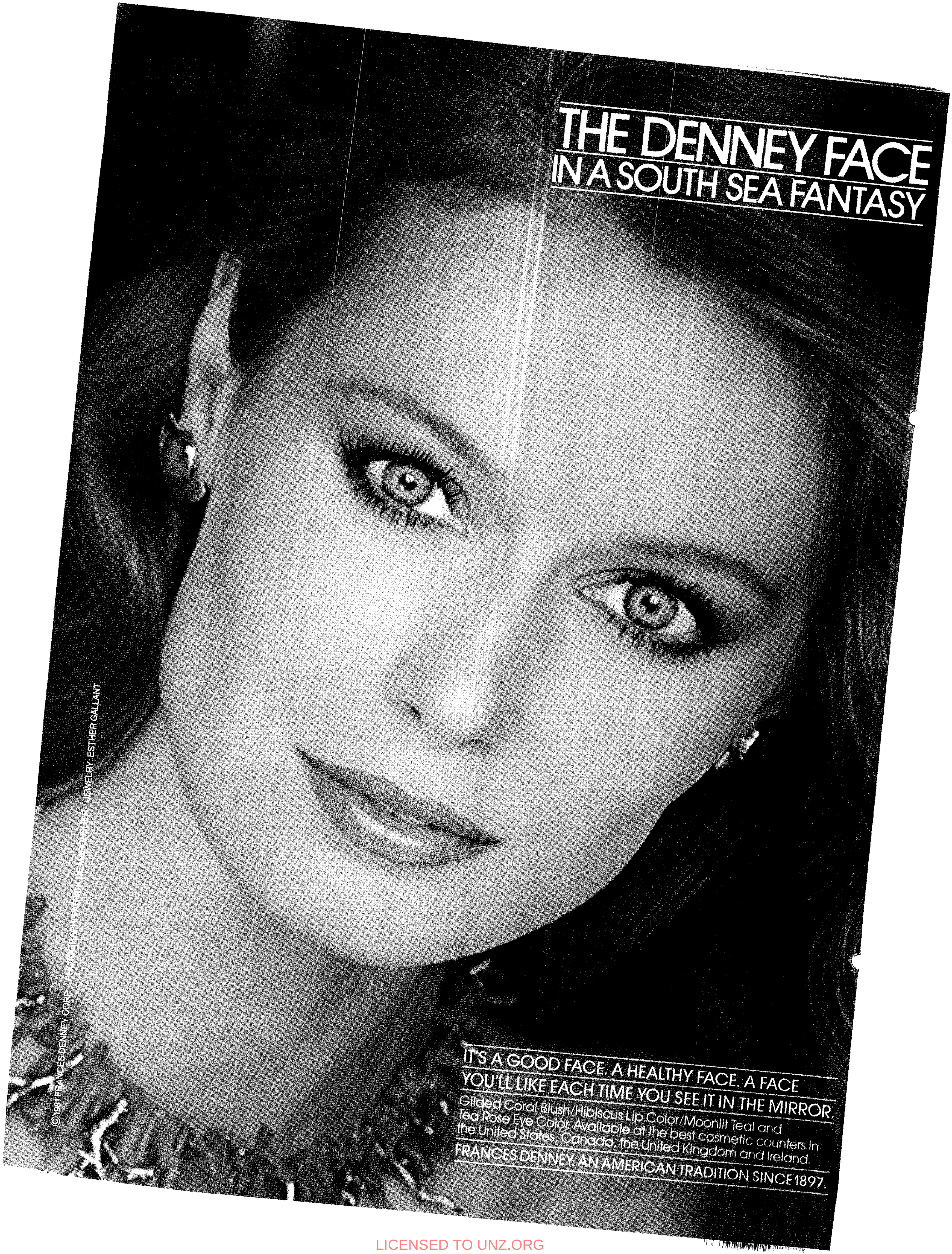

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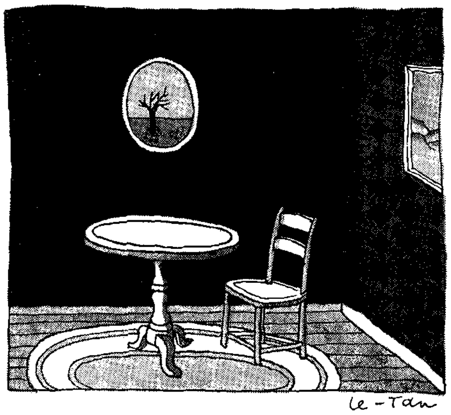
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN we turned on the CBS evening news one day recently, we were surprised to hear the broadcast begin with a story that was twenty-six years out of date: in 1955, Walter Cronkite informed us, the United States sent advisers to Vietnam. He went on to add what all his viewers surely knew already: that the United States subsequently lost fifty-seven thousand lives in the Vietnam War. The occasion for this anachronistic news item was the more timely story that the Reagan Administration was about to increase the number of American military advisers in El Salvador, whose government is trying to put down a left-wing insurgency. Some days later, Cronkite asked President Reagan, in a televised interview, whether he saw any "parallel" between the dispatch of the advisers to El Salvador and the dispatch of advisers to Vietnam, and the President answered with a firm, "No, Walter, I don't." He then went on to give particulars to back up his assertion—mentioning that the advisers were sent to El Salvador "at the request of the government," that they were sent only to train El Salvadoran troops, and not to accompany them into combat, and that the Administration was mainly worried not about El Salvador itself but about a whole string of other countries (that is, dominoes)—and all he said sounded strangely similar to what was said about Vietnam in the early days. The connection with Vietnam also was drawn by William Safire, who wants to "break the Communist winning streak" started there. His idea seems to be that we have a rematch on home ground of that highly unsuccessful contest. And the connection has been implicit in innumerable news reports and columns suggesting that the Administration has chosen El Salvador as "the right place" to take on "Communism" (a monolith that has virtually been reinvented by the Administration), by sending it a "signal" of American resolve. The phrasing suggests a sort of movable war that can be held, like a press conference, in one place or another, with the aim of sending some message or other to the enemy. The Vietnam War, too, was, of course, fought (presumably in the wrong place, judging by the results) as a "signal"—or test case—of America's resolve. Nor did President Reagan do anything to reduce the counterpoint of talk of El Salvador and talk of Vietnam when, around the time it became known that he was sending advisers to El Salvador, he offered the opinion, at a belated medal-awarding ceremony for a Vietnam War hero, that the American military had failed to win in Vietnam only because it "had been denied permission to win." One couldn't help asking oneself whether he planned to give the military "permission" to win in El Salvador.

All in all, the parallels are so great that one wonders whether the El Salvador policy may not be simply an extension of the Vietnam policy. (Of course President Reagan wants to win in El Salvador, but Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon wanted to win in Vietnam, too.) And yet President Reagan was in a sense right in his comment to Cronkite: El Salvador *is* different from Vietnam. Robert White, our Ambassador to El Salvador under President Carter, offered the country a glimpse, in recent testimony before a House Appropriations subcommittee, of what some of the peculiarities of El Salvador are. For one thing, he said, the left-wing guerrillas seem to be weakening; for another, right-wing forces, which were responsible for most of the more than ten thousand political murders that have taken place in El Salvador in the last year, are gathering strength and might launch a coup soon. And, indeed, some days after White delivered his warning, a right-wing El Salvadoran leader named Roberto D'Aubuisson claimed that the Reagan Administration, with some of whose members he said he had been in touch before the election, would be pleased to see a right-wing coup. It is in light of these differences between the *situation* in El Salvador and the one years ago in Vietnam that the extraordinary sameness in American *policy* becomes worrying. The suspicion arises that the United States has but one policy for all times and places. And as the political argument over El Salvador starts up at home, and the two sides take up their positions with an alacrity that is somehow disturbing, it begins to look as though our country had put in place a permanent, unvarying national debate on the spread of Communism, in which ready-made positions and slogans are available for all the debaters, and only the name of the small country to be "won" or "lost" changes. The result for the small country, unfortunately, appears to be that it is smashed to pieces. The variety of the world would seem to invite a more varied political response than this. Whatever else we can accomplish

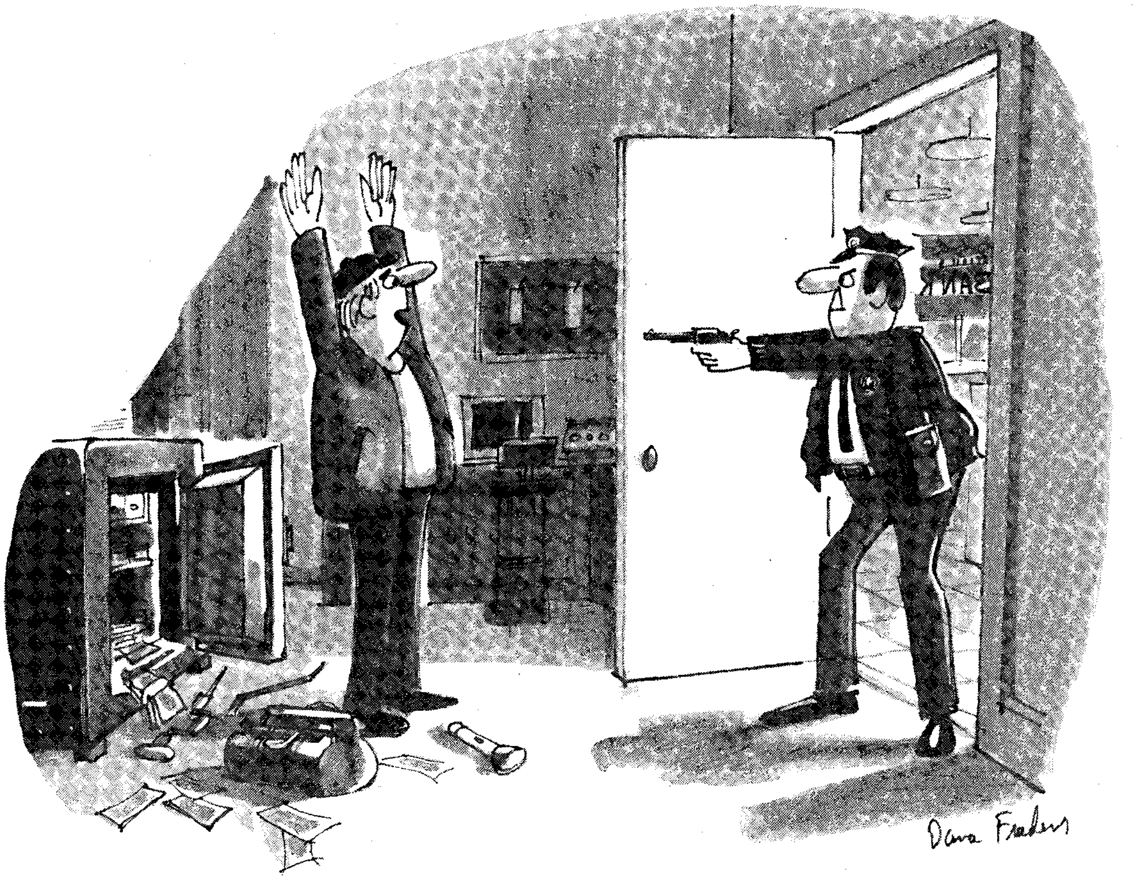


in El Salvador, we cannot win the Vietnam War there.

THE talk of the moment in economic circles, and particularly in government economic circles, is Arthur Laffer and his Laffer Curve, which provides the theoretical basis for President Reagan's tax-cutting plans. Who, *then*, is Arthur Laffer, and what is the Laffer Curve? Well, Laffer is a forty-year-old professor at the University of Southern California Graduate School of Business Administration, who lives in a ranch house in Rolling Hills Estates, where he keeps as pets four tropical birds and six weasels, and who looks rather like a pleasure-loving undergraduate. (One can learn all this from an article by Edward Meadows in a recent issue of *Fortune*, and not much more from *Who's Who in America*, where Professor Laffer makes his first appearance, in the 1980-81 edition, with a self-confidently brief and laconic entry.) He has a bachelor's degree from Yale and advanced degrees in business administration and economics from Stanford, and has taught at Stanford and at the University of Chicago. In the early nineteen-seventies, Laffer served as chief economist of the Office of Management and Budget under President Nixon. He first came to the attention of President Reagan—then and now his political idol—shortly after he, as a Stanford graduate student, had correctly predicted Reagan's victory over the incumbent, Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, in the 1966 California gubernatorial race.

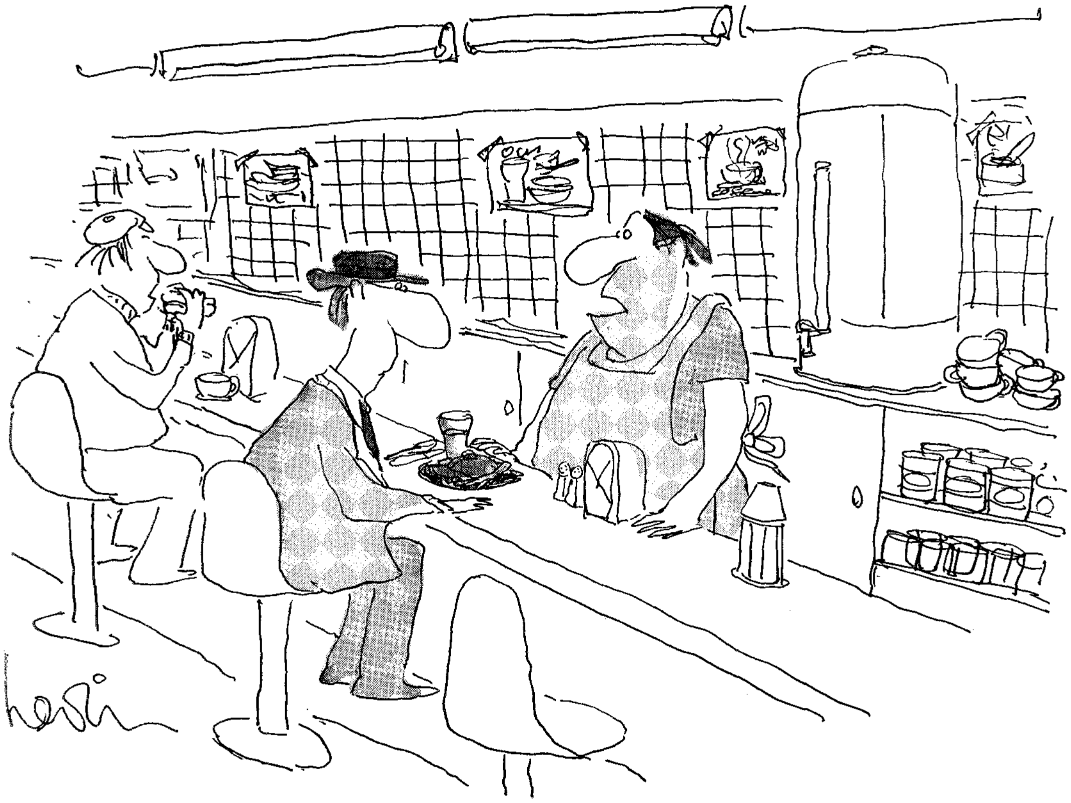
Now the Laffer Curve. The Laffer Curve is shaped like a bell; the horizontal scale represents tax rates, from zero to a hundred per cent, and the vertical scale represents tax revenues received by the government. On the left-hand side, the line rises sharply, as one might expect: the higher the tax rates, the greater the revenues produced. However, the rate of revenue increase slows down as the tax rate goes up, because of an assumed dampening effect of high taxes on the vigor of private enterprise; thus the flattening of the curve to form the top of the bell. Finally (the theory goes on), when tax rates reach a certain critical level, further increases have such a dampening effect that they actually cause tax revenues to decrease—for a time, at an accelerating rate. The result is the right-hand side of the bell—called by Laffer the "prohibitive range"—where each tax-rate increase leads to a further reduction in revenues, culminating logically in tax rates of a hundred per cent and revenues of zero, since it would be illogical for anyone to work for money that was destined to be taxed away entirely. Thus the completion of the bell, and the perfection of a schematic representation of reality so elegantly simple and beautiful that for some it has the force of a revelation. According to Meadows, the Laffer Curve first came to public attention following an apocalyptic moment when Laffer sketched it (in an early form that has since undergone refinement) on a napkin at a Washington restaurant in 1974.

Conventional economists, particularly those with a Keynesian bent, have been ridiculing the Laffer Curve almost since the fateful pen was raised from the fateful napkin, mainly on the ground that it neglects the crucial factor of inflation. (Lafferites retort that tax cuts designed to put rates on the healthy left side of the bell would result in such a great increase in productivity that the inflationary pressure of increased spendable income would be largely cancelled.) However, not even the most confirmed Keynesian can deny that a zero tax rate produces zero tax revenues, or that a one-hundred-per-cent tax rate would logically have the same result. The two ends of the Laffer Curve are unassailable, and there must be some sort of curving line between them, whether or not it describes a bell. At the moment, two problems are plaguing the Laffer Curve and, in particular, its passionate proponents: (1) As a national economy, where are we now on the curve? And (2) what evidence exists that the curve is a true prophecy, and not just a neat one? As for the first, Laffer contends that we are on



"I don't suppose you'd believe me if I told you I was looking for the Shah's hidden wealth."

the right-hand-side downslope, and that therefore a cut in tax rates will move us up toward the bell's crown—that is, will increase revenues. But Paul Craig Roberts, the Reagan Administration's Lafferite Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Economic Policy, believes we are still on the left-hand-side upslope, and that therefore tax-rate cuts will still reduce revenues. Clearly, until the theory provides an accurate means of fixing where an economy is on the curve at a given moment, it is no more useful as a guide to policy than a clock without hands is as a timepiece. As for the validity of the curve itself, Laffer admits to a shortage of solid practical evidence in its favor. "You're observing the process of research," he says, perhaps a bit loftily. There may be some comfort in recalling that the last equally unorthodox economic innovation of our national government—Franklin D. Roosevelt's attempt, in 1933, to raise the prices of farm commodities by raising the price the government paid for newly mined gold—turned out to be a relatively innocent process of research, rather than bringing on the cataclysm that was widely predicted at the time. It didn't work, but it didn't do much harm, either.



"*Perhaps you'd care to speak to our dietitian.*"

A HAPPY man in shirtsleeves steers a tractor between a blooming bed of flowers and a clump of sunlit greenery. A blond moppet crouches in rich, dark soil to gather perfect leaves of lettuce. A congenial agglomeration of edible and ornamental plants abounds politely on either side of a winding, weedless, artfully laid brick path leading to a rustic cottage. Voluptuous beefsteak tomatoes, luscious yellow squash, and fleshy muskmelons flaunt their charms. Or that is the way things are on the covers of seed catalogues. Phantoms of a utopian summer haunt the winter air, designed, it seems, to madden the mortal gardener, whose labors will never accomplish that perfection, and whose plot right now looks like this:

Garden gate, at odds with its hinges, wedged almost shut by a lump of frozen dirt. Garden paths strewn with tangled wads of soggy stalks and vines, windblown leaves and branches; frayed canvas-covered hose; rusty cans containing the corpses of cutworms, slugs, and bean-weevil larvae; two plastic buckets without handles filled with ice; cigarette butts; damp bundles of the *Times* and the *News* intended to smother weeds; and weeds, in disagreeable shades of green, clutching the hard gray ground. Derelict crops in the garden beds: three unpicked beets, stony and black; putrefying celery tops; bleached, moldy, worm-eaten cabbages; dead vines dangling from wooden tomato stakes, with two or three grayish-yellow sunken tomatoes still attached; a dozen leeks, their whites fastened into the soil, frost-bound, their limp tops turned from green to a papery tan; a dead sunflower bent in half, with its shrivelled head on the ground. Standing at the unravelling wire fence, taking a look, a morose figure wearing boots and heavy socks, thick corduroy pants, two sweaters, and a woollen jacket, with a knitted cap pulled down over ears and eyebrows. Signs of life: at the very center of a crumpled furry mullein that looks like a dirty dishrag, new leaves tightly curled; and black seeds suspended in the stiff dried petals at the top of the Chinese chives.

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Collectible

THIMBLES are "in." Thimble cases and silver bodkins (the things you laced up corsets with) are popular. Silver is levelling off unless it was made before 1850. Art Deco jewelry from Tiffany and Cartier is climbing skyward. Art Nouveau glass by the other Tiffany and Gallé is already out of sight. Carved ivory is going up, because you can't import much ivory anymore. A Minnie Mouse toy from the nineteen-thirties may be a better investment than a share of I.B.M. stock. Collectors of snuff bottles covet small, costly, modern, interior-painted glass snuff bottles from China. Russian refugees are smuggling icons, silver, and enamelwork out of the mother country and selling them at fancy prices. There are ten basic varieties of Wedgwood ceramics, and they're all more expensive today than they were a year ago. These were some of the market indicators we picked up at the thirty-seventh National Antiques Show—a vast conglomeration of furniture, jewelry, books, objets d'art, and just plain junk which was spread across the fifth-floor exposition rotunda at Madison Square Garden.

Seal Simons, a Wedgwood expert from Philadelphia, told us that Josiah Wedgwood and his heirs had produced a number of pottery designs during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which were a far cry from the famous blue-and-white jasperware. She showed us a brown-and-green agateware rum pot, a shelf of early-nineteenth-century Moonlight Lustre (pinkish earthenware flecked with gold), a covered dish of red-and-black *rosso antico*, and a nineteenth-century tea service of black basaltware decorated with delicate enamelled flowers ("Josiah Wedgwood created black basaltware by mixing coal dust with clay, and his successors came up with the enamel overlay to compete with the China trade"). We asked about prices, and Mrs. Simons told us that the oldest and rarest pieces were worth three or four thousand dollars each. "And going up," she added.

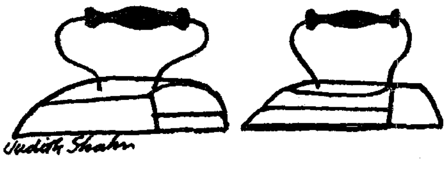
Across the aisle, we found Denis Szeszler, an Oriental-art specialist who showed us a group of Japanese tsuba—flat sword guards, some with three oval holes in them. "These fitted between the hilt of a sword and the blade," said Mr. Szeszler. "The center hole was for the sword, and the two smaller holes were for knives." Mr. Szeszler also showed us a shelf of antique Chinese snuff bottles—tiny, glowing vessels a few inches high, carved from precious stones or made of hand-blown glass and painted porcelain. He said that the modern, interior-painted glass bottles are among the first arts that the People's Republic has encouraged. He showed us a tiny frosted-glass bottle with pictures of squirrels painted on the inside. "The master who painted this, Wang Hsi-San, recently opened a school at Tientsin," he told us.

We moved on to Ilya Katz, an émigré Russian professor of art history who has a flourishing business in Slavic antiquities. "When I lived in Moscow, I collected French bronze *doré*, Sèvres, and boule," said Mr. Katz. "Now I appraise and sell Russian antiquities for many fellow-immigrants." He showed us an elaborate silver glass holder covered with a flower design of different-colored enamels ("Twelve enamels, and you have to fire the piece separately for each one"), a blue enamelled Fabergé frame that held portraits of Nicholas and Alexandra, and a group of tiny enamelled eggs—the sort that used to be given as Easter presents. Then we had a chat with Elliott Sherman, a cheerful, bearded young man who showed us a gigantic poster advertising "Carter the Great," a turbaned magician ("I found this a year too late"); two volumes of beautifully engraved German currency from the inflationary days of the nineteen-twenties; and a remarkable collection of movie-star snapshots, taken during the twenties and thirties by a photographer named Andy Petrone ("I found this in the estate sale of a woman in Massachusetts who had been a movie nut. Will sell for a thousand dollars"). We talked to Harold Navratil, who showed us a shelf of prehistoric Danish stone knives, daggers, and scrapers ("Stone Age art is slow, but American Indian artifacts are strong"), and to Benjamin Scherer, who showed us a group of handsomely made nineteenth-century woodworking tools from Baltimore and New York ("These were used by carpenters, coopers, coachmakers, and farriers—blacksmiths who also acted as veterinarians. Here's a farrier's float, which was used for rasping down the back teeth of a horse to control an uneven bite").

Our last stop was at Horse's Head Antiques, a small counter displaying a row of antique thimbles made of gold and silver. The proprietor, a chatty young woman named Harriet Blank, showed us several examples of fine engraving ("These were used mostly for engagement presents"), and then produced four tiny thimbles that must have been made for little children. "People just love thimbles," she said. "I don't know why. Maybe it has something to do with a direct, tactile connection with the past."

Balance

STROLLING down West Broadway on a recent Saturday afternoon, not at all minding our own business, we met a young woman and three men moving cautiously along the sidewalk, carrying a board; on it rested the large black hull and white superstructure of a cruise ship (with aquamarine swimming pool), which, on closer examination, turned out to be a cake. We immediately volunteered our services as door opener, and, instead of calling the police, as people who live in NoHo might be inclined to do, they accepted the offer, and we joined the procession. The woman wore an apron covered with spots that matched the frosting on the ship, and carried a bucket of French butter cream and a pastry tube. She said that she was the creator of the cake, and we were not surprised. She also told us that her name was Nancy Frank, and that she pays the rent by making outsize cakes to order. The man holding the right front corner had ordered the cake, and he and his friends were helping the cook deliver it to the loft where they were giving a party that night for a hundred and seventy-five people. At Duane Street, the group turned left and stopped in front of a building. We opened the door and held it. The elevator was not working, so the cake had to be carried up two very long, steep flights of stairs. At the top, a resident dog grabbed a bite out of the port side. Everyone took this calmly. The loft had been completely redone to resemble a cruise ship in the Caribbean. It also resembled a high-school gym before the senior prom, upgraded several notches. There was a gangplank, a sundeck, a promenade, a sparkling white-and-red rowboat (found abandoned and unsparkling on the sidewalks of New York), palm trees, life jackets (one), life buoys (two), a rear-lighted crescent moon, twinkling stars, and moonlit water (under-lighted cellophane). In one corner of the room, a girl was blowing up balloons with a helium tank; in another, the host's mother had been glued to the floor for two days preparing the food. The cake was placed on a pedestal in front of a spray of bird of paradise in the dining saloon ("ONE SITTING ONLY"). Miss Frank filled her pastry tube with butter cream and started repairs on the port side. She also fixed up the ocean lapping around the hull (streaky blue-and-white cream), and added a wake. The pièce de résistance was two and a half feet long, and a foot and a half high to the top of the smokestack. Although it had been modelled somewhat loosely on the QE 2, it did not have the long,



"Has Nancy Reagan been wearing jodhpurs?"

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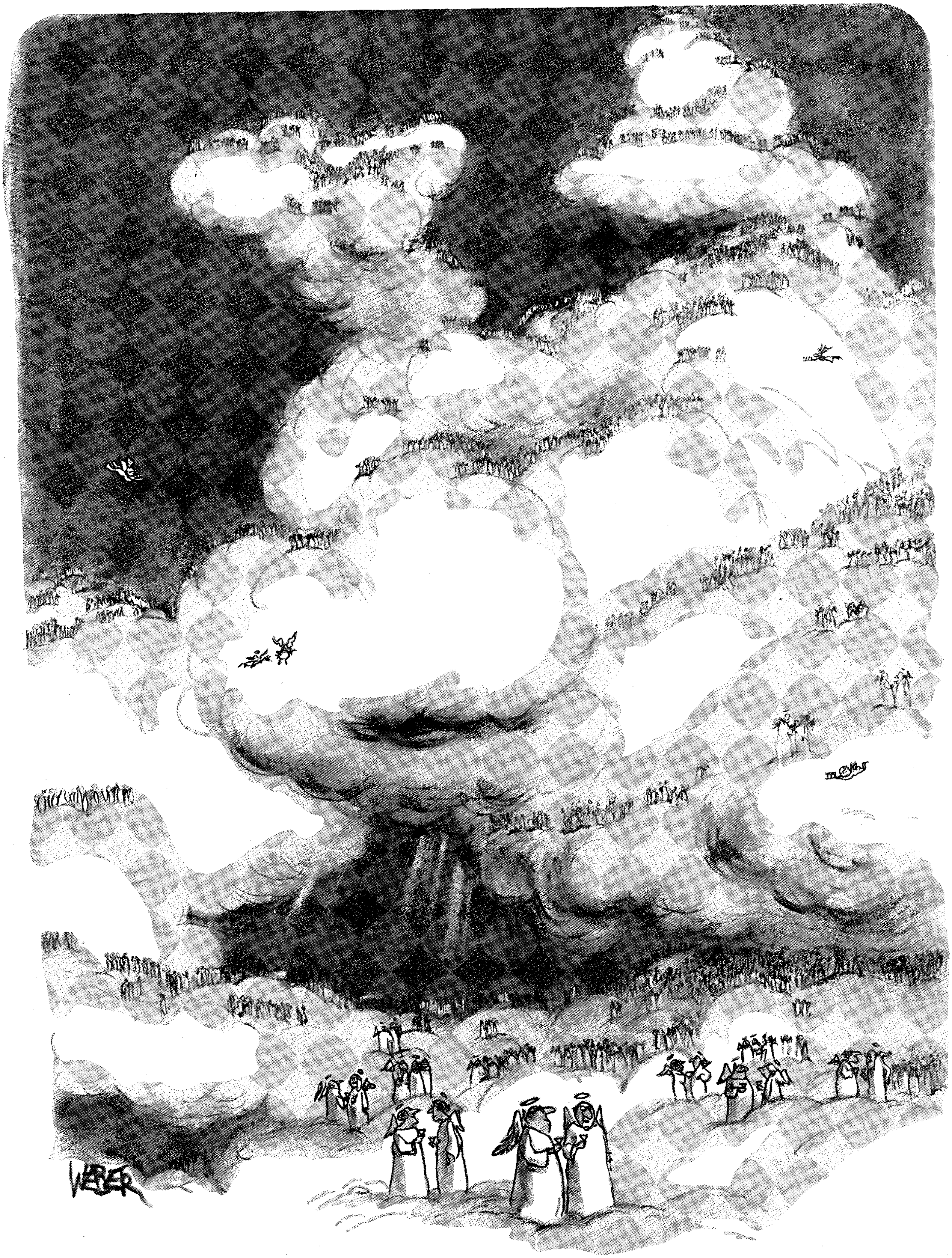
sleek lines of an ocean liner so much as the stubby, endearing lines of a tugboat—a sort of Cunard-Moran composite.

We asked Miss Frank if we could go back to *her* loft to see how she ran her business, and she said yes. There is a restaurant on the ground floor of her building. (This is important.) Her kitchen is furnished with a large refrigerator, a stove with only one oven, a tiny sink, and a long wooden table on which were eight bowls of French butter cream in various QE 2 colors, plus a QE 2 1981 World Cruise brochure. She explained that she got into this line of work because what she really wants to be is a painter. "I came to New York from Wisconsin five years ago to visit, and liked the feel, so I stayed," she said. "I've been here ever since." She worked at odd jobs, and managed to make ends meet, until the rent began to go up. And up. She then worked as a pastry chef in a restaurant, and when, after three years, the restaurant dissolved and the rent went up again, she decided that what she knew how to do best was make cakes for parties, and that perhaps there was a market for large cakes in the shape of something, for large parties. There was. Until recently, she had been mixing the batter in an ordinary Sunbeam Mixmaster, but she has made friends with the management of the restaurant downstairs, who let her use their restaurant-size Hobart. She uses the Hobart only when she is desperate, because she doesn't want to wear out her welcome. It takes her two days to do a cake. The day before the party, she makes the layers, using sheet pans, and, if necessary, round tins. She first builds the cake, inserting a piece of cardboard every four layers; the layers are held together with vertical dowels, for durability. She then carves it into the correct shape. The cardboard and the dowels also make the cake easier to cut and serve. Icing a cake takes a long time, not only because it's fussy work but because two coats are necessary for a finished look. First, a primer coat, followed by a rest in the refrigerator until the cream hardens, then a second coat. She showed us slides of her œuvre. The first cake she made was Kermit the Frog, for a two-year-old's birthday party. (The birthday boy was delighted, but his mother announced that it was not quite what she had in mind. His father said, "Mildred, you never did have any taste!") She has also made a viola (life-size), a subway car *with* graffiti, a five-pound bag of Domino sugar, a foot with a black-and-blue toe, a Christmas tree, a Christmas package (fifteen layers), a motorcycle, an electric stove (to give to somebody's poor mom at a family reunion), a jack-o'-lantern, a highway marker (an arrow with plug-in lights), and an apple (made of apple cake). They are cheerful cakes—works of character rather than examples of the pâtissière's art. Her next one is to be a bas-relief of the back of a torso clad in bluejeans, with a wrench sticking out of the pocket, and a Hawaiian shirt—picture supplied by customer—for a memorial party. (We decided not to go into this.) The shirt alone will require at least ten different colors of French butter cream. Miss Frank says that her painting is not going as well as her cakes. "But I'm doing O.K.," she said. "I could paint pictures that would sell, and then I wouldn't have to make cakes, but then I wouldn't be happy about my painting. Or I could get a regular job someplace, which might pay me more than the cakes, but then I wouldn't have as much time to paint. Or I could move to a smaller place and get along with a part-time job, but then I wouldn't have a place to paint. It's all a matter of balance."



"Superb Martinis!"

A PAINFUL AFFAIR

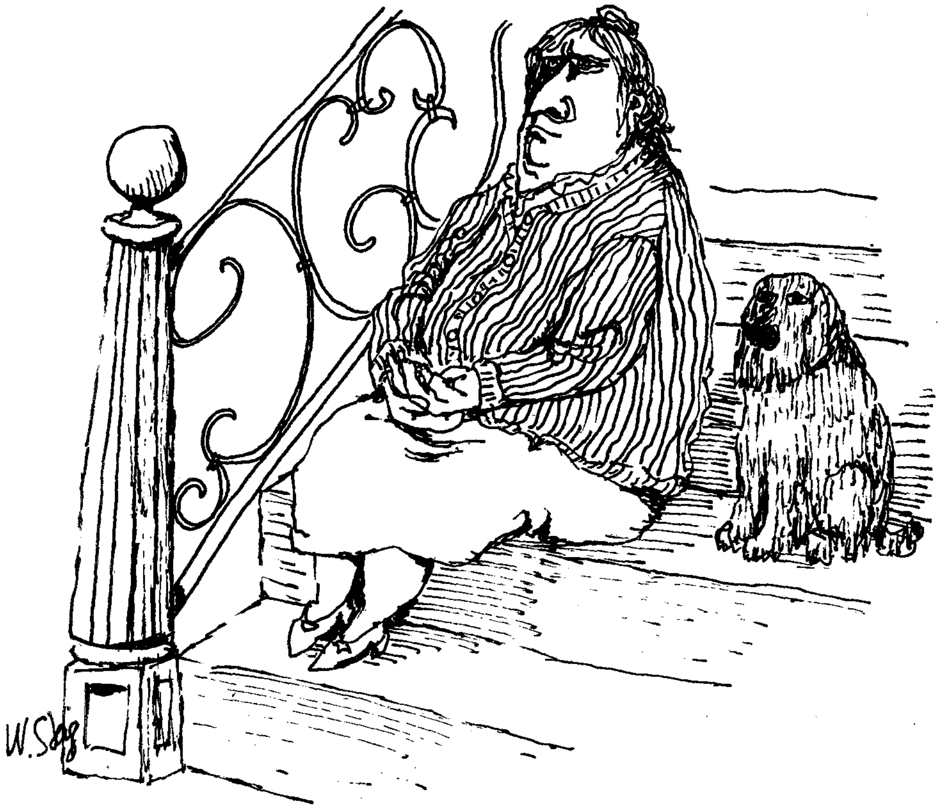
Grippes' opinion remains unchanged: He was the last author to have received a stipend from the Mary Margaret Pugh Arts Foundation, and so it should have fallen to him—Henri Grippes, Parisian novelist, diarist, essayist, polemical journalist, and critic—to preside at the commemoration of the late Miss Pugh's centenary. (This celebration, widely reported in Paris, particularly in publications that seemed to have it in for Grippes, took place in a room lent by the firm of Fronce & Baril, formerly drapers and upholsterers, now purveyors of bluejeans from Madras. The firm's books reveal that Miss Pugh was the first person ever to have opened a charge account—a habit she brought from her native America and is thought to have introduced into France.) But the honor did not fall to M. Grippes. The Pugh Memorial Committee, made up of old-age pensioners from the American Embassy, the Chase Manhattan Bank (Paris), the French Ministry for Culture, and other intellectual oatcakes, chose instead to invite Victor Prism, winkling him with no trouble out of his obscure post at a university in the North of England. Prism's eagerness to get away from England whatever the season, his willingness to travel under foul conditions, for a trifling sum of money, make him a popular feature of subsidized gatherings throughout the Free World. This is still the way Grippes sees things.

Prism, author of "Suomi Serenade: A Key to the Kalevala," much praised in its day as an outstandingly skillful performance, also thinks Grippes should have been chairman. The fact that the Pugh centenary celebration coincided with the breakup of the M. M. Pugh Investment Trust, from which the Foundation—and, incidentally, M. Grippes—had drawn considerable funds over the years, might have made Grippes' presence in the chair especially poignant. It could also have tested his capacity for showing humility—an accommodation already strained more than once. Think of Grippes, Miss Pugh's youthful protégé, fresh from his father's hog farm in Auvergne, dozing on a bed in her house (a bed that had belonged to Prism a scant six months before), with Rosalia, the maid, sent along every half hour to see how he was getting on with Chapter 2. Think of Grippes at the end, when Miss Pugh's long-lost baby brother, now seventy-something—snappy Hong Kong forty-eight-hour tailoring, silk shirt from Bangkok, arrogant suntan—turned up at her bedside, saying, "Well, Maggie, long time no see."

"She died in his arms," wrote Grippes, in an unusually confidential letter to Prism, "though not without a struggle."

Prism says he had been promised Miss Pugh's library, her collection of autograph letters (Apollinaire to Zola), her matching ormolu-mounted opaline urns, her Meissen coffee service, her father's cufflinks, her Louis XVI period writing table, and the key to a safe-deposit vault containing two Caillebottes and a Morisot. The promise was not kept, but no trick of fortune could possibly erode his gratitude for earlier favors. He still visits Miss Pugh's grave, in a mossy corner of Passy Cemetery, whenever he happens to be in Paris. He leaves a bunch of anemones, or a pot of chrysanthemums, or, when the cost of flowers is really sky-high, merely stands silently with his head bowed. Sunshine flows upon the back of his neck, in a kind of benison. Seeing how the rich are buried imbues him with strengthened faith. He receives the formal promise of a future offered and accepted—a pledge he once believed existed in art. He thinks of Grippes, in his flat across the Seine, scribbling away amid Miss Pugh's furniture and his tribe of stray cats.

Grippes says he visits Miss Pugh's grave as often as he is able. (He has to find someone to stay with the cats.) Each time he goes to the cemetery he gets caught up in a phalanx of mourners shuffling behind a creeping hearse. The hearse parks close to some family mausoleum that is an architectural echo of the mansions that lined Avenue du Bois before it became Avenue Foch. Waiting for the coffin to be unloaded, the mourners stare at one another's collars. Grippes reads inscriptions on tombstones, some of which indicate with astonishing precision what the occupant expected to find on the other side. In this place, where it is never spring, he is conscious of bare branches, dark birds cawing. The day takes on a grainy texture, like a German Expressionist film. The only color glows from the ribbons and rosettes some of the mourners wear on their lapels. (Among the crumbs flicked in Grippes' direction was Miss Pugh's Legion of Honor, after her brother had been assured it would not fetch one franc, his floor price, at auction.) There is nothing extravagant or dangerous about these excursions. They cost Grippes a Métro ticket each way—direct line, Montparnasse-Trocadéro, no awkward change, no transfer, no flight along



underground corridors pursued by a gang of those savage children of whom even the police are afraid.

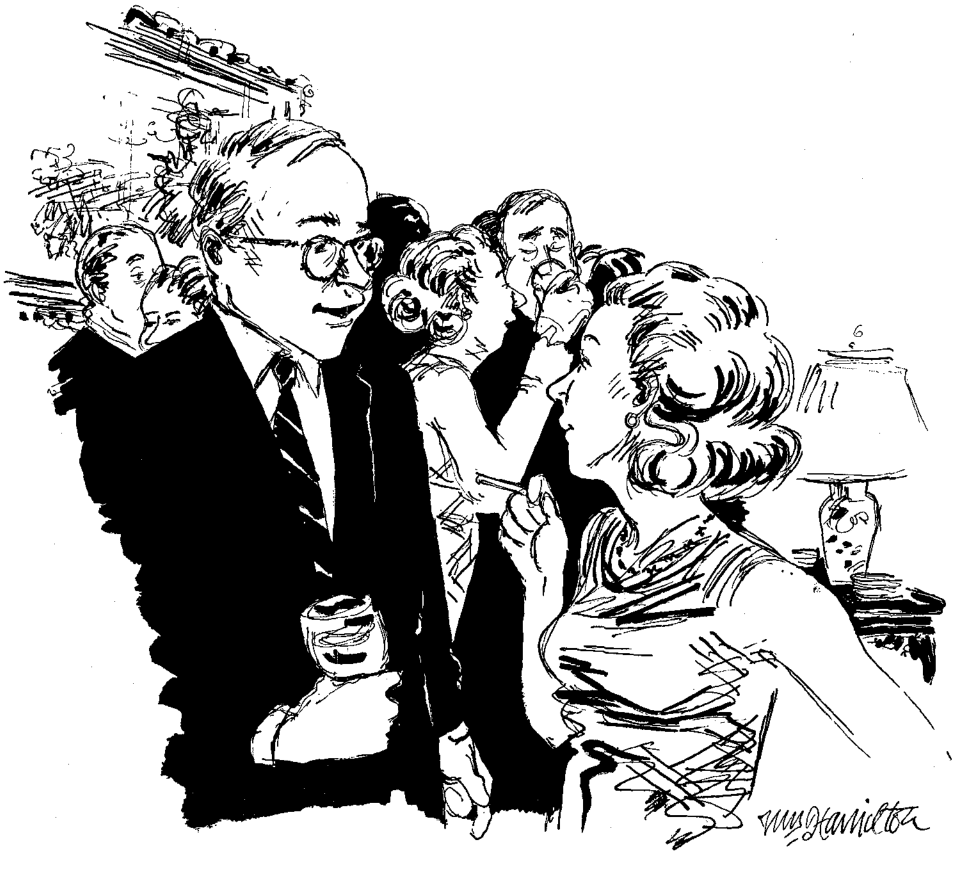
Prism thinks that Grippes started showing signs of infantile avarice and timidity soon after Miss Pugh's death, which left him homeless. For a time Grippes even thought of moving to London. He sent Prism a letter suggesting they take a flat together and live on their memories. Prism responded with a strange and terrifying account of gang wars, with pimps and blackmailers shot dead on the steps of the National Gallery. In Paris, Prism wrote, Grippes could be recognized on sight as a literary odd-jobs man with style. No one would call him a climber—at least, not to his face. Rather, Grippes seemed to have been dropped in early youth onto one of those middling-high peaks of Paris bohemia from which the artist can see both machine-knit and cashmere blazers hanging in Boulevard Haussmann department stores and five-thousand-franc custom tailoring. In England, where caste signs were radically different, he might give the false impression that he was a procurer or a drug pusher and be gunned down at a bus stop.

After reading this letter, Grippes got out a map of London and studied it. It looked crowded and untidy. He cashed in about half the bonds Miss Pugh had made over to him in her lifetime and bought four rooms above a cinema in Montparnasse. While he was showing the removal men where to place Miss Pugh's writing table, a cat came mewing at the door and he let it in.

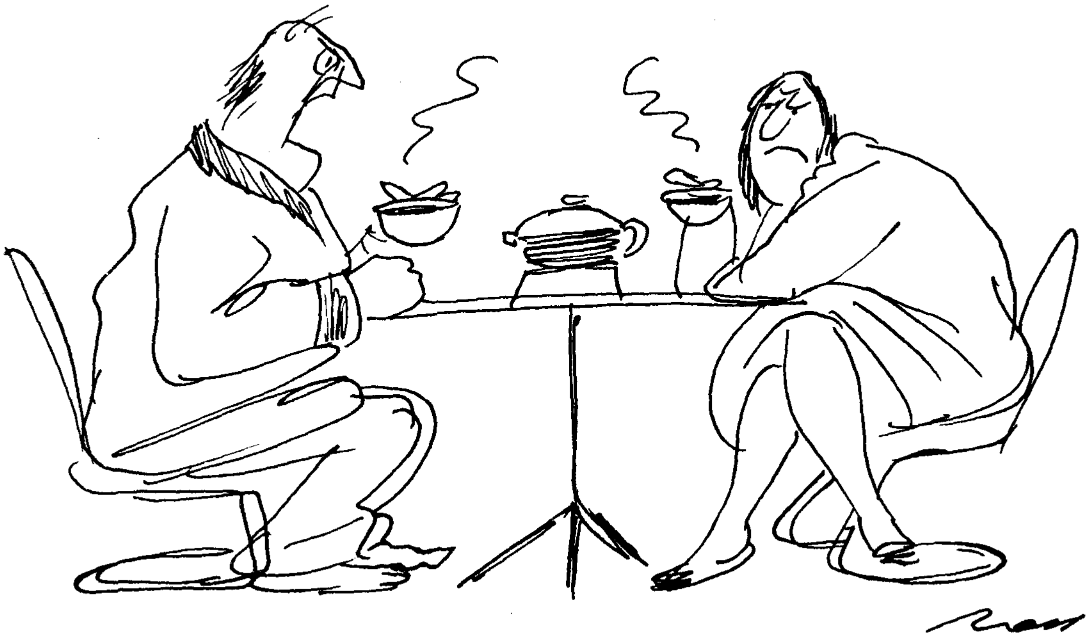
Grippes denies the imputation of avarice. When Prism gave his famous lecture in Brussels, in 1970, "Is Language a Deterrent?," Grippes travelled by train to hear him, at his own expense. He recalls that Prism was wearing a green corduroy suit, a canary-yellow V-neck sweater, and a tie that must have been a souvenir of Belfast. On his return to Paris, Grippes wrote a lighthearted essay about *le style Anglais*.

JUST before the centennial, Prism was interviewed on French television: eighteen minutes of Victor Prism, at a green baize table, with an adulating journalist who seemed to have been dipped in shellac. Prism's French had not deteriorated, though it still sounded to Grippes like dried peas rattling in a tin can. "The fact is," he said, rattling, "that I am the only person who knew Miss Pugh well—apart from her devoted servant Rosalia, that is. All raise hands, please, who remember Rosalia. (*Camera on studio smiles.*) I am the person who called on Miss Pugh after she was evicted from her beautiful house and transported by ambulance to a nursing home in Meudon. She never quite understood that she had bought a house but not the land it stood on. (*Sympathetic laughter*) The last time I saw her, she was sitting up in bed, wearing her sapphire earrings, drinking a bottle of Veuve Clicquot. I have forgotten to say that she was by now completely bald, which did not make her in the least self-conscious. (*Immense good will*) I was obliged to return to England, believing I was leaving Miss Pugh in radiant health and in trusted hands." (*Audience delight*)

A heavily edited version of Grippes' answer appeared in *Le Figaro*, under the heading "A Painful Affair: Further Correspondence." Mr. Prism had neglected to mention the date of Miss Pugh's transfer to the nursing home: 10 May, 1968. Clouds of tear gas. Cars overturned in Paris streets. Grippes' long-awaited autobiographical novel, "Sleeping on the Beach," had appeared the day before. His stoic gloom as he watched students flinging the whole of the first edition onto a bonfire blazing as high as second-story windows. Grippes' publisher, crouched in his shabby office just around the corner, had already hung on the wall the photograph of some hairy author he hoped would pass for Engels. The glow from the bonfire tinged bogus Engels pink, investing him with the hearty tone that had quit the publisher's cheeks when, early that morning, a delegation representing what might well turn out to be a New Order had invaded the premises. Grippes, pale trenchcoat over dark turtleneck, hands clenched in trenchcoat pockets, knew he was aging, irreversibly, minute by minute. Some of the students thought he was Herbert Marcuse and tried to carry him on their shoulders to *Le Figaro's* editorial offices, which they hoped he would set on fire. The melancholia that descended on Grippes that evening made him unfit to help and sustain an old lady who was said to be spending all her time sulking under a bedsheet and refusing to eat. He managed to be with



"*I quietly slipped into town eleven years ago.*"



“I’m being very funny this morning, and you don’t even notice it.”

Miss Pugh at the end, however, and distinctly heard her say something coherent about the disposal of her furniture. As for “Sleeping on the Beach,” it was never reprinted, for the usual craven reasons.

Prism says that even before the Pugh Investment Trust filed its bankruptcy petition before a Paris court, the dismantling of Miss Pugh’s house had been completed, with the wainscoting on the staircase stripped and sold to a tearoom and what remained of the silver, pictures, and furniture brought under the hammer. (Grippes and Rosalia had already removed some of the better pieces, for safety.) Her will was so ambiguous that, to avoid litigation, Miss Pugh’s brother and the Trust split the proceeds, leaving Prism and a few other faithful friends of hers in the cold. Grippes is suspected of having gold ingots under the bed, bullion in the bathtub, gold napoleons in his shoes. The fact is (Grippes can prove it) that Miss Pugh’s personal income had been declining for years, owing to her steadfast belief that travel by steamship would soon supersede the rage for planes. “Her private investments followed her convictions as night follows day,” writes Grippes, with the cats for company. “And, one day, night fell.”

Prism discovered that some of the furniture removed for safety was in the parlor of Rosalia’s son, permanent mayor and Mafia delegate of a town in Sicily. He at once dispatched an expert appraiser, who declared the whole lot to be fake. It may have been that on a pink marble floor, against pink wall hangings, in a room containing a bar on which clockwork figures of Bonaparte and Josephine could be made to play Ping-Pong, Miss Pugh’s effects took on an aura of sham. Still, the expert seemed sincere to Prism. He said the Boulle chest was the kind they still manufacture on the Rue du Faubourg Saint-Martin, scar with bleach, beat with chains, then spend years restoring.

About a month after the funeral, a letter appeared in *Le Matin de Paris*, signed “Old-Style Socialist.” The writer recalled that some forty years before, a Miss Pugh (correctly spelled) had purchased from an antique dealer a wooden statue said to represent St. Cumula, virgin and martyr. (A brief history of Cumula followed: about to be forced into marriage with a pagan Gaul, Cumula painted herself purple and jumped into the Seine, where she drowned. The pagan, touched by her unwavering detestation of him, accepted Christian baptism, on the site of what is now the Paris Stock Exchange.) Miss Pugh had the effigy restored to its original purple and offered it to the Archbishop of Paris. After several coats of paint were removed, the carving was found to be a likeness of General Marchand, leader of the French Nile Expedition. The Archbishop declined the present, giving as his reason the separation of church and state. “Old-Style Socialist” wondered what had become of the carving, for even if General Marchand stood for nineteenth-century colonial policy at its most offensive, history was history, art was art, and it was easily proved that some persons never ceased to meddle in both.

Prism believes Grippes might have had some talent to begin with but that he wasted it writing tomfool letters. He thinks a note that came in the mail recently was from Grippes: “Dear Ms. Victoria Prism, I teach Creative Journalism to a trilingual class here in California (Spanish/Chinese/some English). In the past you have written a lot of stuff that was funny and made us laugh. Lately you published something about the lingering death of a helicopter pilot. Is this a new departure? Please limit your answer to 200 words. My class gets tired.” The letter had an American stamp and a Los Angeles postmark, but Prism has known Grippes to spend days over such details.

Grippes says that Prism’s talent is like one of those toy engines made of plastic glass, every part transparent and moving to no purpose. The engine can be plugged in to a power outlet, but it can’t be harnessed. In short, Prism symbolizes the state of English letters since the nineteen-fifties.

“You ought to write your memoirs,” Grippes said to Prism at Miss Pugh’s funeral. Prism thought Grippes was hoping to be provided with grounds for a successful libel action. (He concedes that Grippes looked fine that day: dark tie, dark suit, well brushed—he hadn’t begun collecting cats yet.)

Actually, Prism is pretty sure he could fill two volumes, four hundred pages each, dark-green covers, nice paper, nice to touch. A title he has in mind is “Bridge Building Between Cultures.”

Grippes started his own memoirs about a year ago, basing them on his diaries. He wouldn’t turn down a Bibliothèque de la Pléiade edition, about a

THE PRODIGAL SON

I

Will he be half-old when he returns?
With his one suit—
a soft statue without horse?
And with his one glove
profiled against a moving train,
will he say to us again,
"Comfort is a country I'll be kept from forever"?

After fifty years of deathlessness
you'd think his sense of loss would be lost—
what keeps it alive?
A dim line of futures, perhaps,
seen as a mysterious mountain of minutes
in the distance,
most revealed when most hidden by snow.
And he imagines a depot there,
deep in its cinders,
and himself as an arriving verb
that will compose all the stationary things.

First a lot of foreground must be gotten through,
harrowed and plowed by reasonings,
and by long, flowing mistakes.
After ten thousand years of this
you'd think the tilth would be terrific.
You'd think that walking would be only a matter
of changing legs
and feeling the soft pressure of thought
against the head.
"How curious," he has said, "that nothing here
is perfectly made,
and yet nothing lacks the stuff it needs to exist."

II

Like a bribed boy
he used to ring doorbells and run,
and then turn to see who answered.
A sister sometimes,
or a mother, at first soldered to her sill
then broken off and moving.
And the light at the top of her candle
could be seen tugging at its tether as she went
until at last it was set free.
"What kind of freedom is that?"

Wanting whatever was locked up,
he pictured blood running down the stairs
and frantic cracks in the moonlight.
He saw crowns wrenched from their pillows
and thrown into sacks with knives and forks.
And when all of the silver and gold
it was reasonable to move had been moved
he pictured himself left
with irresolute sands
and stars with straight lines drawn between them.

III

If comfort is a country he is headed for,
surely by now he would have found it—
the perfect fires rising on fragrant feathers,
fires just big enough to lift him
out of his shivering
but not enough to outlive him.
Instead he keeps walking into midsts and out.
And finding the thickest darks
still stuck to the sides of his head,
long-wearing and cold
as black tape.
Like the old god he is said to imitate
he warms himself before unknown faces
chiselled from a chunk of numbers.
To be created again and again
in the eyes of new beholders.
It's a kind of second communion
to be consumed by them,
and multiplied by them
until there is no more of this chilling rarity.

—Lois Moyles

• •

thousand pages of Bible-weight paper, fifty pages of pictures, full Grippes bibliography, appreciative introductory essay by someone he has not quarrelled with, frontispiece of Grippes at the window, back to the light, three-quarter profile, cat on his shoulder. He'd need pictures of Miss Pugh: there are none. She loathed sitting for portraits, photographs, snapshots. Old prints of her house exist, their negatives lost or chewed by mice. The Pugh Memorial Committee donated a few to the Museum of Popular Arts and Traditions, where they were immediately filed under "Puget, Pierre, French sculptor."

"Research might have better luck at the University of Zurich," writes Grippes, at Miss Pugh's Louis XVI period table. "A tireless Swiss team has been on the trail of Miss Pugh for some time now, and a cowed Swiss computer throws up only occasional anarchy, describing Pugh M. M., Pullman G. M., and Pulitzer J. as the same generous American."

Prism's quiet collaboration with Zurich, expected to culminate in a top-quality volume, "Hostess to Fame," beige linen cover, ended when he understood that he was not going to be paid anything, and that it would be fifteen years before the first word was transferred from tape to paper.

Grippes says he heard one of the tapes:

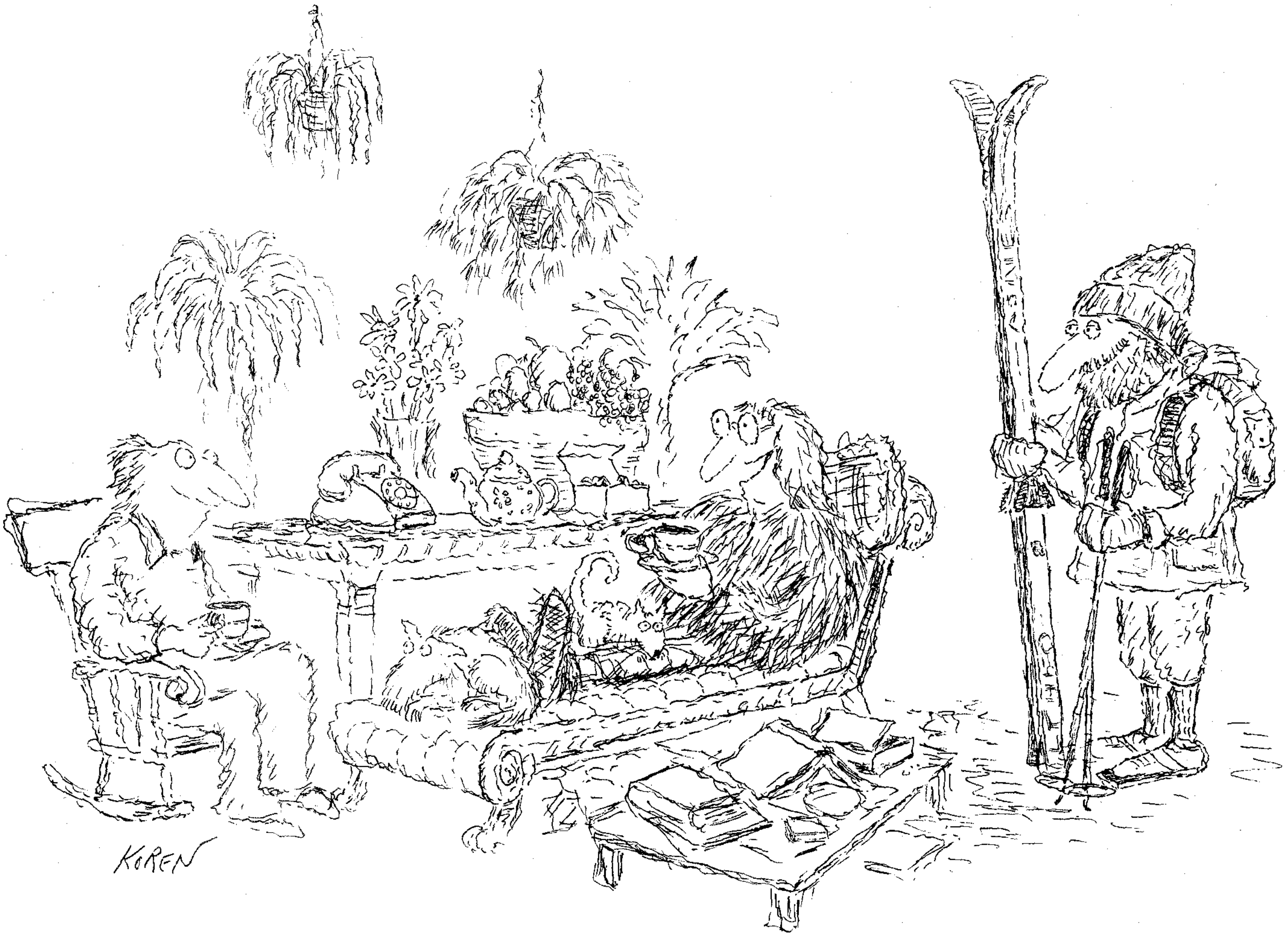
"Mr. Prism, kindly listen to the name I shall now pronounce. François Mauriac. The thin, sardonic gentleman who put on a bowler hat every morning before proceeding to Mass was François Mauriac. Right?"

"I don't remember a François."

"Think. François. Mauriac."

"I don't remember a bowler hat."

At the centennial commemoration, Prism stood on a little dais, dressed in a great amount of tweed and flannel that seemed to have been cut for a much larger man. Grippes suspects that Prism's clothes are being



"I'm indoorsy and Paul is outdoorsy."

• •

selected by his widowed sister, who, after years of trying to marry him off to her closest friends, is now hoping to make him seem as unattractive as possible. Imagining Prism's future—a cottage in Devon, his sister saying, "There was a letter for you, but I can't remember what I did with it"—he heard Prism declare he was happy to be here, in a place obligingly provided; the firm's old boardroom, back in the days when Paris was still; the really fine walnut panelling on two of the; about the shortage of chairs, but the Committee had not expected such a large; some doubtless disturbed by an inexplicable smell of moth repellent, but the Committee was in no way; in honor of a great and charitable American, to whom the cultural life of; looking around, he was pleased to see one or two young faces.

With this, Prism stepped down, and had to be reminded he was chairman and principal speaker. He climbed back, and delivered from memory an old lecture of his on Gertrude Stein. He then found and read a letter Miss Pugh had received from the President of the Republic, in 1934, telling her that although she was a woman, and a foreigner, she was surely immortal. Folding the letter, Prism suddenly recalled and described a conversation with Miss Pugh.

"Those of us who believe in art," Prism had started to say.

Miss Pugh had coughed and said, "I don't."

She did not believe in art, only in artists. She had no interest in books, only in their authors. Reading an early poem of Prism's (it was years since he had written any poetry, he hastened to say), she had been stopped by the description of a certain kind of butterfly, "pale yellow, with a spot like the Eye of God." She had sent for her copy of the Larousse dictionary, which Rosalia was using in the kitchen as a weight on sliced cucumbers. Turning to a color plate, Miss Pugh had found the butterfly at once. It turned out to be orange rather than yellow, and heavily spotted with black. Moreover, it was not a European butterfly but an Asian moth. The Larousse must be mistaken. She had shut the dictionary with a slap, blaming its editors for carelessness. If only there had been more women like her, Prism concluded, there would be more people today who knew what they were doing.

Grippes says that, for once, he feels inclined to agree. All the same, he wishes Prism had suppressed the anecdote. Prism knows as well as Grippes does that some things are better left as legends. —MAVIS GALLANT

•

The seal pups were taken from Sydney, their mother, Tuesday after she failed to pay attention to them. Aquarium officials were being hand-fed every five hours. Now they are being bottle-fed every four hours.—*New London (Conn.) Day.*

And how are the seal pups doing?

TO SEE YOU AGAIN

LIKE so many acutely dreaded moments, this one arrived and passed in an unanticipated fashion: the moment after which I would not again see my most brilliant and beautiful student, Seth. I looked up from the group of girl students—ironically, the ones I had least liked—who were asking me silly questions; I looked toward his seat, and was confronted with his absence, his absolute loss.

Considerably older than these kids, *and especially, cruelly, older than* Seth, I had envisioned quite another scene: I had imagined and feared a moment at which the students would recognize, collectively, that it was over, that this was my last class, the end of my temporary and quite accidental presence in their lives. They would never see me again, any of them. At that instant of recognition, I thought, I would have to smile and say something like "Well, it's been very *nice knowing all of you.* I've *enjoyed* this time at Cornford."

(Of course I would look at Seth as I spoke, but could I do it with no break in my voice, no catch?)

And what would they all do, my students, including Seth, I had wondered: would they smile back and maybe clap? What sort of expression would Seth wear, on that most entrancing face?

But that is not how it went at all. The class—it was in freshman composition—simply ended as it had every day of my time there. Across the campus some clear bells chimed; in the classroom books were gathered from the floor; slowly the kids began to get up and move toward the door. And some of the silliest, noisiest girls gathered at my desk, not to say goodbye or anything so formal, just to be told again what they already knew: that their final papers were to be collected from the English office. And then I looked up to the total absence of Seth.

One of the things I first thought was: If I ever see him again he'll be older. Still handsome, probably, but he won't look quite like *that.*

SETH: Red-gold curls, a wild never-combed tangle, curls that shadowed remarkably white, unfreckled skin. Narrow green eyes; a small childish nose; and a wide, somehow unformed mouth—a young mouth. And an incongruous, scruffy reddish beard. Just a messy red-haired kid was how someone else might have seen him. Whereas to me: perfect poignant beauty. And what he wrote was extraordinary—weird wild flashes of poetry, flaming through the dullest assignments. At times I considered the possibility that he was in some way crazy, at others the possibility of genius. But how can you tell with anyone so young? He might be, or might become, anything at all. Anything, in his case, except ugly or ordinary.

NOT quite anguished—I had had worse losses in my life (I have them still)—but considerably worse than "let down" was how I felt as I *began the drive from* Cornford *west to* San Francisco. To my house, and Gerald, my sad fat husband, a distinguished architect—and my most precariously balanced, laboriously achieved "good life."

Cornford is about forty miles east of San Francisco, near Vallejo, in the tawny, oak-shadowed foothills. It is on Interstate 80, the main east-west thoroughfare; after Vallejo and Cornford, the highway continues past Sacramento to Tahoe, Reno, Salt Lake City, the East. Going anywhere in that direction, and Gerald and I often spend time at Tahoe, we will pass right by Cornford, again and again. Next fall Seth will be there, after a summer of hitchhiking in Spain. How will it feel, I wonder, to drive right past where Seth is, in the fall and following winter?

Or suppose he should move to San Francisco. Kids do, all the time. Just what would I do with him? What, really, do I want of him? I have asked myself that question, repeatedly, at terrible sleepless pre-dawn hours, and have come up with no answer. The obvious ones do not apply.

Meaning that it is nowhere near as simple as sex (Christ! as if sex were ever simple, or easy). If my strong feelings in his direction do have an object, it is not the act of love—I find the very idea both terrifying and embarrassing, and oh! how horrified he would be if he knew that I had even, ever, considered that. How old I must seem to him! Revolting, really, although I am in very good shape "for my age." But to him revolting—as I sometimes am to myself; as often I feel that I am to Gerald.

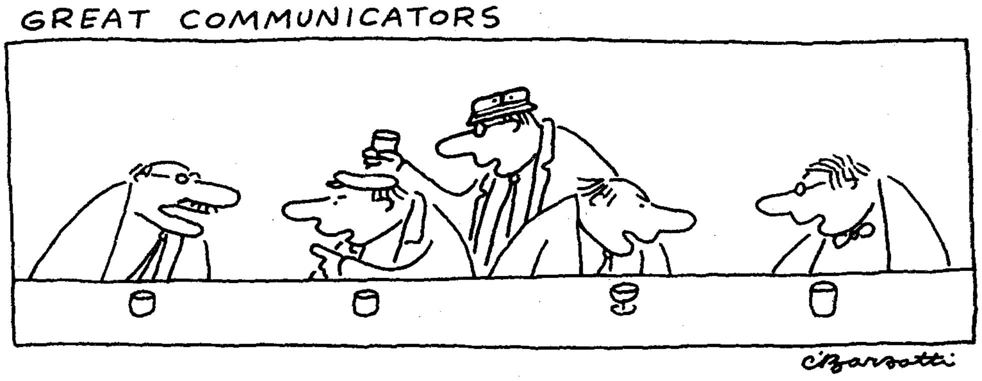
I reread "Death in Venice," and, with all due respect, I do not think that Aschenbach knew what he wanted of Tadzio, either.

IN an earnest way I have tried to see Seth as objectively as possible—to catalogue him, as it were. I began, for whatever reason, with his voice, and right away I was balked. I could not decide whether the sound was high or deep, and I concluded that it is simply young, a little rough. Some softness in the lines of his face might suggest a plump body, but the actual body that I saw in his daily, worn, taut jeans is thin, a thin boy's body; maybe in middle age he will be heavy? I wistfully considered that. His facial expressions, too, are elusive, escaping definition—a shade of defiance, sometimes a slow smile; he is far less ready than the rest of the class to show amusement. A wary, waiting look, perhaps—is that it?

And so I was left with nothing clear, no definitions, only the weight of my own meticulous observations. And his face in my heart.

SPRING and summer at Cornford, so near the Sacramento Valley, are hot and dry—a heat and dryness inversely proportional to the cold gray wet San Francisco fog, one set of weather pushing out the other. And the transition from one climate to another struck me as symbolic as I drove back and forth, in May and then in June, between the two areas. The heat of Cornford was like an adolescent summer—urgent, flushed—and San Francisco's cold like middle age. Resignation. Disappointment. Grief.

Approaching the hill where the fog always began, on my last drive home from Cornford, when everything was over, I shivered, thinking of my own, known, familiar life: Gerald, our cold clean flat. And no Seth. Ridiculously, I thought, I can't live without seeing him—what shall I do?



GERALD and I know an older man—considerably older than ourselves, that is: Larry Montgomery. As I crested that hill, for no reason that I could immediately understand Larry came into my mind. And in the next instant I saw that he had arrived there for a very clear reason: Larry is exactly as much older than I am as I am older than Seth. He has what Gerald describes as a crush on me. Larry looks at least ten years younger than he is, trim and tan, with lively blue eyes and fine silver-white hair. A forties dandy, he hums snatches from Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, Cole Porter; he wears gold-buttoned navy blazers. His blue eyes widen and deepen, always, when I come into a room. He makes excuses to stand very near me; sometimes he touches me, but in a serious, respectful way.

Once, though, finding ourselves alone at a party, instead of beginning a romantic or even an affectionate conversation, we got into a silly argument—or, rather, he led me into it, baiting me, really. Which, as I thought back to times when I was curt with Seth, almost pushing him out of my office, I now understood: Larry was terrified that whatever he felt would show.

Once I even asked Gerald, though very idly, "What do you think Larry would do if I propositioned him?"

Surprisingly—I had supposed he would laugh—Gerald gave me a serious, considered answer. He said, "I think he would be scared to death, but very polite about how he put you off." I thought Gerald was right; whatever Larry wanted was not an affair with me; a stray motel afternoon with Larry was as unimaginable as it would be with Seth. Larry just likes to see me, to be near me, sometimes—and very likely that is what I feel for Seth, pretty much?

THE accident of my teaching at Cornford came about because my friend Amy, who teaches there regularly, was suddenly, between terms, summoned to the side of her ailing mother, in New Hampshire.

"But Amy, I've never taught," I said.

"It's easy, there're just a few tricks to it. I'll teach you."

"But credentials—"

"Private junior colleges don't much care. They'll be so impressed that you've got a master's—"

"But that was just to stay on in Cambridge another year." To stay on and be with Gerald, as Amy already knew.

"How would they know that? And you got it, didn't you? Besides, Laura, it'll be a good change for you. You need . . ." For a moment Amy faltered at prescribing for my needs, then finished, lamely, "You need to get out more."

However, getting out more was surely among the things that I did need, and partly for that reason I began the twice-a-week drive, back and forth to Cornford College. I began to teach, and there was Seth, in the second row, nearest the door. Red curls, green eyes.

At first, despite the handsomeness that I noted in passing, Seth was simply one among fifteen surprisingly nice, clean young California kids—much nicer and more civil, all of them, than the Cornford faculty, none of whom ever bothered to speak to me, the substitute teacher. However, I had been warned by Amy that this might be the case. "They're incredibly rude," she had said, knowing how thin-skinned I tended to be. I managed not to mind; I told myself that I wouldn't be there for long, and that the kids were what mattered.

The first assignment I gave was a physical description of something encountered outdoors. "You want very simple, specific assignments," Amy had cautioned. "Anything else only confuses them." The papers ranged from the outrageously illiterate to the adequate; they were mostly misspelled descriptions of lakes and mountains, mountain streams and sunsets. But Seth wrote about an abandoned truck, come upon, surprisingly, in a small eucalyptus grove: the heavily stained windshield, the drifts of leaves all over, and their smell. Rotted tires, rust. A dead truck. His style was flat, specific, and yet the total effect was haunting. I, who have almost no feeling for cars, and surely none for trucks, was haunted by this mechanical death, this abandonment. I began to look closely, even wonderingly, at Seth. And I saw that he was more beautiful than I had seen at first, as well as possibly, probably, brilliant.

IN fact, as my short time at Cornford passed, my feelings in regard to all my students polarized—as I might have known they would, given my propensity for extremes of feeling. Some fairly silly girls who at first I thought were just that, fairly silly, after three weeks and then four I found intolerably fatuous—the very ones who were to block out my last view of Seth. About one student other than Seth I became enthusiastic: a dark shy girl, who seemed to have read everything, discerningly, with real intelligence. And always there was Seth, about whom my feelings were strongest—were inexplicable, and impossible.

BUT when I was midway across the Bay Bridge, suddenly the perfect solution to those unruly feelings came to me; in effect I would domesticate them, just as, years back, I had tamed my wild mania for Gerald. Quite simply, I would make him a friend of our family; I will write him a note next fall, inviting him for dinner. With some other friends, of course, maybe people with kids of Seth's own age. In that setting, my own home ground, Seth will seem a kid like any other, perhaps slightly handsomer, a touch more brilliant, but not noticeably so to anyone else, and surely not remarkable to Gerald, my sad, successful husband. And Gerald and I will present one of our best, our most convincing surfaces to the group at large, and especially to Seth: we will portray a very adult couple, stringently amusing: Gerald and generous-to-guests Laura. I'll cook something wonderful. The two of us mildly, fondly bantering with each other.

And after dinner Gerald will say, a little chillingly, "Well, my dear Laura, I do congratulate you on your springtime of patience with the young." And then, "When would you imagine that boy last combed his hair—care to place a bet?"

And slowly, gradually, Seth will disappear from my mind—or Seth as the author of violent feelings will go, to be replaced by the messy kid I first saw, of whom I will never think.

In that good mood, having even begun to plan the menu, I drove into the city and arrived at our house on Edgewood, Gerald's and mine. And I saw Gerald's car parked in front of the house, although it was much too early for him to be at home.

My stomach and heart seemed simultaneously to clench tight. Not out of fear. I did *not* wonder what was wrong; I knew. One and only one condition would have brought Gerald home so early—a new depression. His depressions are as severe and as invariably recurrent as they are apparently incurable. "My sweet old Melancholia, my maiden aunt, my child, my baby Melancholia," I once heard him say, babbling his way out of the shock treatment that didn't help.

I knew what was wrong, but not why, never why, or why now—and one problem about living with someone who is depressed is that inevitably you think it has to do with you, your fault, although you are told that it is not. And I knew exactly what I would find on entering the house: heavy Gerald immobilized, immobile, on the wicker settee in the entrance hall, unable to go comfortably into the living room, or upstairs to bed. Unable to leave the house, or the marriage, as I have thought that he must, sometimes, want to do.

MURMUR

Look in thy heart, and write.
—*Sidney.*
O heart, O troubled heart . . .
—*Yeats.*

A little sibilance, as of dry leaves,
Or dim, sibylline whisper, not quite heard—
Thus famously the powers that be converse
Just out of earshot, and theirs is the last word.
Officiously they mutter about our lives.
The die is cast, they say. *For better or worse.*

Thus the Joint Chiefs. Thus, too, the Underground.
Soft susurrations reach us where we repose
On a porch at evening. We notice a vague uproar
Of bees in the hollyhocks. Does the darkening rose
Hum with an almost imperceptible sound?
That small vibrato, is it news of a distant war?

You've seen the night nurse, who hugs your fever chart
Defensively to her bosom's alpine slopes,
Confer with an interne who lounges against a wall,
A boy not half your age. They converse apart.
And nothing they say seems to provoke a smile
As they stand there earnestly trifling with your hopes.

And remember again the long-distance telephone
When you're asked to hold the line, and way far off
A woman's cracked-voiced, brokenhearted plea
Is answered only by a toneless cough.
You have stumbled upon some gross fatality
There in the void—quite possibly your own.

This latest leak from an invisible source
Speaks like the slave appointed to hover near
The emperor, triumph-crowned in gold and myrtle,
And regularly to breathe in Caesar's ear
As they pursue the *via sacra*'s course
Through the great crowds, "Remember you are mortal."

—ANTHONY HECHT

• •

He has explained to me how he feels, depressed. "As heavy as boulders," he has said. "I can't open my mouth, it's so heavy. Much less move." I can feel what Gerald feels—and can do nothing about it.

AND there he was, slumped down, gray-faced, barely looking up as I opened the door and then closed it behind me. I went over and placed a light kiss on his forehead—the lightest kiss—but he flinched, a little.

"I'll call," I told him.

Something crossed his face; some shadow of relief, perhaps. Not hope.

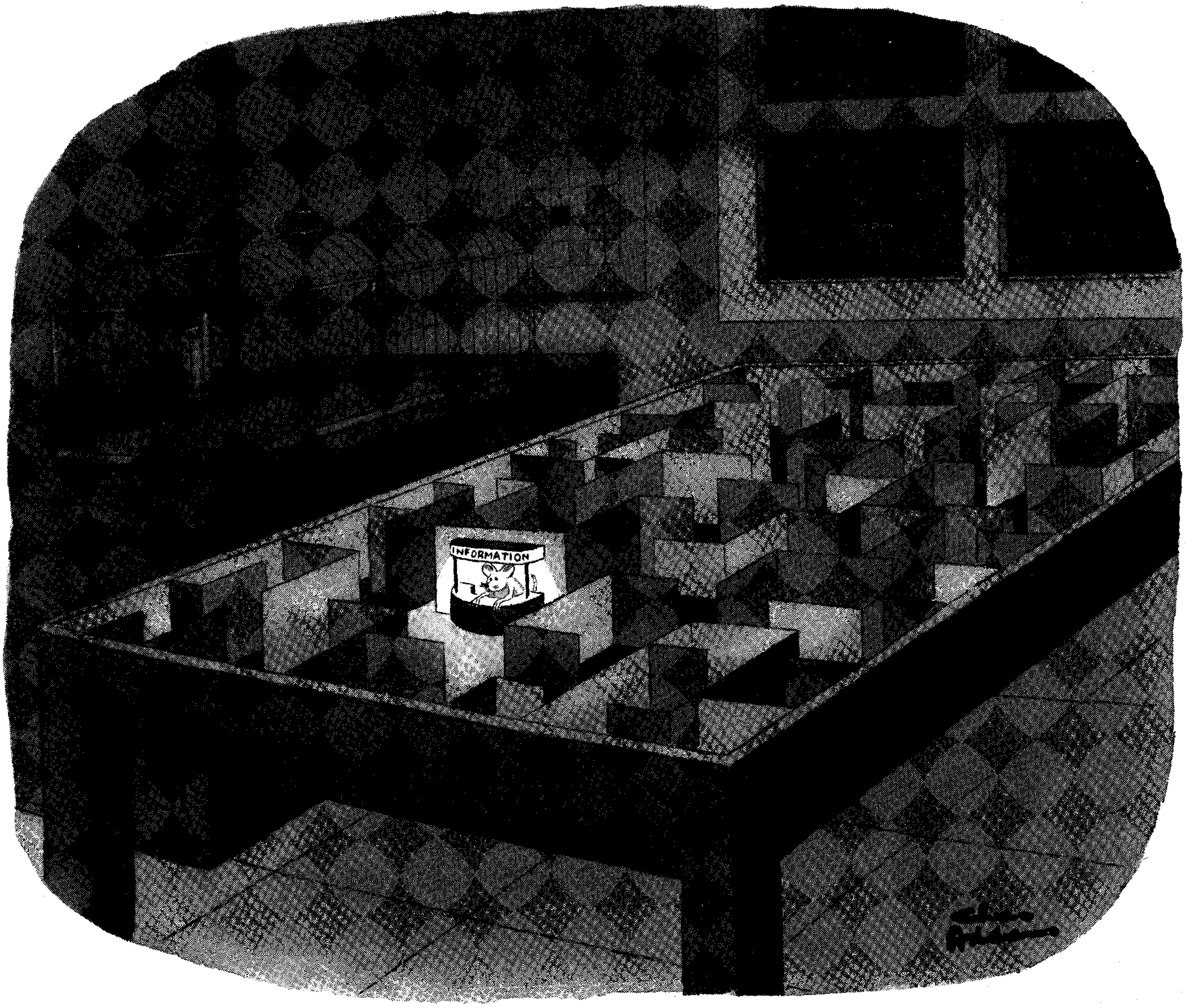
The phone is in the kitchen. As I dialled, I thought, How immaculate it is, this room. How sterile. Could I paint it red? Would that help?

"Dr. Abrams, please," I said to the voice on the other end. "Right now, if I can." And then, "Hi, Ed. It's Laura. I'm bringing him over, O.K.?"

Passing Gerald in the hall, I prevented myself from touching his shoulder.

Upstairs, I packed his small bag: pajamas, toiletries, a sweater, one change of clothes.

I got him up and through the front door, and out to my car. I drove north this time, toward the Golden Gate Bridge. Marin. The small hospital in



Larkspur. Yellow fog lights lined the approach to the bridge, and it was fogged in already—summer fog, gray and billowing between the dim masses of the headlands, and swirling below the bridge, obscuring the dangerous black water. Beside me, as far from me as possible, Gerald sat, heavy as cement and as unmoving.

I turned off the highway, past developments, shopping centers, schools, playing fields, jogging courses, and a few small untouched areas of land—rough, with scattered small shabby houses.

Larkspur. The hospital is one-story, white, ranch style. It could be a motel, and there is even a swimming pool in back, for the more mobile, less desperate patients.

And there was Dr. Abrams, Ed, waiting, having recognized our car. Kind Ed, kind enough not to be hearty, or to pretend that this was a social occasion. He knows, too, not to touch Gerald. Gerald allowed me to help him from the car, and then for an instant Ed touched my hair; he must know that I love touching, any gesture of affection.

Although, driving over, I had not been aware of it, had not thought of weather, I now noticed that the day was still clear in Larkspur, a blue summer day, just fading.

The checking-in process was of course familiar, and minimal. We left Gerald in his room, and Ed Abrams and I walked toward my car, and although in a way we like each other, and surely wish each other well, we had little to say.

"Well, let's hope it won't be for very long this time," he said.

"Yes."

Then, remembering some prior conversation, he asked, "How was the teaching? You liked it O.K.?"

"It went pretty well. A couple of the students were terrific."

"Oh, good. Well, all done with that now?"

"Yes. Done. Today was my last day."

"Well, good."

I backed out of the driveway and headed back toward the almost invisible bridge, and the darkened, fog-shrouded city.

IN Cambridge, a long time ago, I thought Gerald was so beautiful, so dark and thin, so elegant, so elusive that I used to trail him around the Yard: me, a silly undergraduate with a crush on a future architect who was studying at the School of Design. We had met a couple of times—I had seen to that, quizzing everyone I knew who might know him, and finally coming up with a girl with a brother who knew Gerald. But Gerald hardly had time to speak to me.

But there I always was, in St. Clair's, out of breath from following him on my bike but saying hello; and in Hayes-Bickford, or the Wursthaus. Late one afternoon I found him alone, on the steps of Widener, and with my heart in my mouth I asked him to a dance at Whitman Hall, where I lived. He came late, stayed a very short time, and left, with an abstracted frown. But the next time he saw me, standing in his way, again on the steps of Widener, he asked me up for tea, in his room, at Dunster House, and instead of tea we drank a lot of gin, and fell into bed together—for me, the consummation of a major passion; for Gerald, the onset of a habit. I stayed on in Cambridge for a master's in English literature while Gerald finished his degree, and we married; we moved out to San Francisco and we bought and remodelled the house near Twin Peaks, and we had no children. Gerald began to be a considerable success. And sometimes to be sad, then seriously depressed. Recurrently. Ed Abrams says that with age the cycle may well lengthen, and the severity of each attack will decrease. A sort of flattening out of the curve. But age could take forever; I'm not sure I have that much time.

DRIVING back to the city, across the bridge, I did not think in symbolic terms about my reëntry into dark and fog; I hardly had to, having made that trip from Marin so many times before. I thought about supper, a glass of wine, and getting into bed to watch TV, which I don't do with Gerald at home. And in a cautious way I wondered how long it would be this time.

As always, I made it home perfectly all right. But once I was inside, the idea of cooking anything in the impeccable kitchen was so discouraging that I just nibbled on a piece of cheese—a halfhearted graying mouse.

I even thought, in a lonely way, of calling Larry Montgomery, for a friendly conversation, God knows, not meaning to proposition him. But I am not really sure that we are friends.

I washed and got into bed. I turned on the TV, and I watched one foolish thing after another—until, at about ten, a play was announced, with an actress I like, and so I propped myself up for that.

AND then, Seth, there you were. A great deal older, of course, even older than I am now, curls all gone gray but the same narrow, unmistakable green eyes. It was absolutely extraordinary. In the play, Seth, you were a workman, a sort of handyman, which I suppose is one of the things you could become. The actress, funnily enough, was a schoolteacher. After a tremendous, wrenching love affair, you gave each other up, you and she, because you were married, and responsible. But, Seth, the resemblance was so striking that I thought, Oh, so that is how he will look: gray, slightly overweight, but *strong*, with a brilliant smile, and those eyes.

I waited for the credits at the end of the play; for all I knew, your father could be an actor, that actor—I know so little about you—but he had another name, and, besides, he looked more like you than like a possible father.

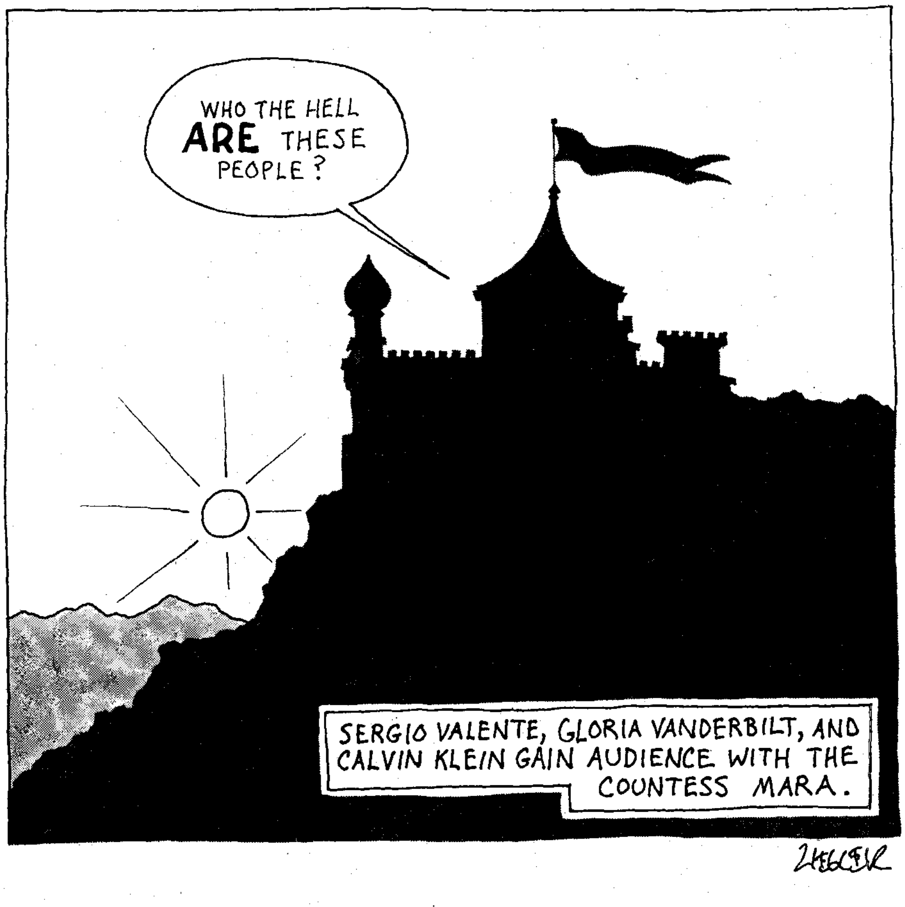
In any case, that sight of you was strangely cheering to me. I turned off the TV and contented myself with visions of my own.

I imagined a time when you will really be as old as that man, and as gray—when, much older still than you, I can say to you, "Ah, Seth, at last you begin to lose your looks. Now you are merely handsome, whereas before you were so beautiful that I could hardly look at you." We both will laugh.

And at that time, your prime and our old age, Gerald's and mine, Gerald will be completely well, the cycle flat, no more sequences of pain. And maybe thin again. And interested, and content.

It's almost worth waiting for.

—ALICE ADAMS


WHO THE HELL ARE THESE PEOPLE?
SERGIO VALENTE, GLORIA VANDERBILT, AND CALVIN KLEIN GAIN AUDIENCE WITH THE COUNTESS MARA.
ZIEGLER

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

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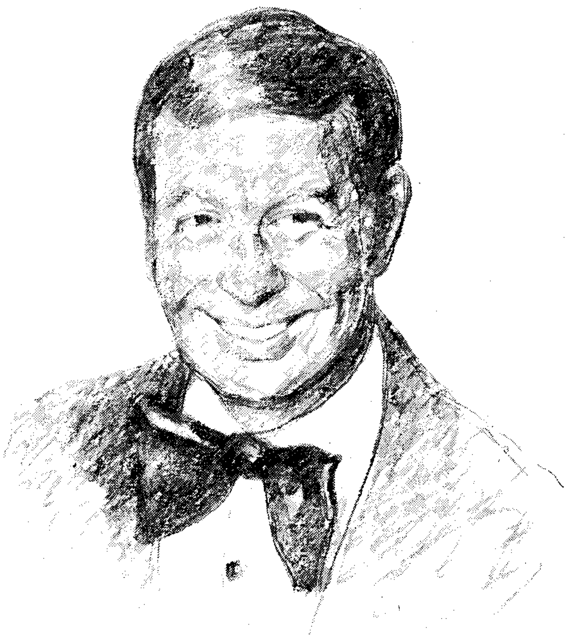
PROFILES

A VAST MINORITY

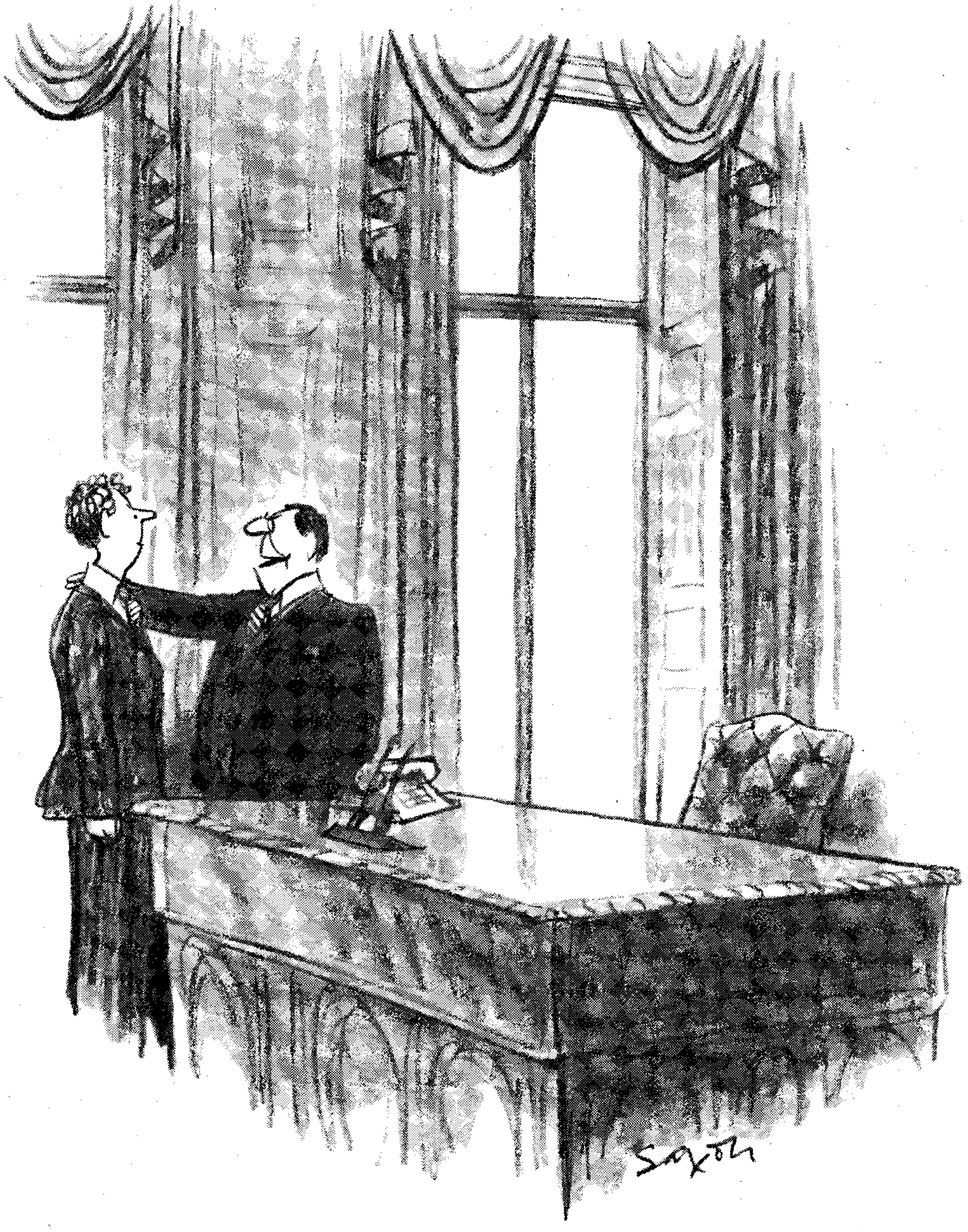


AT fifty-five, Mel Tormé has been a professional singer for fifty years. He knows more than five thousand songs, and has yet to forget one, no matter how long it has stayed on ice. He has written nearly three hundred songs, at least one of which is a standard ("The Christmas Song"). He is a good modern pianist and a first-rate arranger. Tommy Dorsey, Gene Krupa, and Stan Kenton wanted him as a drummer. He has written three books, and is twelve chapters into his autobiography. The first book, a Western called "Dollarhide," was published in 1955 under the nom de plume of Wesley Butler Wyatt. In 1970, he published "The Other Side of the Rainbow," a sad, probing, sharp-eared recollection of what it was like to work on a weekly prime-time television show with Judy Garland. Three years ago, he brought out an old-fashioned, disarmingly transparent novel about a popular singer. He called it "Wynner," and it had a first printing of fifty thousand. He recently sold a large and unique collection of Colt revolvers, and he is an aficionado of First World War aircraft, of American movies, and of the composers Percy Grainger and Frederick Delius. He has had five children by three wives, whose years in residence were 1949-55, 1956-66, and 1966-78. (He has said, "California is strewn with houses I almost owned.")

In the past three or four years, he has given half a dozen superior New York concerts, backed by a revolving host of first-class jazz musicians. But until his recent appearances at Marty's, a club on the East Side, he had not worked in a New York night club in five years. During one of his stays at Marty's, he talked of his life—in a tiny dressing room on Marty's second floor, in a yacht-sized gray limousine sailing between the club and his midtown hotel, and in his hotel suite. He is a small man, with a Romanesque face that leans toward Charles Laughton one moment and Mickey Rooney the next. He has a full, pliant ego, but it hasn't troubled his manners or his morals. He loves to talk, and he talks very fast, in his strong, smooth, husky singer's voice. He thrives on overwork and loves to complain about how tired he is. He doesn't drink, smoke, or take pills, and he calls telephone operators "sweetheart."

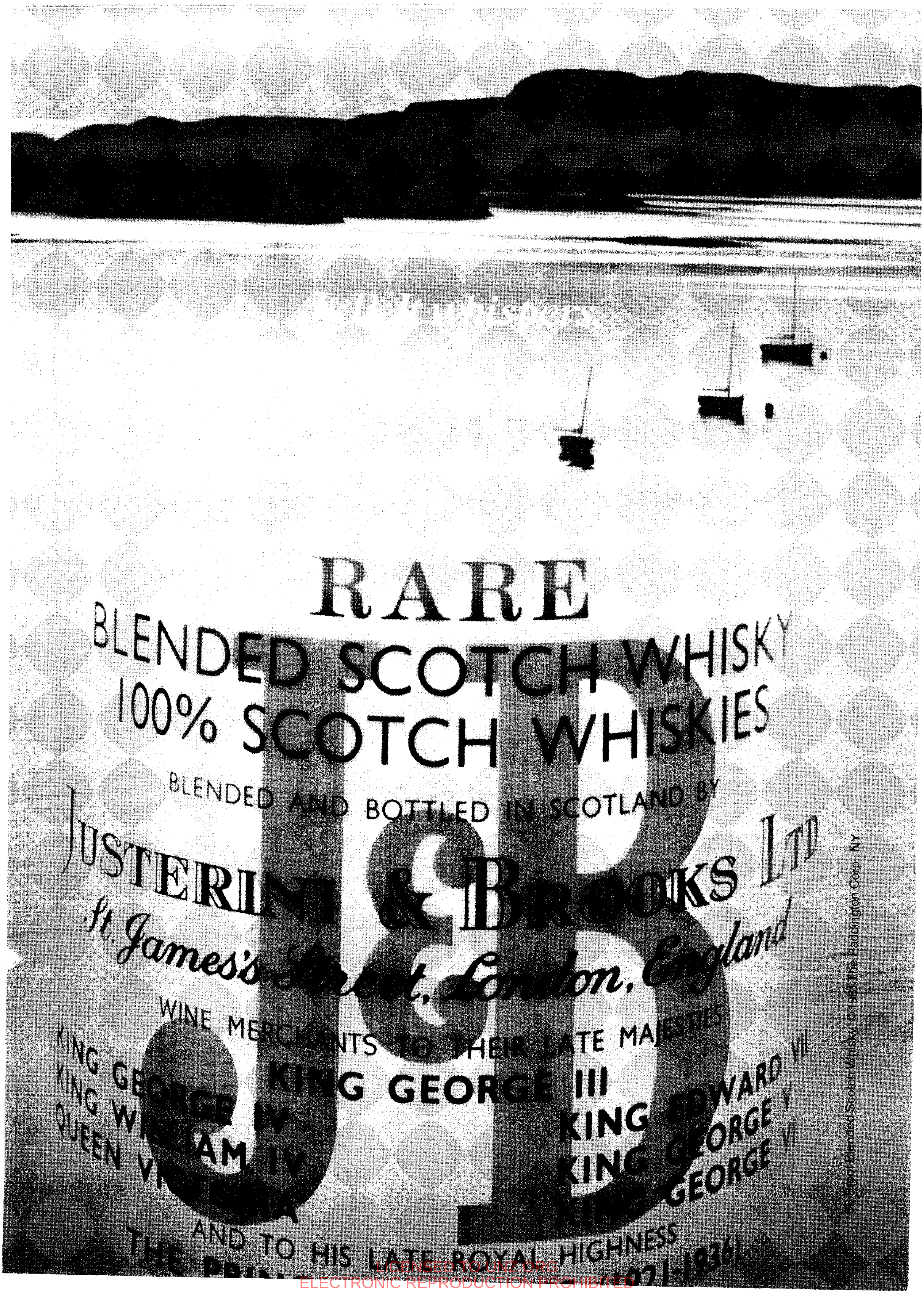
"I was born in Chicago on September 13, 1925," Tormé said not long ago. "I'm four years older than my sister, and there were just the two of us. My parents were movie maniacs, so my sister was named after Myrna Loy and I was named after Melvyn Douglas. My father, William, came over from Brest Litovsk in the early nineteen-hundreds and settled in New York. An immigration agent on Ellis Island mistakenly changed his name from Torma to Torme, and I added the accent in high school. My father remembers dodging Cossacks one night in Brest Litovsk and running smack into a huge white figure that he thought was a ghost but turned out to be a goat—'I ran so breathlessly home I thought my lungs would burst.' Immigrants had to learn to do everything. He had a drygoods store in Chicago. He worked in a dress factory and sold dresses retail. He was a jewelry craftsman. During the Depression, he drove his gray-green two-door Model A Ford out into the Illinois countryside and bought eggs and milk from farmers and sold them to shops in small cities. He and my Uncle Art—my father had two sisters and two brothers—invented a popup book. They took the invention to the same company that published Big Little Books, and—myth of American myths—they never made a penny. My father was also a hell of a Charleston dancer, and his sister Fay danced at Liberty Bond rallies. He's a gentle, loving, sympathetic, supportive human being—but a dreamer. My mother's the strong one, the one who managed the purse and held the family together. She was born Sarah Sopkin, but she changed her name to Betty a long time ago. She's pretty and short—slightly taller than my daddy. She has soft, roundish features, and I look more like her than like Father. He's eighty-two and she's seventy-nine, and they've been married fifty-seven years. They live near me in Beverly Hills and are very active socially.

"It's got to be a fairy tale, but my mother swears I sang a complete song by the time I was ten months old. I did know a lot of songs when I was four. I learned them from my mother, who demonstrated the new sheet music at Woolworth's during the Depression, and from the radio, which I was addicted to. I also learned from Alberta, a three-hundred-pound woman who practically raised me. She played superb barrelhouse piano, and on weekends she was in an all-girl band at the Savoy, right near us in Chicago. When I was four, my father and mother took me to the Blackhawk restaurant to hear the Coon-Sanders band. I sang along at the table, and during an intermission Carlton Coon came over and said something about what a droll little fellow I was and asked if I would like to sing a number with the band. It was the time in this country when kids were stepping from the cradle into show business. Carlton Coon was the drummer, and I sat on his knee while he played and I sang 'You're Driving Me Crazy.' I remember the *boom-boom-boom* of the bass drum, which was one of those huge, twenty-eight-inch models. I became a Monday-night feature with the band, at fifteen dollars a session. After that, I sang with Louis Panico and Frankie Masters, and when I was six I went into a kid review run by the bandleader Paul Ash. We played once a week in those big, luxurious Balaban and Katz neighborhood theatres. In 1933, I won the children's division of a radio audition contest at the Chicago World's Fair. I sang a Jolson song and did a dramatic recitation. Ireene Wicker, who was 'The Singing Lady,' was one of the judges. I went right into a new soap opera, 'Song of the City,' as Jimmy the newsboy. During the next six or seven years, before my voice changed, I was one of the busiest child radio actors in Chicago. I was in 'The Romance of Helen Trent,' 'Mary Marlin,' 'Mary Noble, Backstage Wife,' 'Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy,' 'Little Orphan Annie,' and a show of Edgar A. Guest's called 'It Can Be Done.' I also did Arch Oboler's spook program, 'Lights Out,' at eleven-thirty at night. It was broadcast from an empty studio, and a minute or so before air time the cast gathered in a silent circle on the stage while an organist played. It was supposed to get our wind up, and it did. I discovered by the time I was in my teens that I had a fantastic ear for accents." In rapid succession, Tormé did Robert Newton, a Scottish accent, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, and Robert Walker.



"You've got character, Jennings. And I happen to think that's not a bad thing to have."

"I had a tough time in school, partly because of my size and partly because I was always a little cocky. There was no money for a professional kids' school, so I went to Shakespeare Grammar. I got beaten up regularly—usually by an Irish kid named Steve. My dad would tell me, 'Melvin, don't get scarred up if you want to be in show business.' One day, he came home from his butter-and-egg route and found me bleeding and dirty, and—gentle man that he was—lost his temper and whacked me hard because I had gotten mauled again. That did it. I waited for Steve the next morning. He was very strongly made, a really staunch kid. I broke his nose and knocked him downstairs, and I was suspended from school a week. I don't know why those heroics work, but they do, and after that he left me alone. But Steve had an older brother, and not long after that he and two other kids jumped me from behind when I was leaving drum-and-bugle practice—I had begun to pick up on the drums. They straddled my chest and made me eat tobacco. Which is the reason I have never smoked. The next year, I went to Hyde Park High, on the South Side. I had begun to write songs, and my voice had changed. When I was fifteen, I got an audition through my Uncle Art with Harry James. I sang one of my own songs, 'Lament to Love,' and I played a drum solo for him. Harry kept saying, 'That's nifty! That's nifty!' Finally, he said, 'How about coming with the band? We'll write to you.' I loved the big bands—they were an elixir to me—and I went home six feet off the ground. But I made the mistake of telling my best friend, a rich kid named John Poister. He was editor of the school paper, and the following week there was a headline: 'HYDE PARK PRODIGY TO JOIN NAME BAND.' I heard regularly from Harry James' manager, but months went by and nothing happened. Then Harry wrote and said he was sorry but for me to go on the road with the band at my age meant that I would have to have a full-time tutor, and the whole thing was too compli-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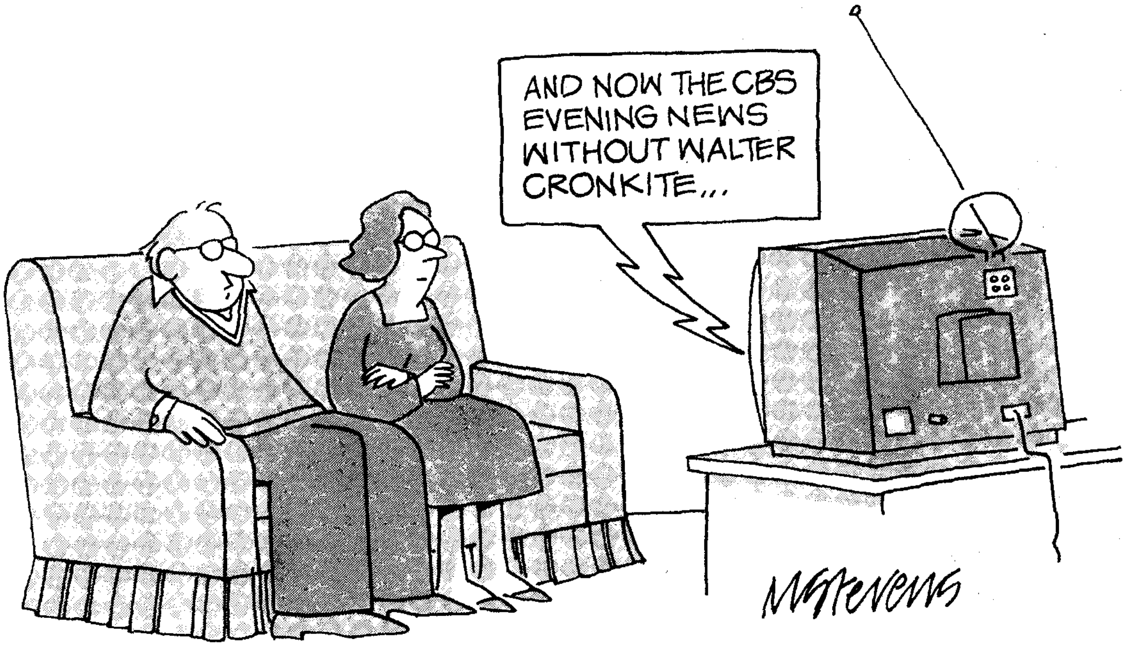

AND NOW THE CBS EVENING NEWS WITHOUT WALTER CRONKITE...
MStevens

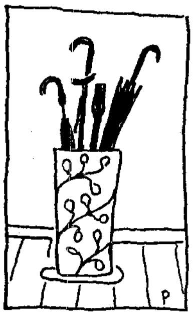
cated and expensive. Kids at school were already calling me a liar and 'Harry James' ex-drummer.' But I refused to show anybody the twenty or so letters I had from James. Then, in June of 1941, a new Harry James recording came out with the 'Dodger Fan Dance' on one side and my 'Lament to Love' on the other. It was also recorded by Les Brown and Sonny Dunham and Lanny Ross, and it made 'The Hit Parade,' and stayed there for weeks. Everything turned around, but the whole experience gave me a little chip on the shoulder that I had a year or two after I left school.

"About this time, the drummer Ben Pollack came through town and heard me sing some of my songs. He was putting together a band for Chico Marx, and said he could use me. He said *he* would write. I waited and waited, and nothing. Then I had a dream—and my dreams almost invariably predict the reverse of what is to happen. I dreamed that a guy pulled up in a bakery truck and gave me a telegram from Ben Pollack: 'SORRY, WE CAN'T USE YOU.' The next day, a telegram came from Pollack to the effect that he was sending a hundred and thirty dollars and for me to take the El Capitan to the Coast. I joined the band as a singer and vocal arranger in August of 1942, just before I turned seventeen. It was a wonderfully musical group, and I stayed until it broke up, a year later. Chico would do his thing once or twice a night and leave the rest to us. We had Marty Napoleon on piano, Marty Marsala on trumpet, Barney Kessel on guitar, and George Wettling on drums. Paul Weston and Fred Norman did the arrangements. I was a little rough-cut at first. One night, at the Lakeside Park Ballroom, in Denver, four of the toughest-looking kids I ever saw turned up in front of the bandstand and asked for 'Sweet Eloise.' I was supposed to sing 'Abraham,' from 'Holiday Inn,' and when I started it one of the kids grabbed my leg and pinched me real hard. My reflex—if that's what it was—was a kick that removed all his front teeth. They had to put together a flying wedge to get me back onto the bus safely. After I had been with the band six months, I asked Chico if I could get billing on marquees and such, and he said, 'Sure, kid.' I was singing a lot more, and I figured I deserved it. A day or two later, when we arrived in Steubenville, Ohio, for a one-nighter, I looked up at the marquee and there in big letters was: 'CHICO MARX AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH VOCALIST MEL TROME.' I settled down after that. George Wettling left, I took over on drums, and the band broke up at the Golden Gate Hotel, in San Francisco. I made my first movie, 'Higher and Higher,' with Frank Sinatra and Jack Haley. That was enough for my mother and dad. They had always wanted to live in California, so they threw out my Big Little Books, which would be worth a fortune now, and moved to the Coast. Things began to happen for me. I took over a vocal group out of Los Angeles City College called the School Kids, and it became Mel Tormé and his Mel-Tones. I did the arrangements and sang most of the solos, and Ben Pollack managed us. We recorded for Decca and became a working Hollywood group. We were together three or four years. I also made three more films and signed with Albert Marx's Musicraft label. I recorded some vocals with Artie Shaw and appeared on the Fitch Bandwagon radio show. I sat in on drums all over the place. Gene Krupa offered me a job as assistant drummer and Stan Kenton offered me three hundred a week for two weeks. I got to know Buddy Rich, who was with Tommy Dorsey."

Tormé switched into his Buddy Rich, and did an uncanny imitation: " 'Hey, kid. I heard you play. You sing better.' We've been friends ever since, although it's taken me thirty years to learn how to handle him, to josh him out of his occasional uglies. When I first met him, he wanted to leave Dorsey and start his own band, but Dorsey wouldn't let him go until he found a good enough replacement, which, Buddy Rich being Buddy Rich, wasn't easy. So, unbeknownst to me, Buddy cooked up a situation where I was asked to sit in for two numbers with Dorsey. They happened to be 'Sunny Side of the Street' and 'Opus No. 1,' and I knew both of them backward. Dorsey liked what I did so much he asked me to join him. I said O.K. if he would take my vocal group, too, but he had the Sentimentalists, so it fizzled. Buddy and I work together a lot nowadays, and we like to keep the gags running. When he had a small group seven or eight years ago in the original Buddy's Place, on Second Avenue in the Sixties, I called him up and said, 'Hey, Traps, I'm coming in tonight, although I don't know why anyone wants to waste his time listening to a ninety-one-year-old drummer.' I get there and am seated at ringside, and at the end of the set Buddy introduces me: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like you to meet the greatest singer in the world, a man with a golden voice and a heart to match,' and on and on. He finally finishes and I stand up and they put a spot on me. Silence. Not a sound. A packed room sitting on its hands and staring at me. For an instant, I admit it, I was shook. Then it dawned: he had set the whole thing up with the audience.

"Woody Herman and Les Brown had heard me, and they persuaded the manager Carlos Gastel to take me on. There was none better. He had Stan Kenton and Nat Cole and Peggy Lee. I went into the Bocage, on the Coast, with the Page Cavanaugh trio, and it went very well. Arthur Freed signed me to do 'Good News,' and in 1947 I came East to play the Copacabana. I came on a wave of bobby-socks adulation which had been created mostly by the New York disc jockey Fred Robbins. 'Robbins' Nest' was *the* New York d.j. show. I think Fred Robbins spent all his time making up names for me—'Mr. Butterscotch' and 'The Kid with the Gauze in His Jaws' and 'The Velvet Fog.' I was twenty-one and full of ants. At the Copa, I sang Harold Arlen's 'Ill Wind' and a lot of other high-class material. I thought I was going to kill those people, and I was greeted with ennui. On opening night, this big dame in a red-and-white dress turned her back on me at the beginning of my show and stayed that way until the end. It was Sophie Tucker. The reviews were a repeat of high school in Chicago. George Frazier put me down, and Dorothy Kilgallen said I was 'an egotistical little amateur.' The only thing that kept me there was the kids. They'd pile in for the last show on Saturday. It was a hurtful time, and after it was over I had to recoup. Carlos Gastel never lost faith an instant. He was astonishing. He saw something in me that didn't really take its proper shape for many years. He said to me then, 'You will never be the mass star you want to be, Torment'—which is what he called me. 'But there is a vast minority of people out there who will always support your work.' "

AT a midweek show at Marty's, which was full and quiet, Tormé, in a tuxedo and working with only a trio (he usually carries a fifteen-piece group around with him), sang a medium-slow version of the Gershwins' "Isn't It a Pity?," and Noël Coward's "Chase Me, Charlie." Then he did Nellie Lutcher's "Hurry On Down" in a slow drag that was almost recitative. He did a very fast "Mountain Greenery" built around an ad-lib interlude that was like a steam engine stopping to take on water, and he returned to Rodgers and Hart for "Isn't It Romantic?," on which he carved "*beautiful slow ballad*." "Pick Yourself Up," complete with a chorus of voice-and-piano Bach counterpoint, gave way to Gerry Mulligan's "The Real Thing," for which Tormé had written the lyrics. He sang *all* the choruses of Cole Porter's "It's De-Lovely," closing with a yammering string of mock-Yiddish words that brought the house down. Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind" was his first encore, and he finished the set with a fast "Love for Sale" decorated with a full (sixty-four bars) chorus of scatting. The show lasted just under an hour. It didn't parade its scholarship and originality; there was none of the Sumerian delving that some New York cabaret singers indulge in to prove what good song archeologists they are. And his singing was flawless. He never missed a note, a vibrato, a difficult lyric. His words were bold and distinct, and his melodies were graceful and commanding. Tormé has a light, effortless baritone. His songs seem to overflow, to surge out of him uncontrollably, as if singing were the easiest thing in the world for him. His songs have no joints or dead spaces. Each is as reasoned and organic and complete as a good sonnet. He can belt a song, filling a concert hall with ten-pound tones, and he can sing a whispery "Memories of You." He can do pillowy ballads and fast patter songs. He can do nonsense songs and slow blues. He can build Harold Arlen's "Blues in the Night" into a four-story Stanford White cottage. He has the presence and suppleness and humor of Ethel Waters. He makes his face into rubber, using an endless series of grimaces and winks and smiles. His audiences are happy to be his puppets.



"Performing is very tricky," Tormé said after the set. "It is a good idea to allow some small piece of unhappiness from your life to be a part of your work every night. It gives your singing depth. Standing ovations don't impress me. I can sing badly and get one. When that happens, I can walk off-stage in a deep depression that may last several days. Other times, I get apathetic reactions when I *know* I have been great. Once in a while, though, that strange silver cord that goes be-

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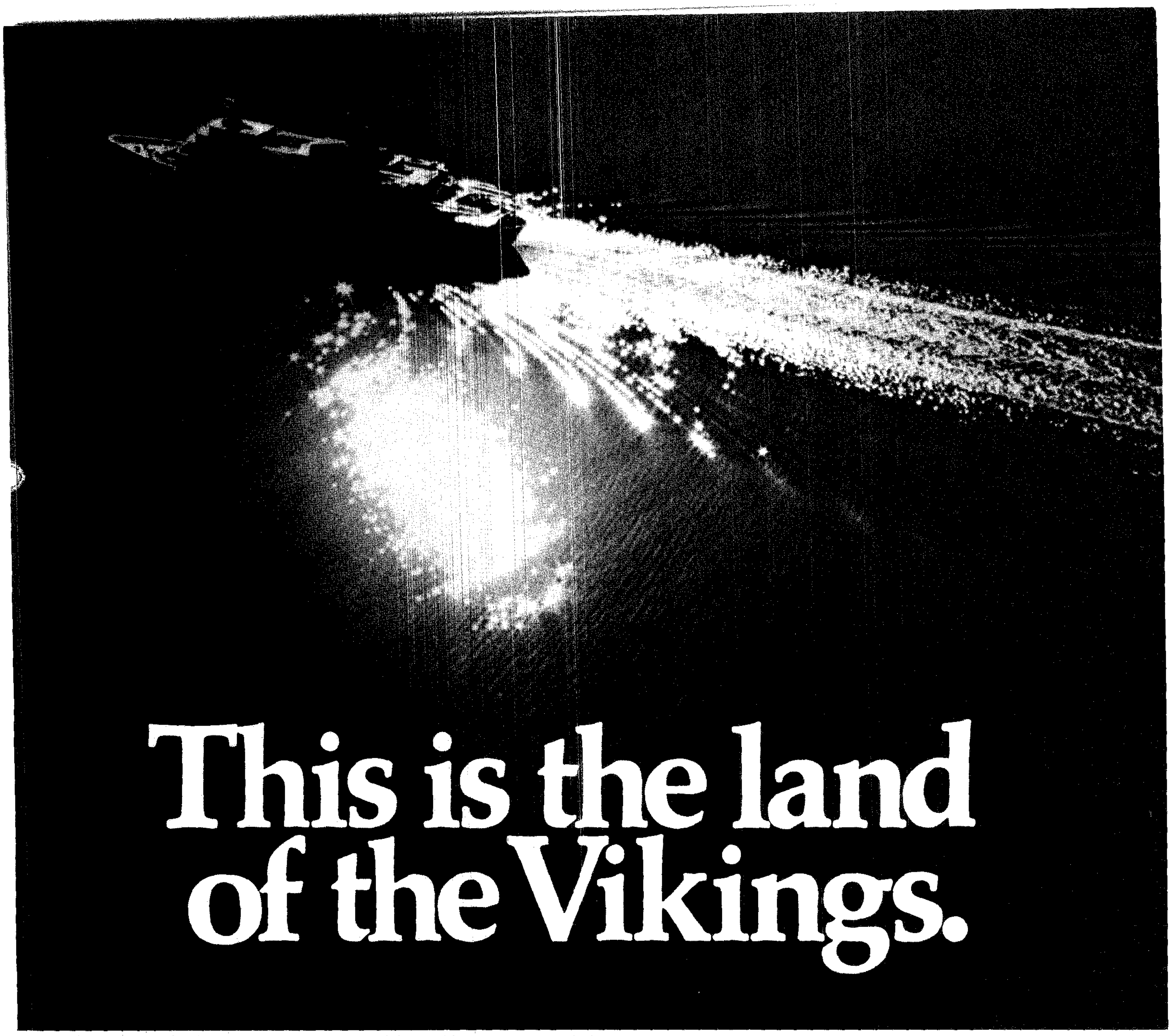

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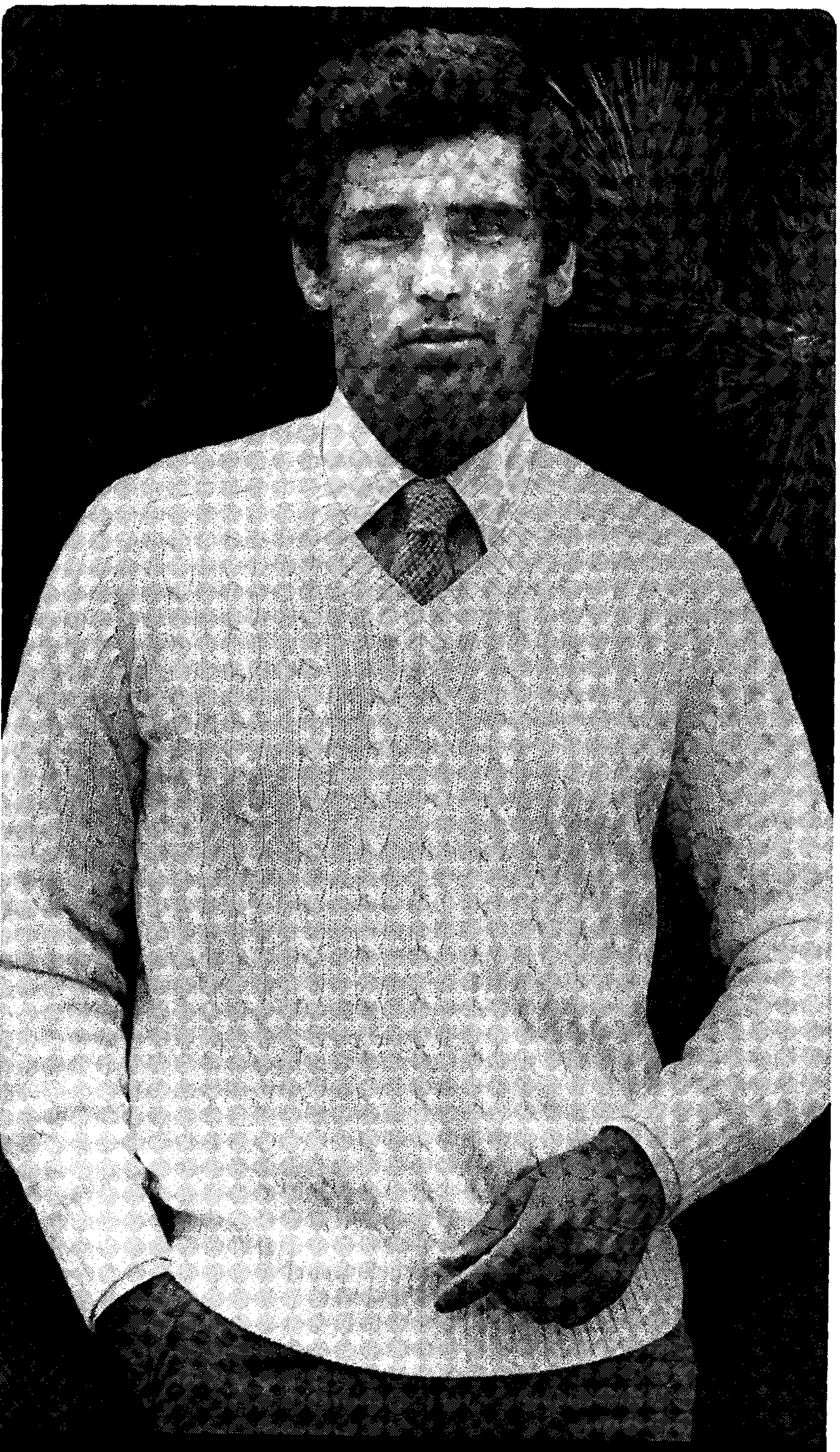
tween me and the audience grows taut, and it's—well, exhilarating. You learn in time that each performance is *not* the end of the world, that things can go awry because of—what? A faulty digestive tract, a moon tide, a drunk in the house.

"I'm a great eclectic. Of course, I admire Bing Crosby and Sinatra and Billie Holiday and Ella and Joe Williams and Ethel Waters. But I also admire Bessie Smith and Leo Watson and Bon Bon Tunnell and Connee Boswell. And Harold Mills, of the Mills Brothers, and Patti Andrews, of the Andrews Sisters. Also, people you don't ordinarily think of as singers, like Buddy Rich and Johnny Mercer and Bobby Sherwood and Woody Herman and Ray Nance. I loved Ivie Anderson and June Richmond, who was with Andy Kirk. Helen Forrest may have been the best big-band singer. And I love Ray Charles and Joe Turner and Helen Humes. And Trummy Young and every horn player who turns to singing. They just never miss. I can't say I was crazy about Mildred Bailey. That little voice never seemed to fit such a big woman. And Jack Teagarden's singing bothered me. He had a loose-lipped, going-to-sleep quality. And the later Louis hurt my ears.

"I love singing in a small room with people on top of me. I have a constant need to communicate. Once, in a small room in San Francisco, I noticed this beautiful young couple in front of me. They had their heads together, they were holding hands, they were *listening*. I caught their eye, and it became a private three-way performance, and before it was over tears had spilled out of my eyes. I *see* lyrics when I sing—flowers and Central Park and autumn leaves and blue skies and Garbo's face. I sing from my diaphragm now. When I was the Velvet Fog, everything was head tones." Tormé sang "All the Things You Are" in a high husky voice, slipping immediately back to the forties. "Now it all comes from down here, and when I go from my low register to my highest, I'm not singing falsetto. Those are pure tones, just as Buddy Rich's double-stroke roll is pure. I never sing anything the same way twice. This led to my being crossed off Richard Rodgers' list, and I idolize his music. He heard me sing 'Blue Moon' in a rehearsal, and I phrased it a bit differently, and he said to me, 'No, that is not the way to sing my song. You do it this way—one,



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two, three, four.' I told him I was simply trying to make the lyrics sound conversational. Later, when David Frost did a tribute to Rodgers on his television show, Rodgers dinged Sinatra and Peggy Lee and Ella and me as guest singers because all of us had taken liberties with his songs.

"I spent most of the fifties getting over the Velvet Fog image. I wanted to be a jazz-oriented singer—I don't know what a jazz singer is, since all good popular singers are jazz-influenced. It took some running to do it. I recorded for Capitol and Coral and Bethlehem, and I had a daytime talk show on television. It was the first of its kind. When rock hit, in the sixties, the intake of money fluctuated, but I kept going. I could see by then that I had a growing following of the kind of people I *wanted* to follow my work. I like people I admire to admire me. I signed with Atlantic and then with Columbia, and both were disasters of a different kind. In the mid-seventies, when I hit fifty, something happened that I don't quite understand yet. I seemed to enter the years Carlos Gastel foresaw. I'm singing better than I ever have, and everyone seems to agree. My personal life has straightened out. All my wives have been beautiful, but I am bad at picking women who are good for me. Out of those relationships, however, have come five great children. I'm a dogged perfectionist with a desperate desire to be super-professional. Do I dare say I finally am?"

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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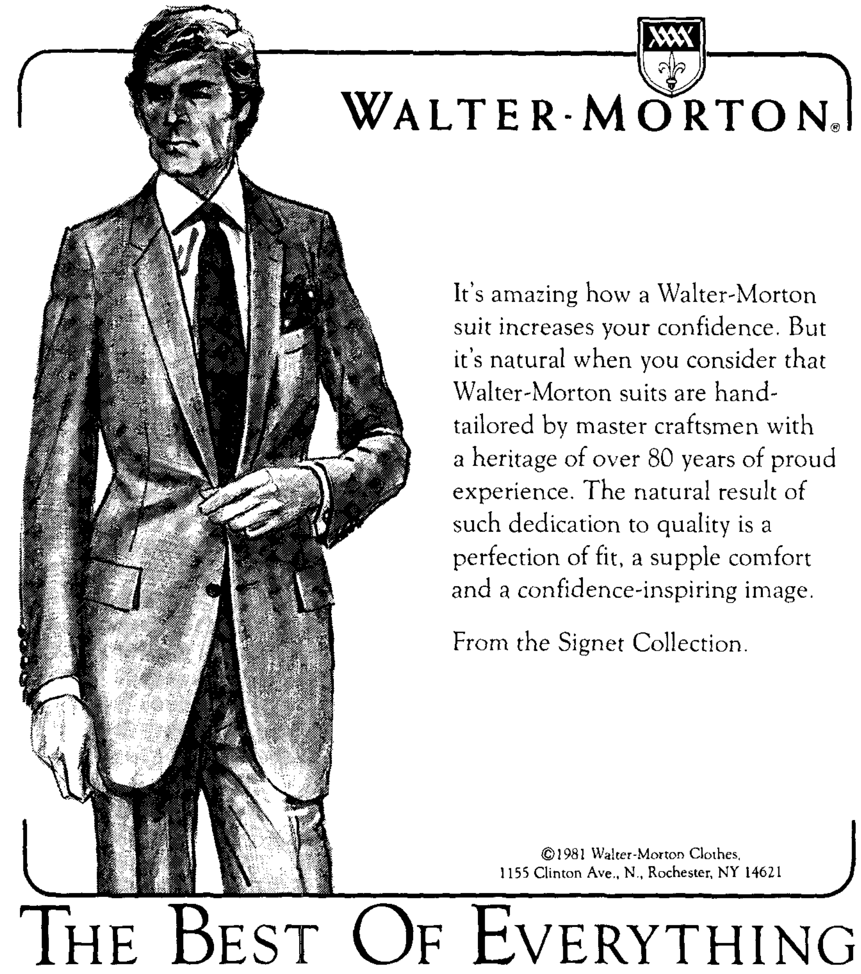

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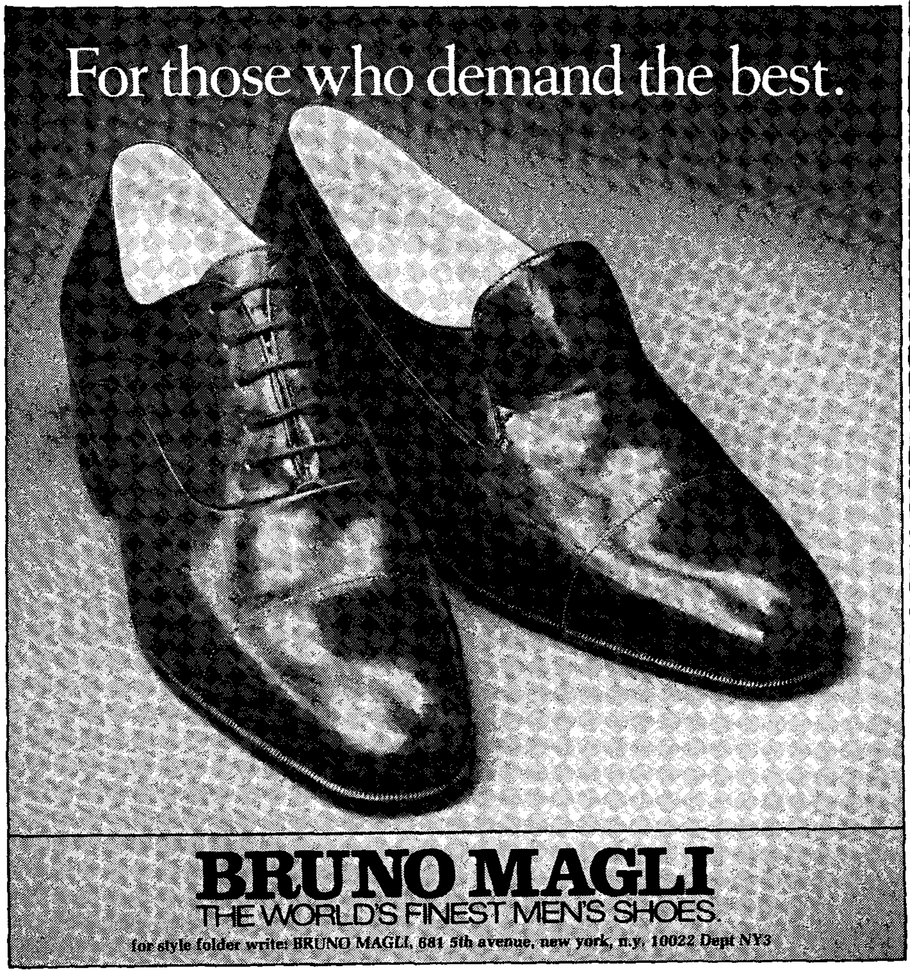

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THE THEATRE

Saluting the Duke

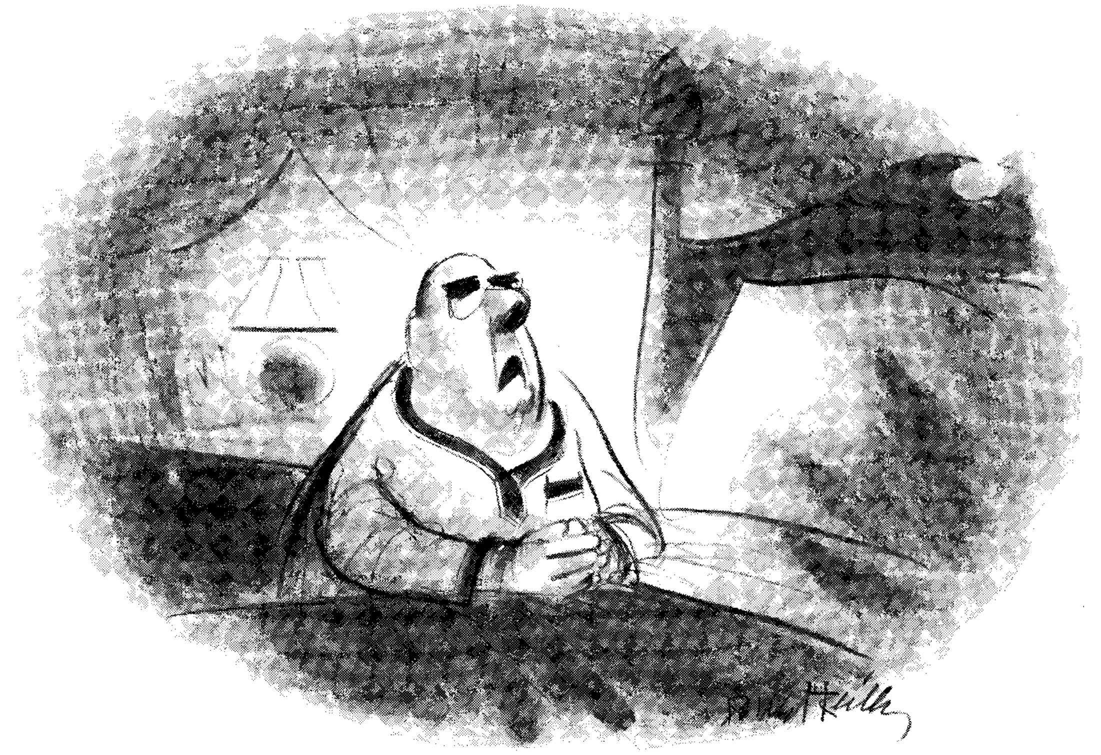
ELEGANCE in machinery, as in mathematics and poetry, consists in employing the least means to the greatest effect, and the first thing to be said about "Sophisticated Ladies," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is that it is an exceptionally elegant machine. From start to finish, there is scarcely a word of dialogue, no hint of plot, and little characterization. An onstage band plays some thirty-five numbers with music by Duke Ellington and lyrics by Ellington alone or by Ellington and one or more collaborators; the earliest numbers go back to the twenties, and the latest song, "Imagine My Frustration," was written in 1966. A gifted and energetic cast sings and dances, sings and dances, and because what they sing and what they dance to is a rich and cunningly paced assortment of Ellingtoniana, we are quick to forgive the machine for being, after all, only a machine. Having been pitched head first into the music, we find it so seductive that we put off for as long as possible facing our impression that the guest of honor is somehow missing from the party: he is a trivial painted image on a curtain, proffered as if in lieu of something better—something that might have come closer to the vehement theatricality of the great man himself. For the Duke was a fantastically compelling performer as well as one of the most talented of American composers, and the absence of his passionate ghost from the stage of the Lunt-Fontanne amounts to a mystery that the gilded, speeding machine takes care not to let us solve.

Unquestionably, the star of "Sophisticated Ladies" is Gregory Hines, who dances with a grace that ravishes the eye and with a velocity that must alarm every cardiologist in the house; he prances up and down a flight of very steep steps that pretend to be piano keys, drops in on the band to try his hand at the drums, and sings in an undistinguished but pleasing voice songs as varied as "Don't Get Around Much Any More" and "I'm Just a Lucky So-and-So." Judith Jamison enjoys formal co-billing with Hines, but I found her more scenic than dynamic; if she will forgive me for saying so, her statuesque presence often put me in mind of Margaret Dumont, and I half expected Groucho to sidle up to her with cigar, leer, and lascivious quip. Phyllis Hyman sings affectingly "In a Sentimental Mood" and "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." Other performers whom I admired on opening night were Terri Klausner, Gregg Burge, and Hinton Battle. P. J. Benjamin appeared to be working too hard for his own good; perhaps he is still recovering from the recent "Charlie and Algernon," in which he underwent the trauma of co-starring on Broadway with a live white mouse.

The agreeable setting of "Sophisticated Ladies" is by Tony Walton, the costumes are by Willa Kim, the lighting is by Jennifer Tipton, the band is conducted by Mercer Ellington, and the choreography is by Henry LeTang and Michael Smuin, with Mr. Smuin directing the entire production. The "concept" of the show—that shadowy jousting ground of lawyers and agents—is credited to Donald McKayle. "Sophisticated Ladies" is reputed to be the most expensive show ever to reach Broadway; the Duke, who had a weakness for superlatives and was a big spender, would have liked that.

"BRING BACK BIRDIE," which left the Martin Beck in prudent haste after several postponements and four performances, was based on a truly foolish idea—that of providing a sequel, after an interval of twenty-one years, to "Bye Bye Birdie." Chita Rivera was in the original production, along with Dick Van Dyke; in the sequel, she shared the stage with, among others, Donald O'Connor, Maria Karnilova, Maurice Hines, and Marcel Forestieri. The book was by Michael Stewart, the music was by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics were by Lee Adams, all of whom gained fame from "Bye Bye Birdie" and have lost their way in the course of gratuitously circling round to their beginnings. Oh, how the cast, under the direction of Joe Layton, struggled to breathe life into Mr. Stewart's ridiculous book, and all in vain! For the record, the scenery was by David Mitchell, the costumes were by Fred Voelpel, and the lighting was by David Hays.

A PLAY called "The Survivor," by Susan Nanus, opened and closed so quickly that I failed to see it; I feel



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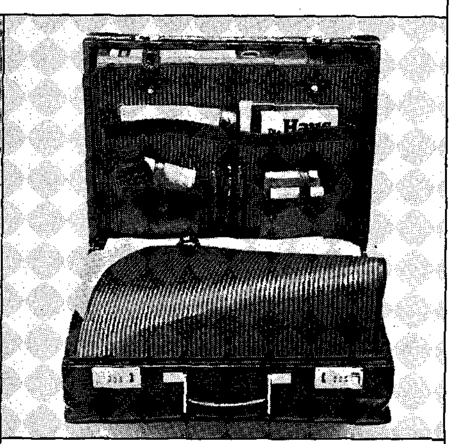

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the exhilaration of a merciful escape. I *didn't* escape "Heartland," at the Century, a trashy little melodrama about an unemployed, sadistic security officer, his mentally defective son, his mentally defective wife, and a friend who is also, one assumes, mentally defective; why else would he be the security officer's friend? The author is a young man named Kevin Heelan; I fear he must have spent his formative years not in the bracing atmosphere of a pool parlor but crouched before a television set, taking in too much and remembering it too well. The squalid setting of "Heartland" is by Bill Balou, and the direction is by Art Wolff. On this occasion, the actors deserve the protection of a benign anonymity. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

At Home Again with the Tyrones

I MUST report with regret that the generally acclaimed revival of "Long Day's Journey Into Night" with a distinguished black cast seemed tame and generally unsatisfactory to me, and I'm not entirely sure why; sometimes a miss can be as mysterious as a mile. This is not a complete miss, certainly, and some of it does work. First of all, O'Neill's four acts have been cut to two, with absolutely nothing lost, and, under Geraldine Fitzgerald's direction, the play at least moves along. The performance of the dynamic Al Freeman, Jr., as dissolute Jamie Tyrone—smoldering, cynical, loving, and explosive—is so strong that the character becomes the focus of the play, and his scenes with Earle Hyman, as his father, become fascinating duels of wits. Mr. Freeman is a worthy heir to a role indelibly created by Jason Robards, and the tortured drunken speech in which he confesses his hatred and envy of his beloved younger brother, Edmund, sounds as strong as ever. Edmund (Peter Francis-James) is, of course, O'Neill's sentimental portrait of himself as a young man, and it is the news that Edmund's "summer cold" is actually tuberculosis that serves as the spur for the action, all of which takes place on the day he receives it and the following evening. Mr. Hyman brings his customary subtlety, feeling, and intelligence to the role of the miserly, guilt-ridden senior Tyrone, object of his wife's and his sons' contempt—the successful actor who has spent a lifetime trouping in a

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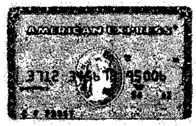

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ARABIA
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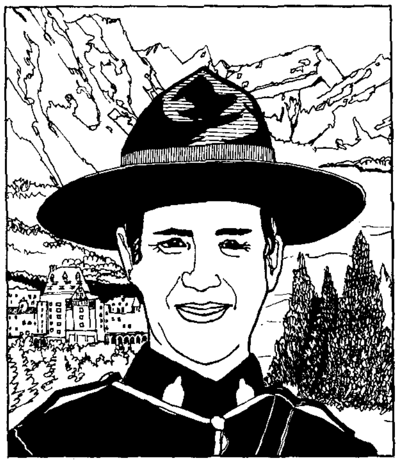
third-rate play—but the performance lacks the flamboyance that is essential to the role. Perhaps it is the Irish element that is missing, especially in the long speech in which Tyrone justifies himself by telling of the ghastly poverty of his childhood. Come to that, the whole production could use a little more flamboyance, or perhaps Irish temperament. "Long Day's Journey" is not, I contend, the towering, larger-than-life, universal tragedy of its reputation; as Arvin Brown proved ten years ago, when he directed it in a small theatre and reduced it to human scale, it can be a totally engrossing drama about a particular family at a particular time and place. That the family is O'Neill's own and the drama supposedly autobiographical lends it added interest (and explains some of its self-pity). In Mr. Brown's production, Miss Fitzgerald herself gave a fine portrayal of Mary Tyrone, whose resumption of a morphine addiction and whose pathetic, cruel babble are such an unbearable grief and torment to her husband and sons. In the role in this production, Gloria Foster, impressive actress though she may be, is miscast. The play opened at St. Peter's Church, and will reopen on March 17th at the Public.

THE most substantial of three insubstantial one-act plays that opened last week at the Newhouse as part of something called a One-Act Play Festival is "Vivien," by Percy Granger (close, but no cigar). A high-strung young stage director whose production of "The Seagull" is opening that evening goes out to a sanitarium near the city to pick up his father, a patient there whom he hasn't seen in twenty-five years or so, and take him for a ride to town and to a matinée preview. The old man (whose name is Vivien) is waiting at a bus stop in front of the hospital, but he refuses to recognize his son and leaves. Eventually, however, the two get together and drive off. Their conversation en route and in a restaurant after the show makes the play. Much of it is very amusing, particularly the discussions of "The Seagull"—synopsis prematinée and critique post-. "I enjoyed it, but I didn't like it," says Vivien, who was especially impressed by "the young fellow who kills himself right before he took his curtain calls." (This leads to some pointed talk about suicide.) As the day proceeds, there is considerable overlap between father and son—the son popping Valium and



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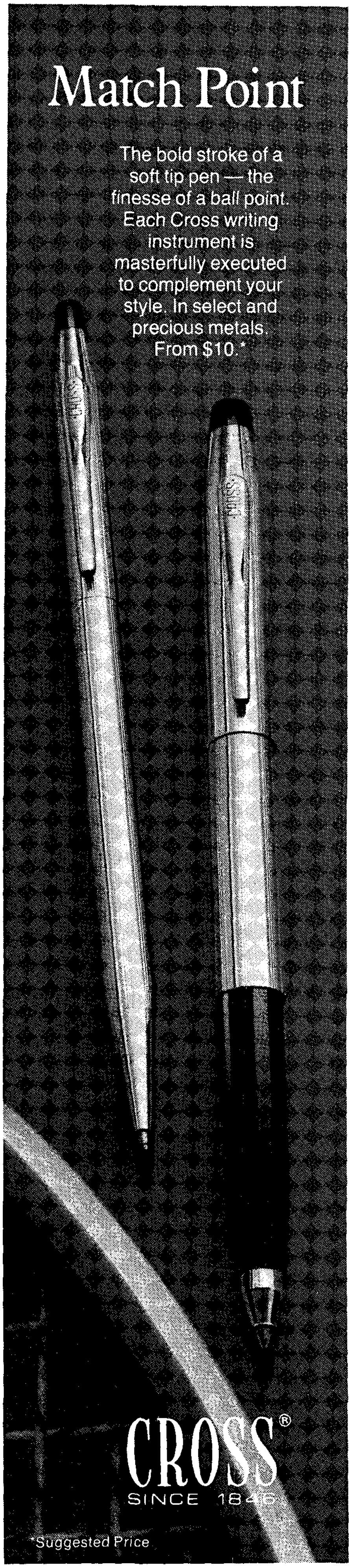

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becoming more and more neurotic, and the father, though sedated and consistently peculiar, becoming more and more lucid. The end is the return to the sanitarium, where the old man walks right by his son, as if he were once again a total stranger. The situation is preposterous, of course, and foolish as well, but once that is accepted the play becomes acceptable, and it does give us a chance to see Michael Egan as this foggy, ornery, stubborn, crazy old cuss and James Woods as his hapless son. Both are good.

"In Fireworks Lie Secret Codes," by John Guare, is valuable only for its extra-dramatic qualities. The play itself doesn't come to much, but it does take off in a number of long speeches that, though unrelated to matters at hand, give evidence of this dramatist's irrepressible comic spirit—one a discourse on Macy's and Bloomingdale's, another on the Day of the Tall Ships—before it plummets to earth in a tedious anecdote about a nut on the subway, which is acted out, for some inexplicable reason, by two of the characters. These two and the play's other characters—all of them identified simply as No. 1, etc.—are watching Macy's Fourth of July fireworks on the Hudson from a penthouse terrace of two male lovers. In the midst of the action (hardly the word, I know)—which consists of ecstatic descriptions of the fireworks, cries of "Don't get too close to the edge!," the consumption of a lot of wine—one of the lovers announces that he is leaving his partner and returning to England, and a husband and wife confess that they have bought a house in New Jersey. There may indeed be many secret codes buried in the dialogue, but I felt no temptation to crack them.

The flimsiest, though the busiest, of the three plays is Jeffrey Sweet's "Stops Along the Way," an episodic work about a teacher who is escorting a woman student with whom he has had a brief affair from Ohio back to her husband in Baltimore. She is still in love with him, and he, having cooled off, grows ever more exasperated at her delaying tactics. The stops include a diner, a gas station, a drugstore, a café, and a motel bedroom. It is not the fault of the actors—Graham Beckel and Kathleen Widdoes as the lovers, and William Newman as a man they pick up in a bar—that little of what they do or say is believable, much less interesting, and it is not the fault, either, of Kevin Conway, who directed this play and also "Vivien." (Mr. Guare did his own directing.) The spare, effective settings are by John Wright Stevens.

There is no reason on earth that one-act plays have to be so frail. Edward Albee, the artistic director of the festival, has written a number of sturdy one-acters himself—among them "The Zoo Story" and "The American Dream"—and I wish he'd revive them.

—Edith Oliver

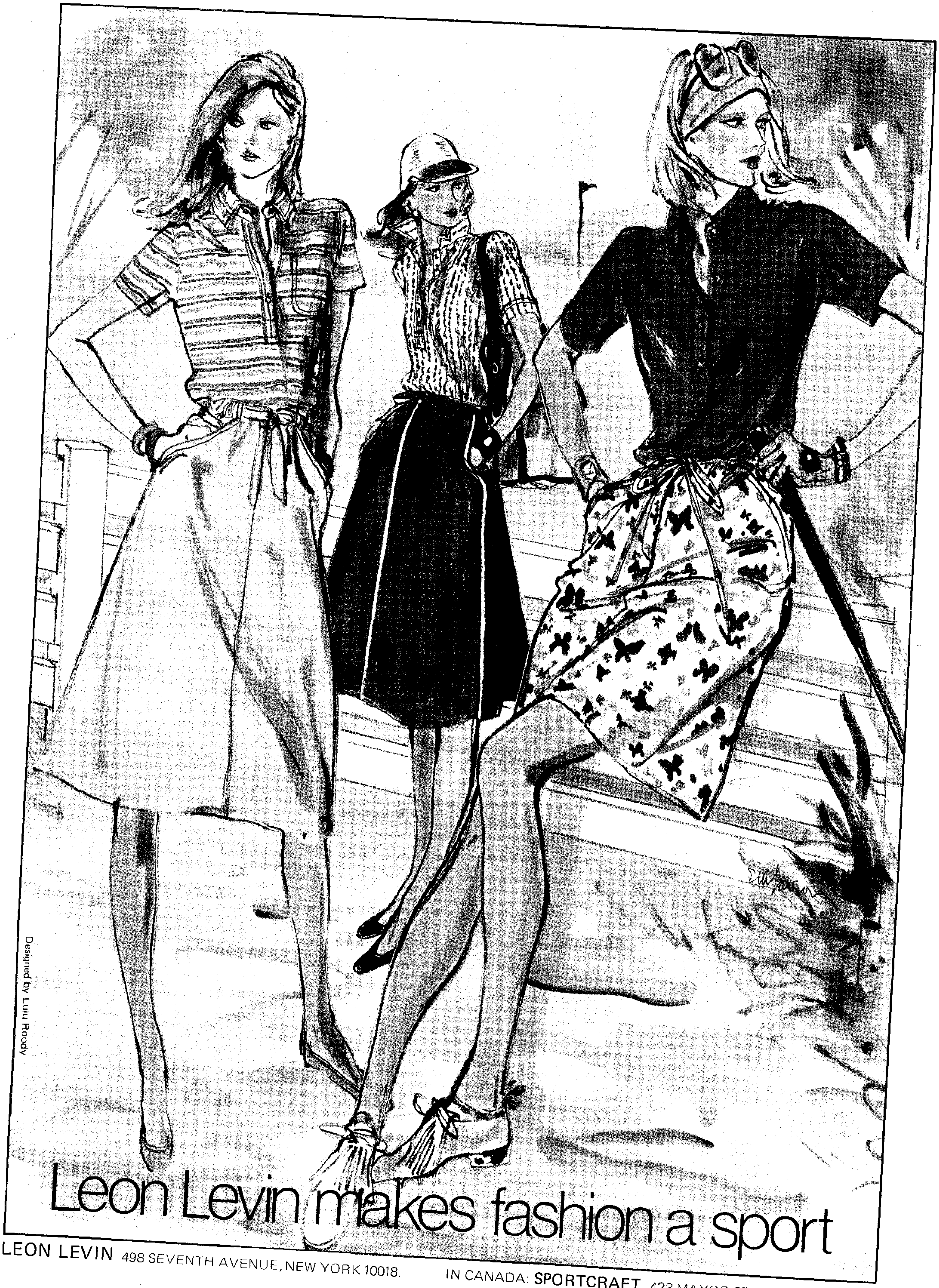
• •

THE BAT

Reading in bed, full of sentiment
for the mild evening and the children
asleep in adjacent rooms, hearing them
cry out now and then the brief reports
of sufficient imagination, and listening
at the same time compassionately
to the scrabble of claws, the fast treble
in the chimney—
                                        then it was out,
not a trapped bird
beating at the seams of the ceiling
but a bat lifting toward us, falling away.

Dominion over every living thing,
large brain, a choice of weapons—
In the narrow lit hall
we swung repeatedly against
its rising secular face
until it fell, then shuddered
as we shovelled it into the yard for the cat,
who shuttles easily between two worlds.

—Ellen Bryant Voigt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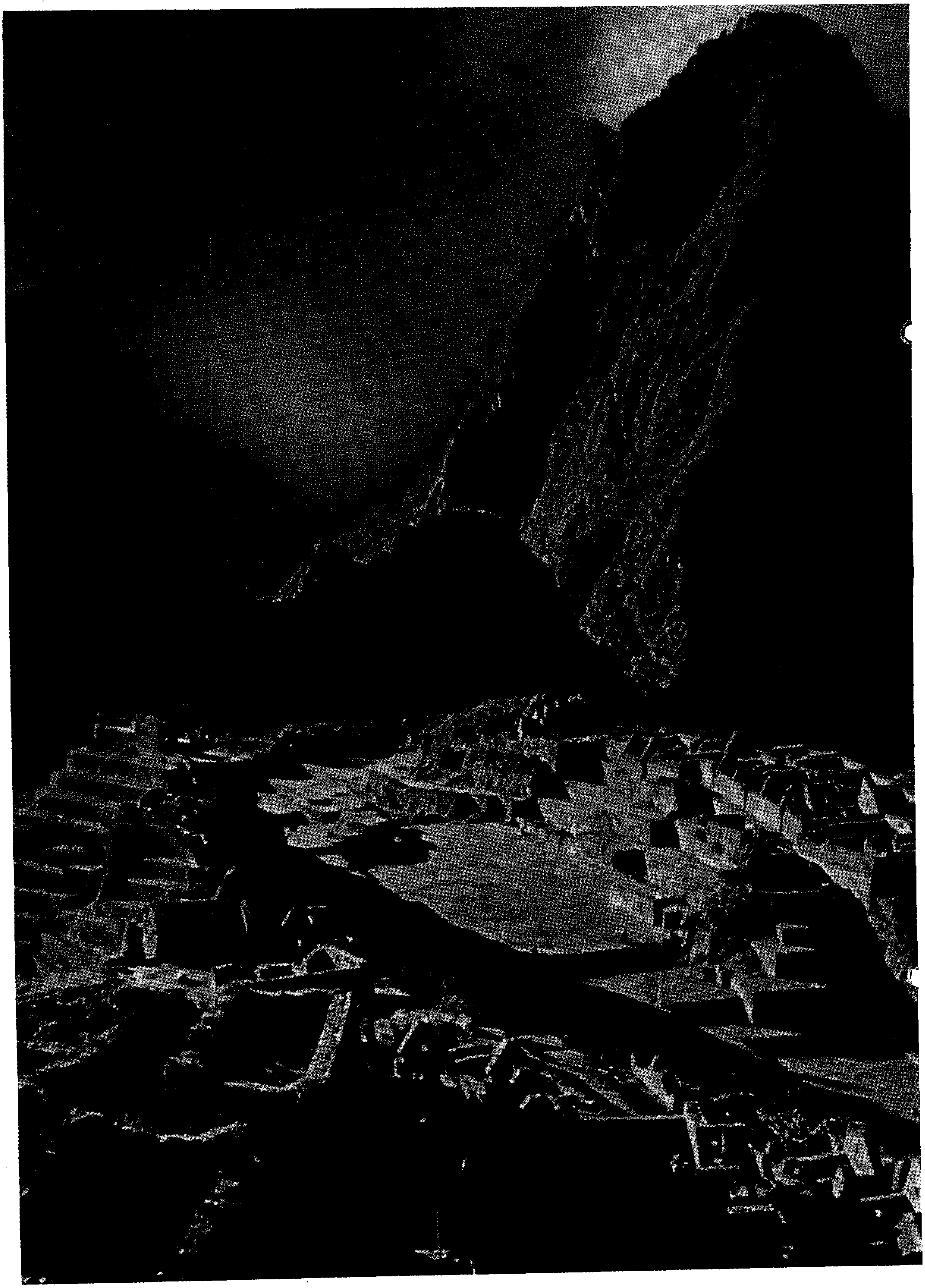

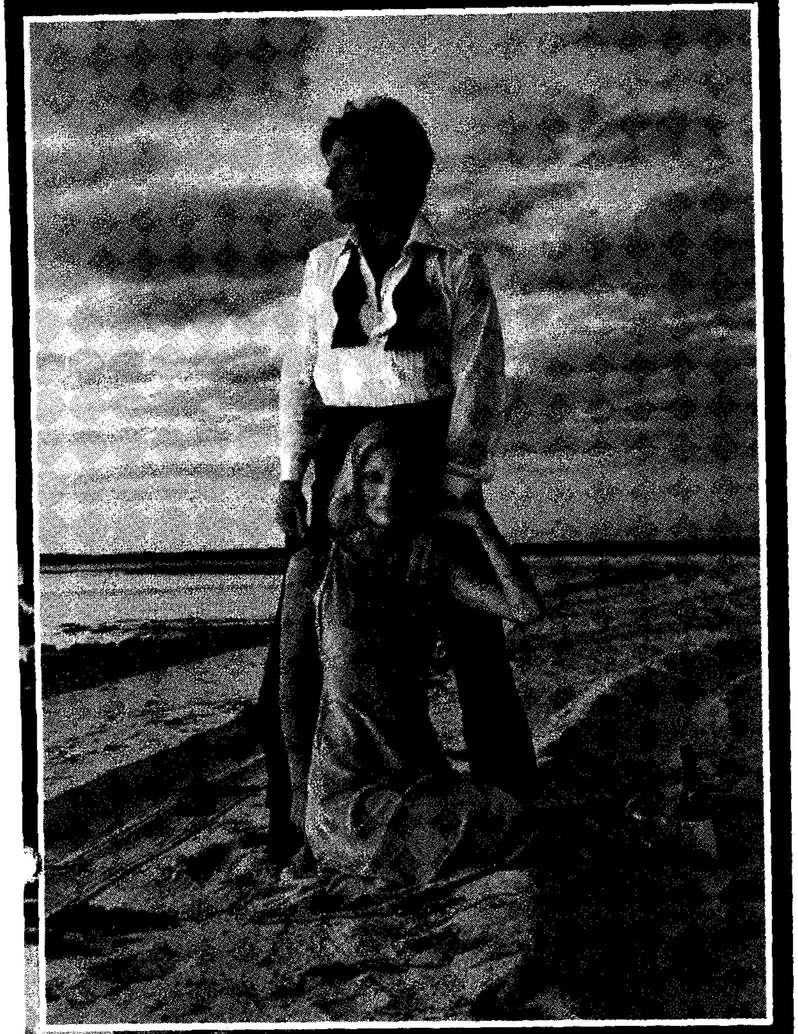

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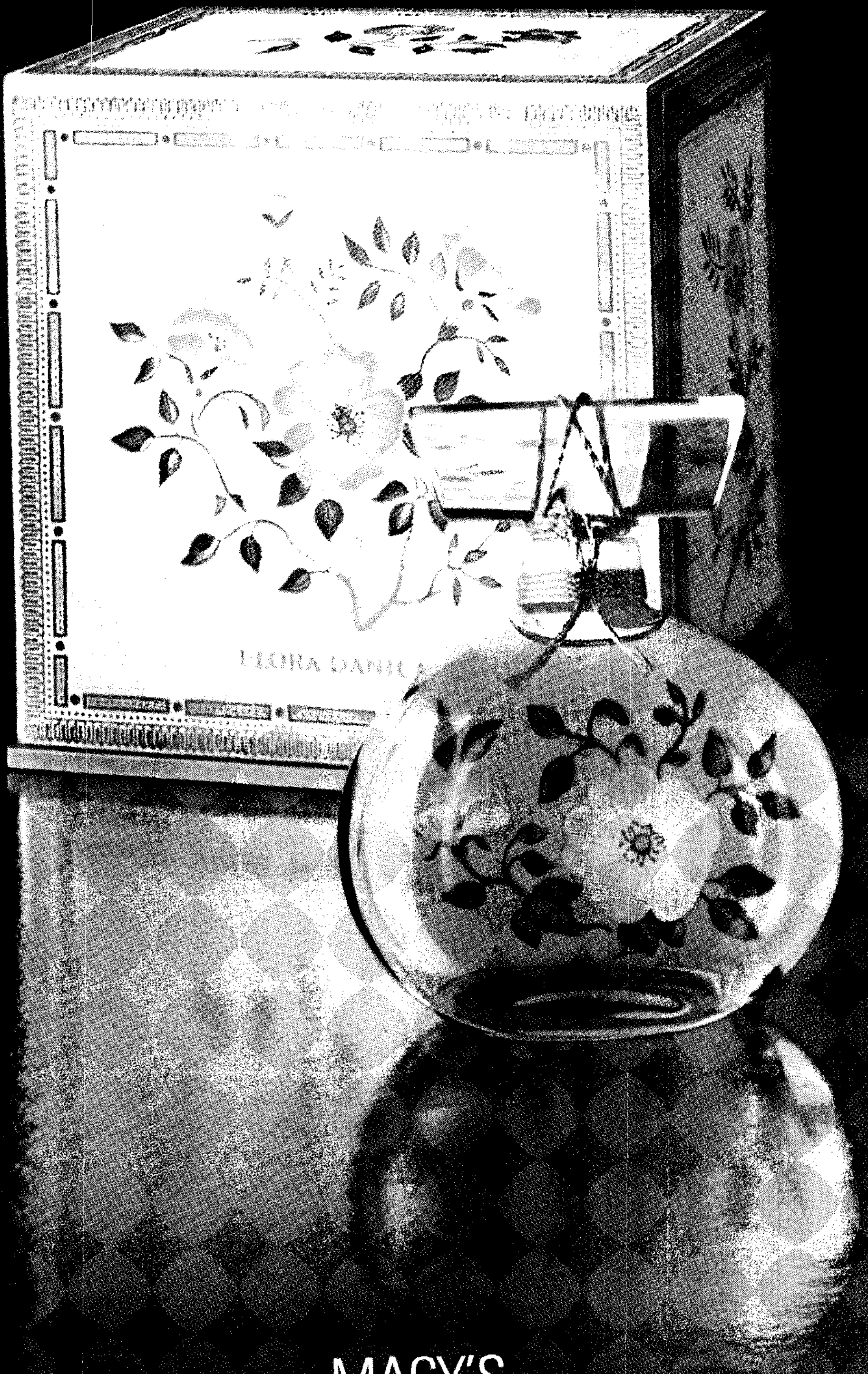

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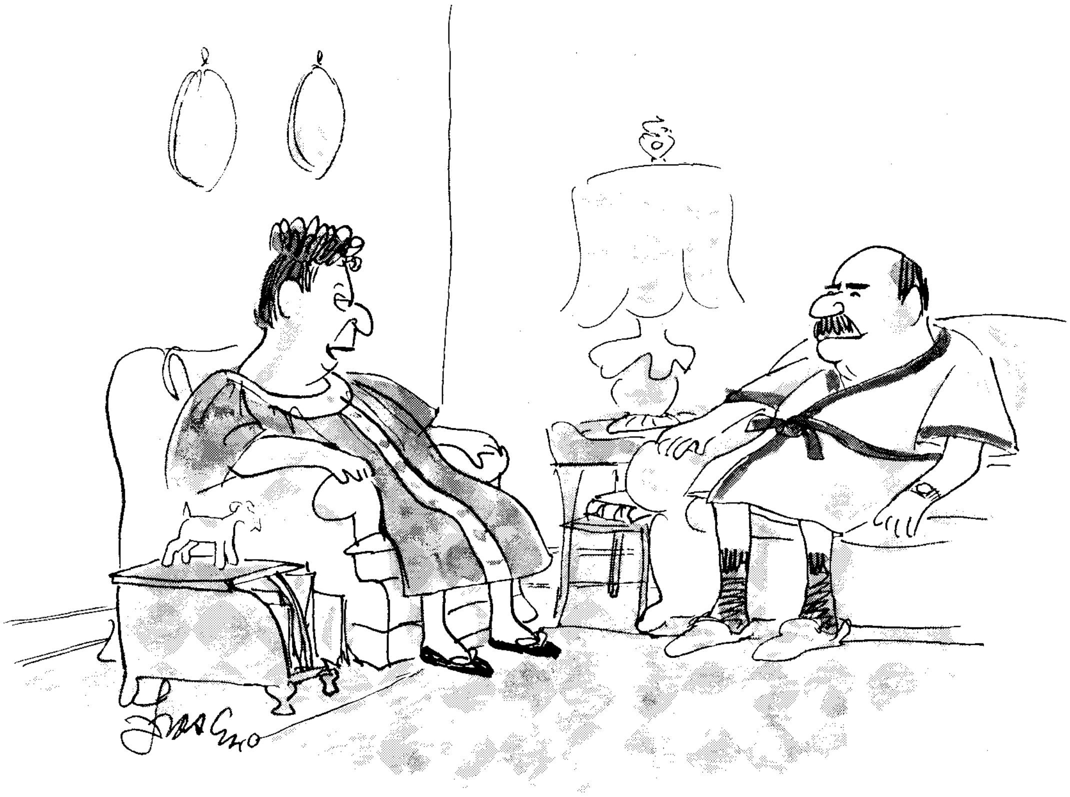
MUSICAL EVENTS

Waves

TO celebrate its centenary, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has commissioned twelve new works. Leonard Bernstein's "Divertimento" inaugurated this anniversary season; the other premières will be programmed during the next few seasons. Among the American composers who will write for the orchestra are John Corigliano, John Harbison, Peter Lieberson, Roger Sessions, and Olly Wilson; among the Europeans are Sandor Balassa and Andrzej Panufnik. Not all the works are for the full orchestra; Leon Kirchner will write a piece for the Boston Symphony Chamber Players, and Donald Martino will write one for the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. The largest of the new works will be an oratorio for soloists, chorus, and orchestra by Sir Michael Tippett. The major commission for this season is the Second Symphony of Peter Maxwell Davies, which the orchestra played three times in Boston at the end of February and brought to New York for two performances in Carnegie Hall the following week.

Of the members of the fruitful generation of English composers born in the nineteen-thirties, Maxwell Davies has been the most prominent in this country during the last few years. Performances in New York of his "Stone Litany," under Pierre Boulez, of his First Symphony, under Zubin Mehta, and of his smaller works "A Mirror of Whitening Light" and "Ave Maris Stella;" the composer's residency at Aspen in the summer of 1976, and the performance there of his "Martyrdom of St. Magnus" two years later; and tours by his ensemble the Fires of London all have helped to present a full picture of his recent development. The Boston commission is an apt climax to this growing reputation. Davies' music in the last decade has been intimately bound up with the home he has made for himself on the remote island of Hoy, in the Orkneys. He has written and spoken tellingly of the influence that the solitude and the natural surroundings there have had on his music. And this has clearly caught the imagination of many who listen to his music. But a simplistic picture of romantic isolation cannot begin to explain the complexities and the extraordinary density of Davies' scores. The orchestral works, in particular, need to be heard against the background of his earlier, equally challenging but less picturesquely inspired scores: the Second Fantasia on John Taverner's "In Nomine," of 1964, and "Worldes Blis," of 1969. These were the works in which the symphonic language that blossomed in the First Symphony was painstakingly developed; they are occasionally performed in London but have not been performed in this country. The opera "Taverner," the culmination of Davies' pre-Orkney period, is a source and reference point for many of his ideas of the sixties, as the First Symphony was for the first six Orkney years. It, too, should be heard here.



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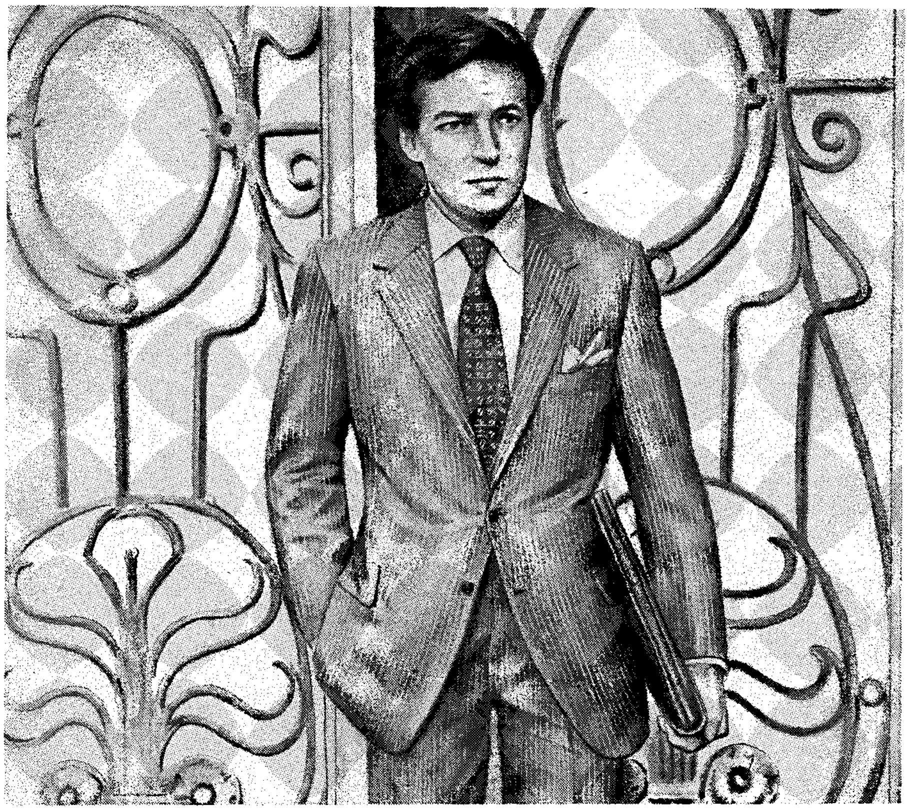
The Second Symphony, Davies wrote in a program note, was inspired by the seas that mingle at the foot of the cliff beneath his window:

> The new symphony is not only a direct response to the sounds of the ocean's extreme proximity, subtly permeating all of one's existence—from the gentlest of Aeolian harp vibrations as the waves strike the cliffs on the other side of the bay in calm weather, to explosive shudders through the very fabric of the house, as huge boulders grind over each other directly below the garden, during the most violent westerly gales—but also a more considered response to the architecture of its forms.

We were thus invited to experience the symphony as a programmatic work that drew from nature inspiration for both its sound and its structure. In the sound, there is much that directly suggests the natural world of Orkney; in the structure, Davies has used the different forms of waves he has observed to suggest types of wave motion—both in melodic contours and in rhythmic shapes. But I think that if audiences are encouraged to listen to this symphony as a kind of Orkney "La Mer," they may well be disappointed. It is a long, intricate piece. Davies has reinterpreted the key conflicts of traditional symphonic structure to provide a framework that compellingly sustains fifty-five minutes of musical argument. He explains that he has chosen B minor as the main key of the work. As a "dominant"



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key, Davies uses F (or, pedantically, E-sharp) rather than the expected F-sharp. The interval between traditional tonic and dominant is a consonance, a fifth; Davies' substitution of a dissonance, a tritone, provides a wealth of conflict. Throughout the work, the relationship between the notes B and F is explored. The main pointers are a timpani B-flat at the start of the first movement's introduction, as the music is wound up to B minor; a flourish of B's on the marimba at the beginning of the first movement proper; and, near the end of the last movement, loud D's on the timpani, which produce a thrilling feeling of brightness in the sound. The tonality comes full circle in the last bar of the work, when the alto flute sinks back to B-flat. Thematic material is drawn from the tonal structure—there is a prominent use of the minor thirds B/D, D/F, F/A-flat, A-flat/B, which fill in the tritone intervals—and that material is articulated by means of the "wave motion" that Davies drew from his observation of the sea. After an introduction, the first movement starts off as a dialogue between solid, whooping horn chords and angular, bouncing string lines; these are developed and diversified with chattering rhythms and rushing scales in the winds. A syncopated, jagged phrase thrown across the winds and brass like chiming bells is especially effective; so, too, is a marimba solo, with timpani and harp commentary, resounding between slowly moving wind and string chords. The climax of this movement —as of all four movements—is skillfully managed: an upward flurry of horn and trumpet sound which leads to a cascading, high noise of winds and percussion. The second movement is the most picturesque of the four, and seems designed to display the orchestra's skill: there are solo parts for cellos, bassoon, horn, oboe, and trumpet which stand out like rocks in the moving sea. A passage for strings alone makes one realize how little weight the string section bears; its colors are always subordinate to those of winds, brass, and percussion. Rippling arpeggios for the harp, and clinking glockenspiel and crotals push this movement to its climax; it ends with a high, bright chord that resounds into silence. In the busy third movement—a sort of scherzo and trio—different blocks of material are juxtaposed, and then the wave shapes overlap. The music builds to a marvellous wash

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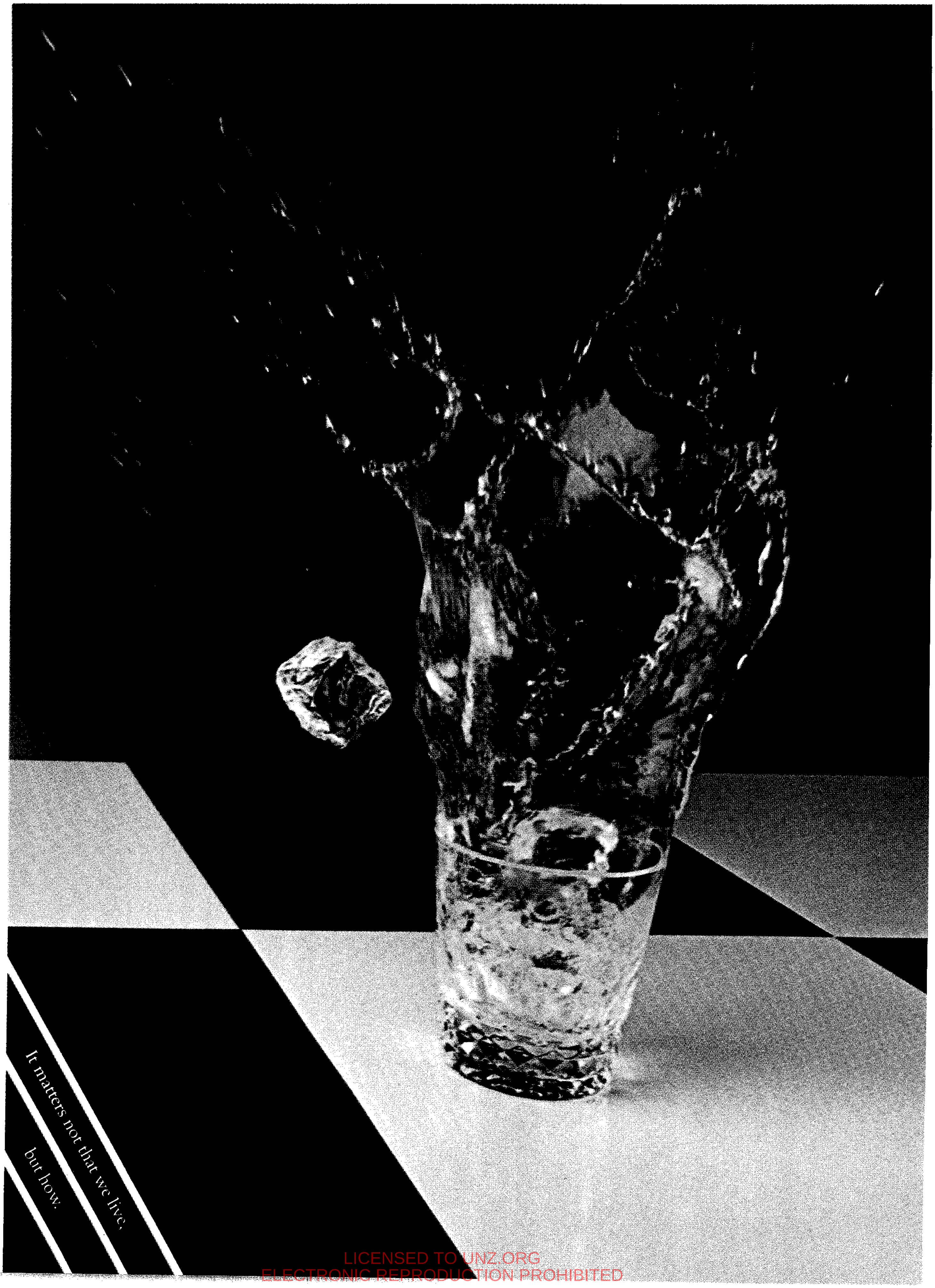
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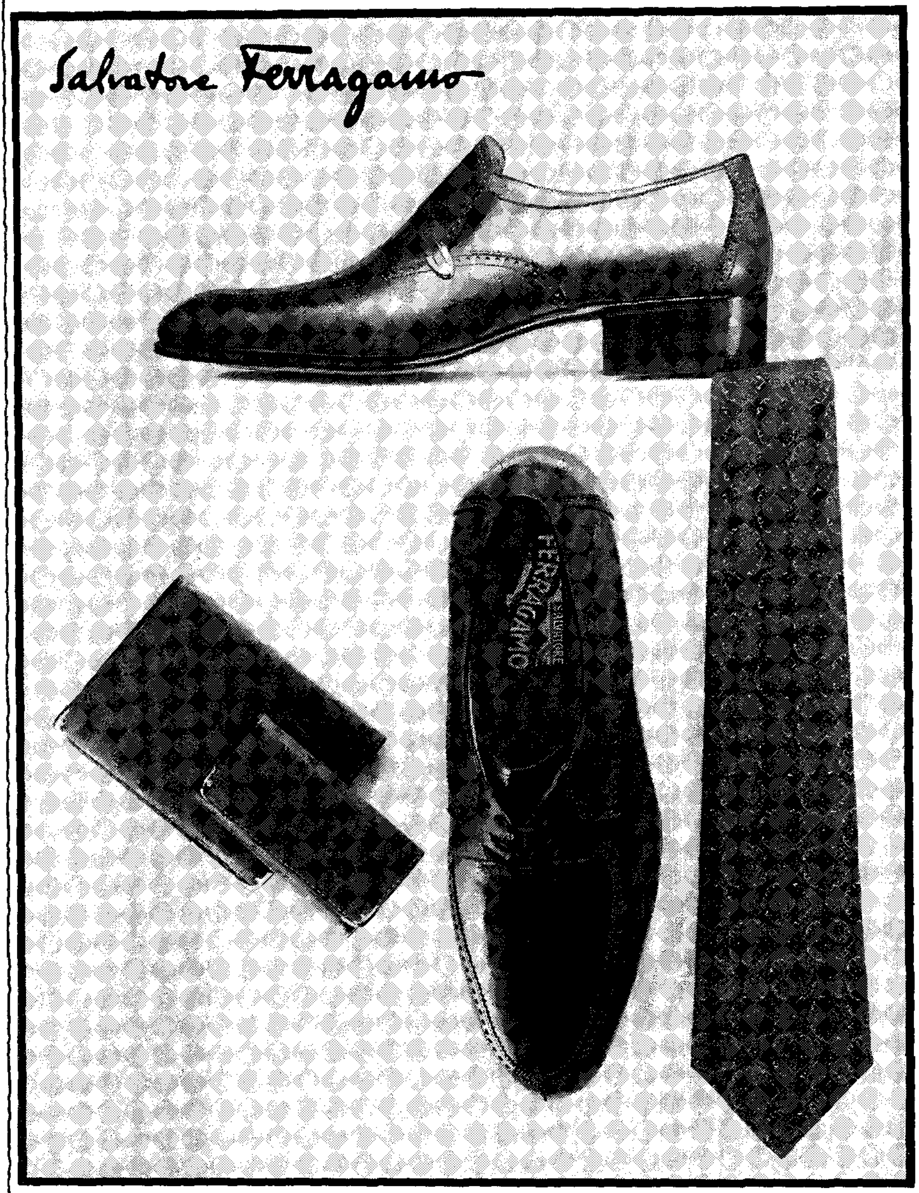
of brittle, hard-edged orchestral color, dominated by a trumpet solo, and then subsides in eerie solo-string writing. The fourth movement sounds like a great accelerando; it gains energy and speed, with darting, high melodies for the violins, and culminates in a fierce outburst of sound for full orchestra—at first triumphant (as the timpani rises to D), then more subdued but agitated. On heavy timpani strokes, the vision fades.

At a first hearing, I found the symphony strong, fascinating, but not overwhelming. I felt that Davies might have concentrated too directly on a scheme of composition—that the white-hot inspiration of earlier orchestral works was here absent. That judgment was possibly only a reflection of the performance. In Boston's Symphony Hall, Seiji Ozawa brought a remarkable control and balance to the score; he had mastered it thoroughly, and produced confidence in his players that enabled them to deliver the music with admirable precision and conviction. But his careful conducting may have restricted the expression of a deeper passion that one senses in the score. In Carnegie Hall, with its more resonant acoustics, fewer of the symphony's intricate details penetrated. Ozawa conducted more strongly, emphasizing important points in each movement and drawing fine climaxes. The performance was perhaps less precise than the première, but it was more powerful in its effect. Still, I felt too little sense of struggle, of the violent interaction between intelligent man and the forces of nature which marks Davies' Orkney masterpieces.

IN the eighteenth century, Georg Philipp Telemann was a more famous composer than Johann Sebastian Bach. Sir John Hawkins' "General History of the Science and Practice of Music" declares Telemann to have been "the greatest church musician in Germany;" Bach is merely "celebrated for his skill in the composition of canon, as also for his playing on the organ." The nineteenth century reversed the verdict. In an article for Grove's Dictionary that was retained into the fifth edition, of 1954, and thus was current until the publication, last year, of the New Grove, Telemann is dismissed in a couple of columns: "With all his undoubted ability he originated nothing. [His advantages] were neutralized by his lack of any earnest ideal and by a fatal facility



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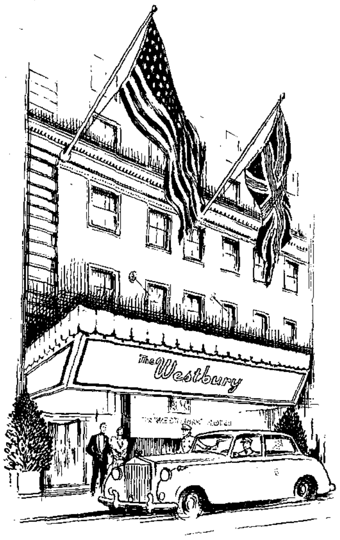

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naturally inclined to superficiality." Since the beginning of this century, however, Telemann's work has been reëxamined and reassessed. As early as 1907, Max Schneider argued that to compare Telemann with J. S. Bach was fruitless, for Telemann reached further into the future: he lived for seventeen years after Bach, and anticipated some features of the classical style. And in the New Grove Martin Ruhnke has provided a comprehensive study (including a detailed list of works) which suggests that a new assessment of Telemann's importance can be made.

Telemann was born three hundred years ago this month. To celebrate the occasion, the Ensemble for Early Music offered a Telemann program, in Alice Tully Hall, given by its Baroque ensemble, Grande Bande. The concert did not show the most adventurous side of Telemann's music, but there were glimpses of his originality. In the opening sinfonia to the cantata "Der Morgen," from "Die Tageszeiten," the sudden shifts of speed and harmony, punctuated by single notes that took the music into new keys, were very striking. The final chorus of this cantata (a single-line piece, which was sung by the soloist alone) and several numbers in the cantata "Der Weiberorden" suggested the open, harmonious, *galant* style that marks the middle years of the eighteenth century in Germany and looks forward to the early years of Mozart. It was good to encounter so much of Telemann's solo vocal music in the course of a single evening, but the program gave a lopsided idea of his personality. Besides "Der Weiberorden," a "secular" wedding cantata that gleefully rejoices in the pleasures of married life, it included a lament on the death of a canary. Both these works are amusing only if one knows the immensely serious models on which they are based. (The text of the canary lament, which wishes the bird good night and bids its body be gently laid to rest, is a direct parody of Passion texts.) Telemann must have enjoyed this relaxation from his industrious composition of the real things (he wrote more than a thousand cantatas and forty-six Passions, according to Mr. Ruhnke's listing), but neither piece fairly represents his achievement. The performances were enjoyable. Sally Sanford sang the wedding cantata brightly but a little pertly, and could not lower herself to the earthy humor of the concluding stanzas. Peter Becker, a clear counterten-

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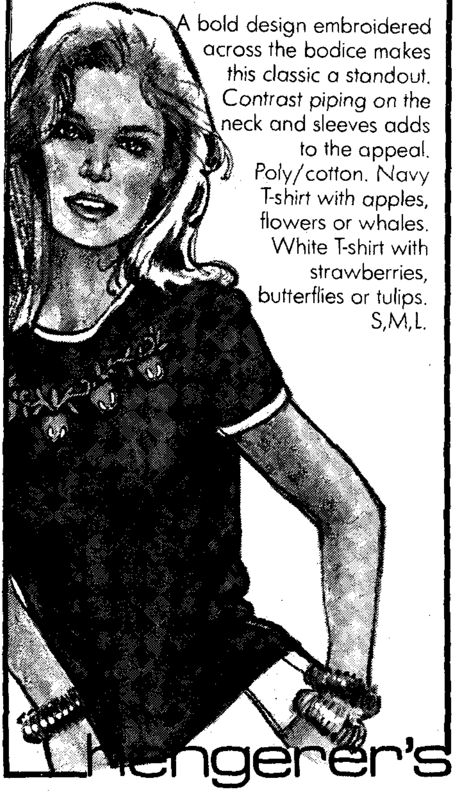

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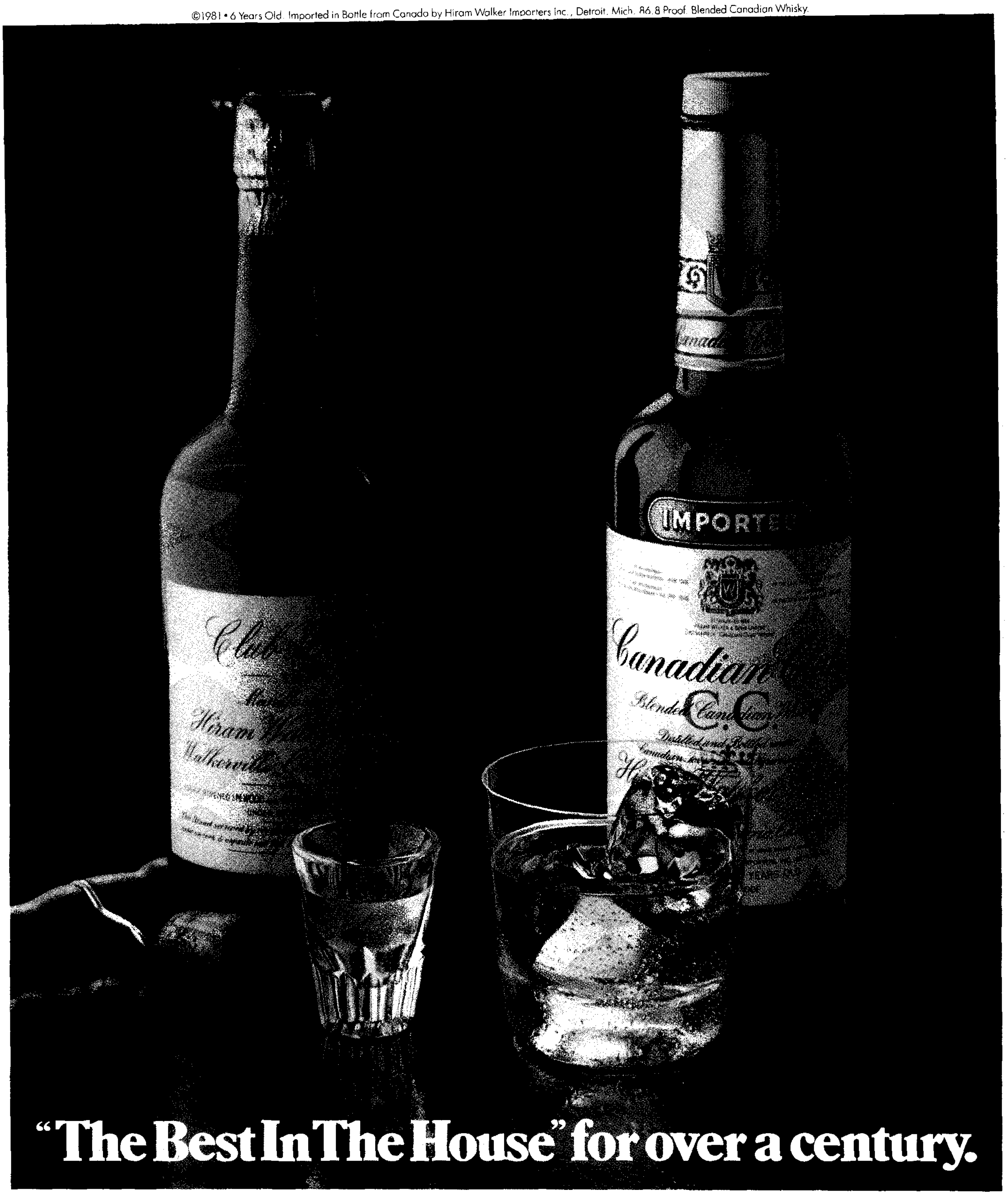

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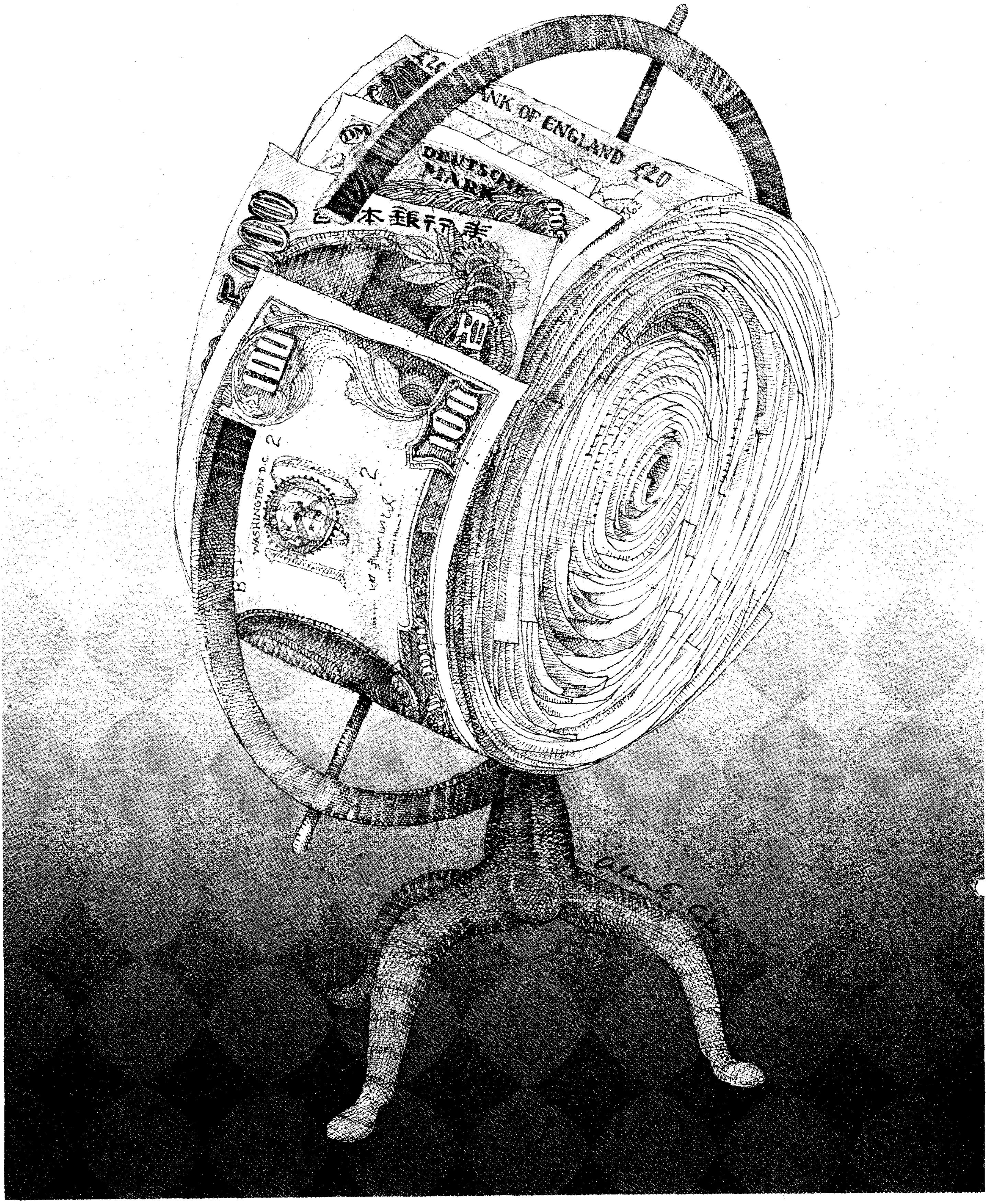
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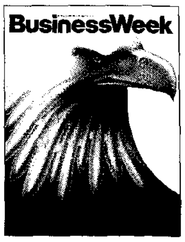

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or, was rather more successful in the canary lament: as it disintegrated into violent denunciation in the short final number, he took on a shrill, biting tone that matched the music well. The familiar orchestral suite "Burlesque de Don Quixotte," which ended the program, sprang freshly to life in a performance on Baroque instruments. The group's ensemble and intonation had been suspect when accompanying the voices, but now, with violinists standing and all the instruments gathered in a tight semicircle around the harpsichord of the director, Frederick Renz, the sound was light and agile.

J. S. Bach fared less well in the same week. The French pianist Daniel Varsano made a début recital, at the 92nd Street Y, devoted to a complete performance of the Goldberg Variations. Mr. Varsano is a formidably equipped pianist, with a precise range of coloring and control, but here he applied his control and his colors in strange ways. The joyous, virtuosic variations emerged slowly and stiffly as he labored to make explicit his evident intellectual understanding of their subtleties. The sublime series of canons that Bach included in the work, rising from a canon at the unison to a canon at the ninth, make their effect partly because of the surprise with which we recognize how the canonic voices are interwoven. Mr. Varsano was determined to "explain" all this to us: first one canonic voice and then (when the section was repeated) the other was "soloed." The harmony depends on both voices sounding equally. When a note was used in both canonic parts, Mr. Varsano could not be consistent; expressive rising melodies for the two parts were divided to show us the canonic movement. It was not a clinical performance, for Mr. Varsano clearly feels the music deeply, nor was it a bad performance, for his piano playing is very fine; but it was a misguided one.

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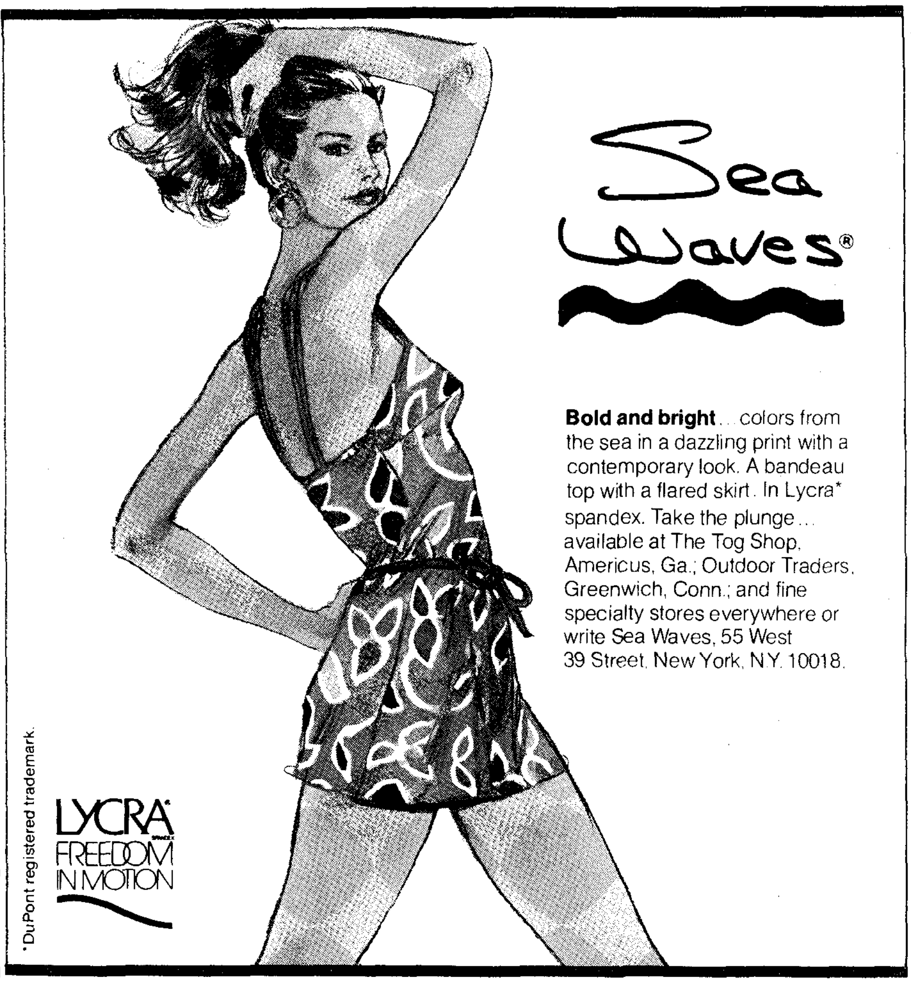
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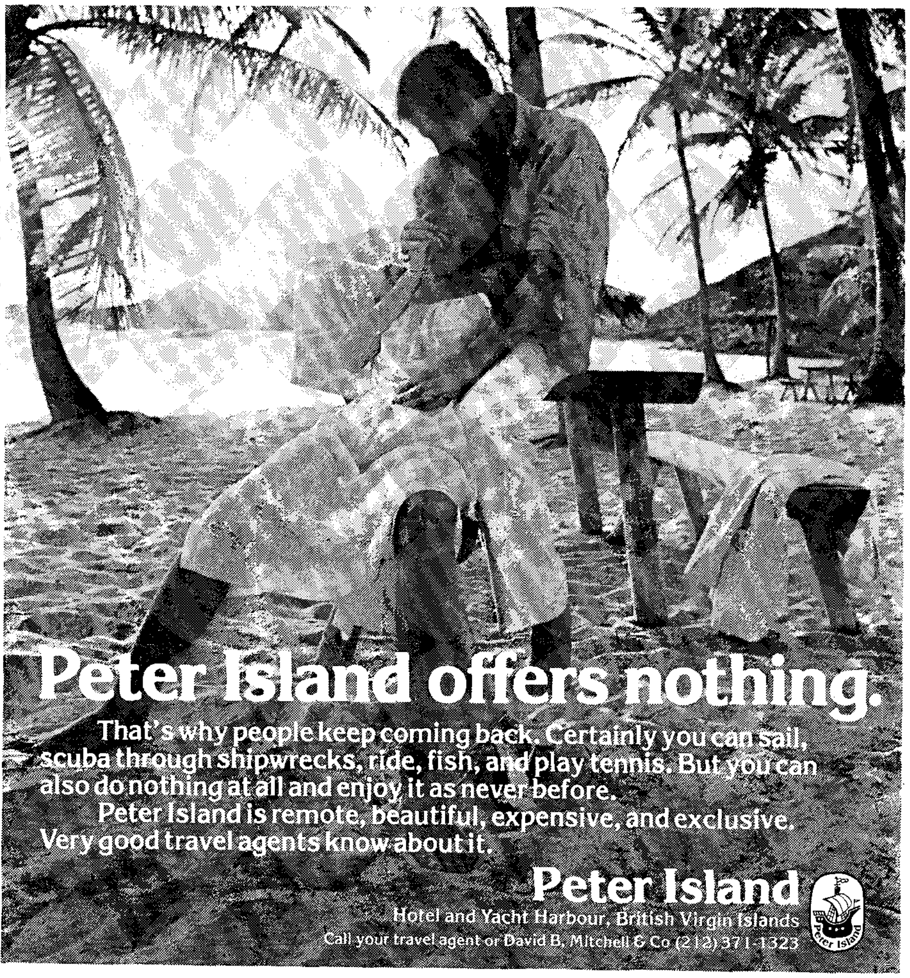
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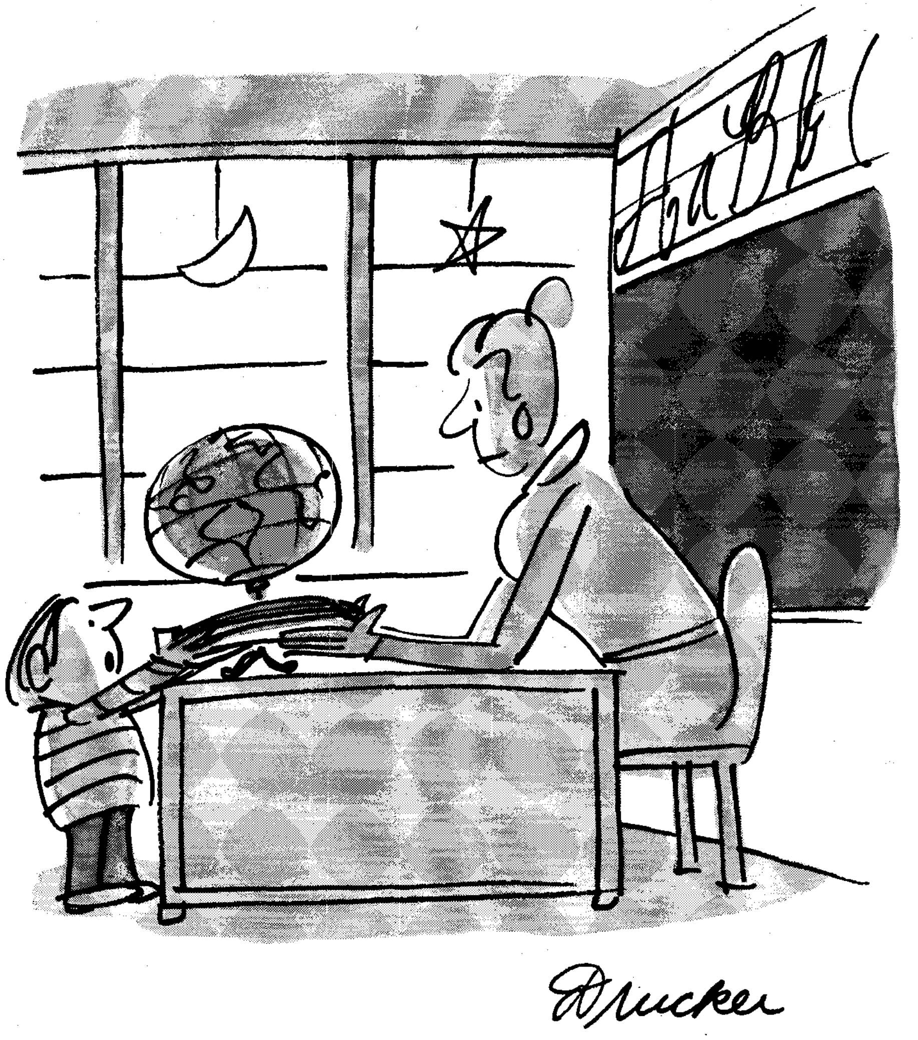
EARLY DAYS

RONALD REAGAN'S campaign to prevail in Washington was just as carefully planned as his campaign to get there had been, and contained many of the same ingredients, and, for many of the same reasons, was, in its first few weeks, successful. A man of intuitive political skills, surrounded by superb stage managers, succeeded, just as he had in the campaign, in dominating the argument, keeping the opposition off base, and riding public opinion while at the same time shaping it. Such things impress Washington. Lapses—misstatements, inherently contradictory policies or statements—are noted but largely overlooked, at least for the time being. When a new President takes office, there is much loose talk about "a honeymoon," but the term does not really describe what occurs. What actually happens is that a line of credit is extended to the new President; the opposition, having heard the voice of the electorate and interpreted it in a certain way, lies low and waits; those within the President's party who have misgivings remain silent; and permanent floating Washington, with its seemingly infinite ability to adjust, adjusts.

The plan that was drawn up for the early days of the Reagan Administration has been followed to a remarkable extent. It was formulated largely by Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster; Richard Beal, Wirthlin's associate, who now works on planning in the White House; and David Gergen, who was Director of Communications in the Ford Administration and plays an important role in communications policy in the Reagan White House. Other close Reagan associates who were to hold important posts in the new Administration were also involved. The work of this group was first referred to as "the hundred-days project," and then as "the ninety-days project" (speed was considered crucial), and then was called the "initial-actions project." The planning group, which still functions, set forth three frames of reference: the first ninety days, the first year, and the first term. One participant told me, "Our theory was that what happened in the first few weeks would set the tone for the entire first term."

The planners believed it was urgent that the right tone be set in the early days—that a President doesn't have much time, that there is an "open window" for only a brief period. A team of researchers studied the first hundred days of five newly elected Presidents, going back to Roosevelt, and concluded three things. One of the planners described them to me this way: "The personality of a President as seen by the general public and the opinion-makers is strongly etched in the first hundred days, and the personality he presents is something that carries through the Presidency—he can establish a reservoir of good will that helps him if he has trouble. The central thrust of the Administration can be established at the beginning. And the early days are also a period of great vulnerability." Kennedy's Bay of Pigs and Carter's missteps in presenting his energy program were offered as examples of the last point. "We've been working very hard to minimize mistakes," this man told me. "We've been driven on that." As for the first point, Reagan's planners concluded that the President's personality—viewed as warm and genial—would be no problem. "We'll just let him be himself," one of them told me. As for the second point, strenuous efforts have been made to keep the focus on the President's economic program, which he presented to Congress four weeks after his Inauguration. The Carter people kept deciding that the focus should be on one thing or another, and then shot off in another direction. The only legislation sent to Capitol Hill before Reagan's economic message was an essential piece of business to raise the debt limit. Carter was deemed to have sent too much to Congress in his early days. A Reagan adviser said to me, "One of Carter's problems was that his people tried to do too much too early. The front was



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so broad they weren't able to impact that front. Our front is narrow." White House aides asked Secretary of State Alexander Haig to hurry up the matter of letting it be known that the Administration was going to honor the agreements with Iran which led to the release of the hostages, in order to get it out of the way. And the manner in which the decision was announced was low-key and carefully timed: Senator Charles Percy, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, made it known on the day before the President's economic program was announced. Hardly anyone noticed. The President's aides were not pleased when they read in the Washington *Post*, on the Saturday before the economic message was to be delivered, that Haig was going to make a major statement on El Salvador in the coming week, and discouraged him from doing so. "We weren't enthusiastic about that," a White House aide said. In fact, some aides weren't enthusiastic in general about Haig's efforts to stir up excitement over El Salvador in the early weeks. But there is no evidence that the President was displeased.

The Reagan White House pays close attention to its "communications." The subject comes up every day at regularly scheduled staff meetings. Ad-hoc meetings on the subject occur all the time. Many meetings were held on how to "sell" the President's economic package, and included considerations of what was to be in it and the timing for dribbling out information about it. A special group meets once or twice a week to consider what the President will be doing—or, more important, seen to be doing—a few weeks hence. And constantly on the agenda of the President's senior staff is the matter of the picture that is being presented of the President. Reagan's aides considered whether the President should go to Camp David the weekend before he gave his economic speech to Congress, in light of the fact that he would be going to California for a long weekend the day afterward. It was decided that the President would be allowed to take both trips. How many heads of foreign governments and which ones—Prime Minister Edward Seaga of Jamaica, newly elected to replace a left-wing government; President Chun Doo Hwan of South Korea; Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher of Great Britain—would visit the President during the early weeks was carefully decided before the Inauguration. Rea-

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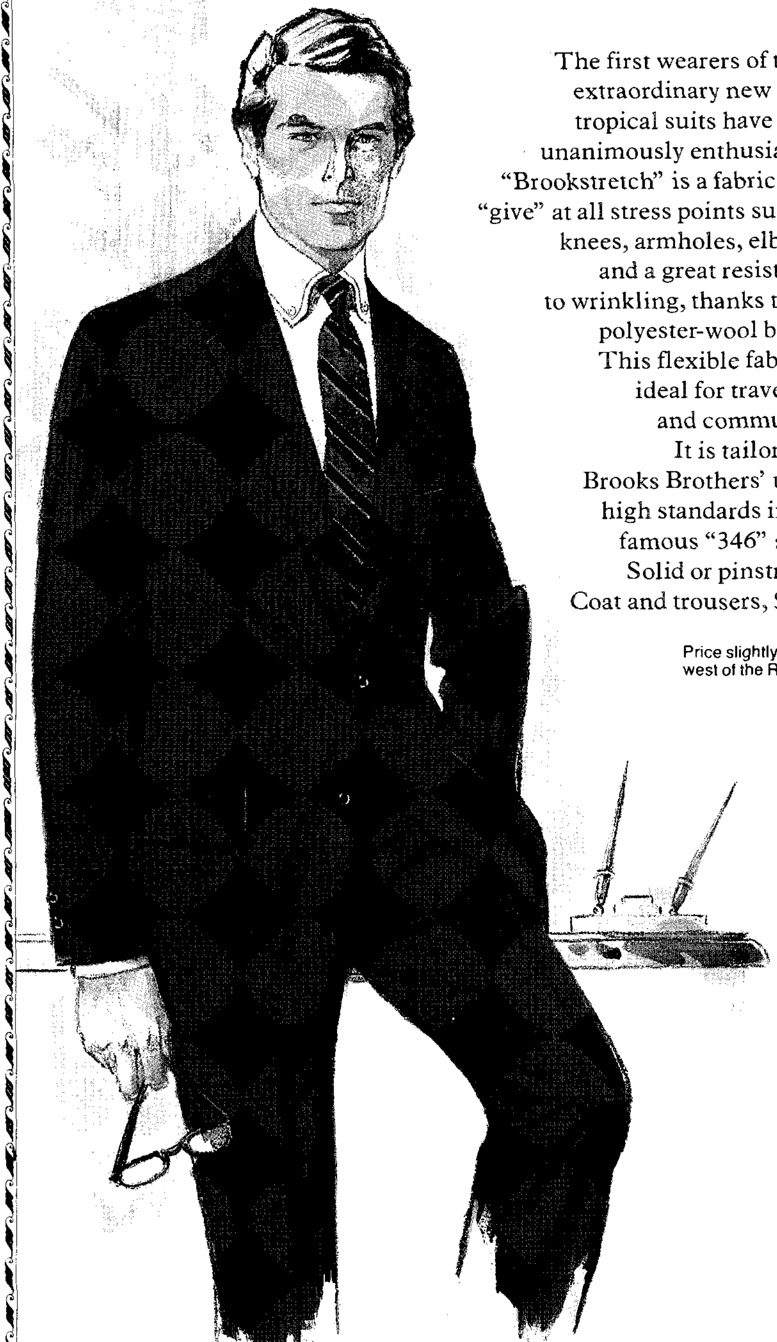

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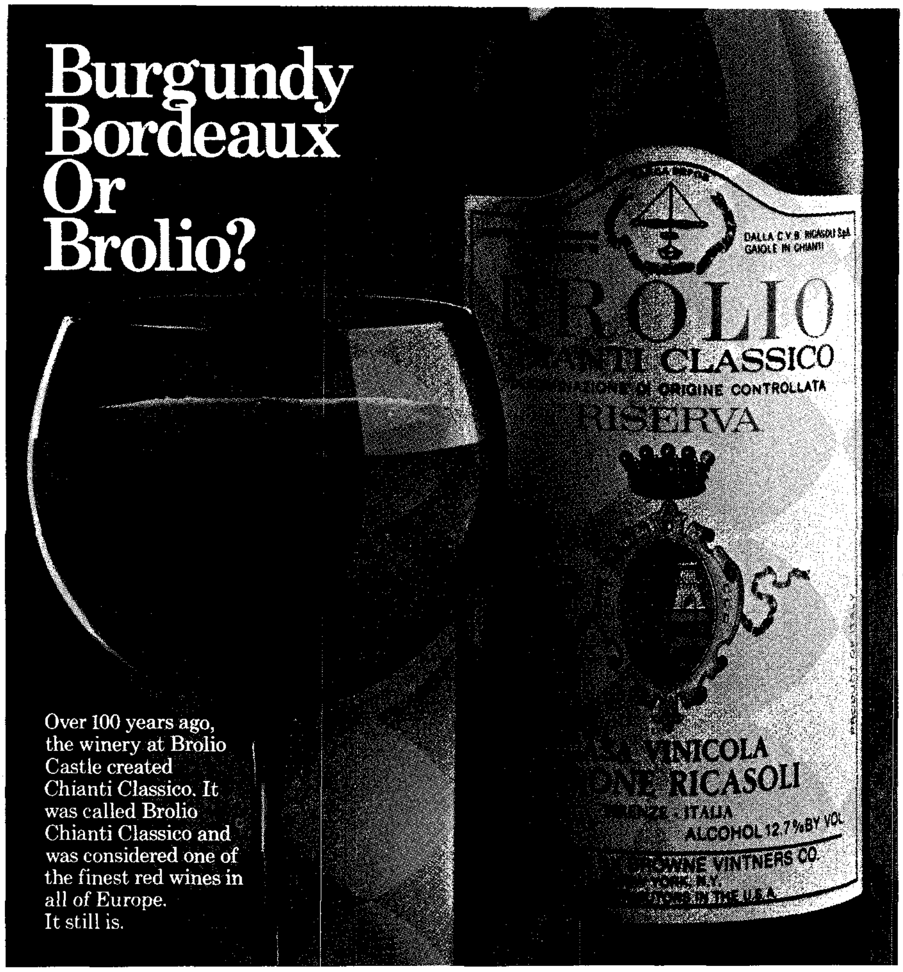

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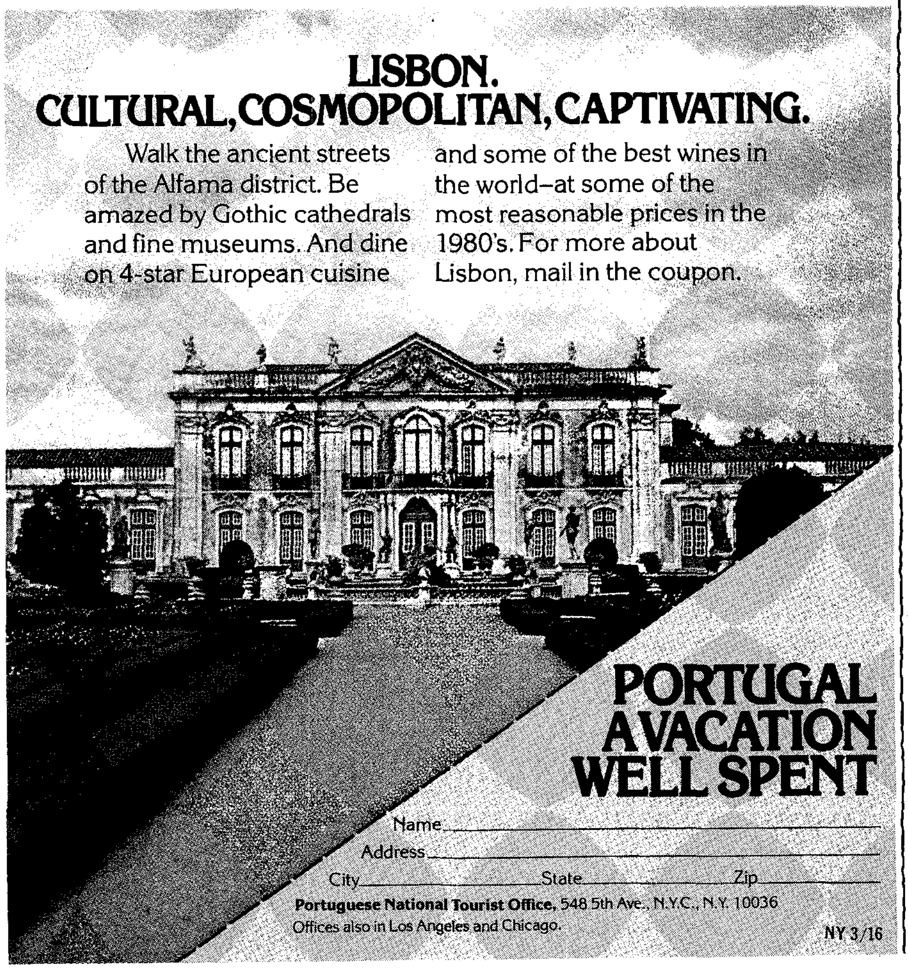

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gan's aides later discovered, as all Presidents' aides do, how much of a President's time, in terms of preparation as well as of the meetings themselves, such visits take. Foreign trips, except to Canada and Mexico, were ruled out. The researchers noted that only Nixon, who made a trip to Europe in February of 1969, went abroad during the first hundred days.

And conscientious efforts have been made to present a picture of a busy, engaged President. The President's advisers were aware that during the transition period Reagan, back in California, seemed remote—disengaged from the decision-making about the shape and direction of his Administration. The press began to take note, and staff members began insisting that he was very much involved in what was going on, and they knew they had a problem. The fact that Reagan's passivity had been in evidence before—during his governorship, during his campaign—made the matter more sensitive than it might have been. By all accounts, Reagan has indeed been a busy, engaged President in the first weeks. The mixture of reality and public relations is impossible to sort out, but public relations is, of course, an important part of the Presidency. Reagan's aides have been telling reporters of decisions that the President himself has made, as if they felt it necessary to explain that he has made some. Carter, of course, made too many. Reagan's aides believe that his lack of compulsiveness appeals to the public—especially after Carter. On occasion, Reagan has complained to his staff about being overscheduled. He has also complained about the amount of paperwork he has been given. One complaint about the schedule was made after he was put through a frantic pace on the day that NBC was filming "A Day with President Reagan." Two days later, *Time* was permitted to do a similar story. A White House aide told me, "We thought it was important to do those, because of the perception out there that this is a marionette President. It's simply not true."

Carter did not sufficiently consult Congress; Reagan held a number of meetings with members of Congress—even went to Capitol Hill. Members of Congress of both parties have told me that they find the President pleasant but elusive. One Republican who is friendly toward the Administration said, "He smiles and listens. He's more mysterious than most people in public life." Still, they appreciate the attention. The Carters did not cultivate social Washington; the Reagans cultivated social Washington.

Reagan's staff stresses that he is really enjoying the job—as well he might be. He has been going through what is the most enjoyable, palmy period of a Presidency—the least trying, subject to the least crossfire—and he has had the opportunity to attempt to do what for years he'd said he wanted to do. "I like actually now being able to deal with the things that for so long a time all we've done is talk about," Reagan told David Brinkley in an interview for the NBC show. And Reagan told his first press conference, "This Administration did not come here to be a caretaker government." One of the President's aides said to me, "Basically, he wants to do what he said he'd do." Gradually, the realization came over Washington that this was indeed the case.

Part of the plan was that Reagan would quickly establish that things were different now, and this led to the rain of actions in the Administration's first few days: the freeze on federal hiring; the reduction in the hiring of government consultants; the reduction on government travel; the firing of the inspectors general in the Cabinet departments and some other agencies. "It was our desire in the first week to break with the past," one of Reagan's aides said. "We were still worn out from the Inaugural," another told me a few days after the festivities had ended. "I felt myself nodding off in some of the meetings. But there's so much pressure to appear to be in charge right away."

Even though the Administration's idea of "Cabinet government" has gone through several metamorphoses, the display of collectivity at the outset—the frequent Cabinet meetings—had an internal as well as an external purpose. There seems to be little question that the Reagan people intend this Administration to be run essentially from the White House. During the transition, there was talk of a "Supercabinet" (composed of the Secretaries of State, Defense, and Treasury, the Attorney General, and perhaps one other Cabinet-level official) that would run the government—an idea favored by Caspar Weinberger, who served Reagan in Sacramento and is now Secretary of Defense, and by Edwin Meese, who was Reagan's chief of staff in Sacramento and is now his White House counsellor. For a number of reasons, others within the new Ad-

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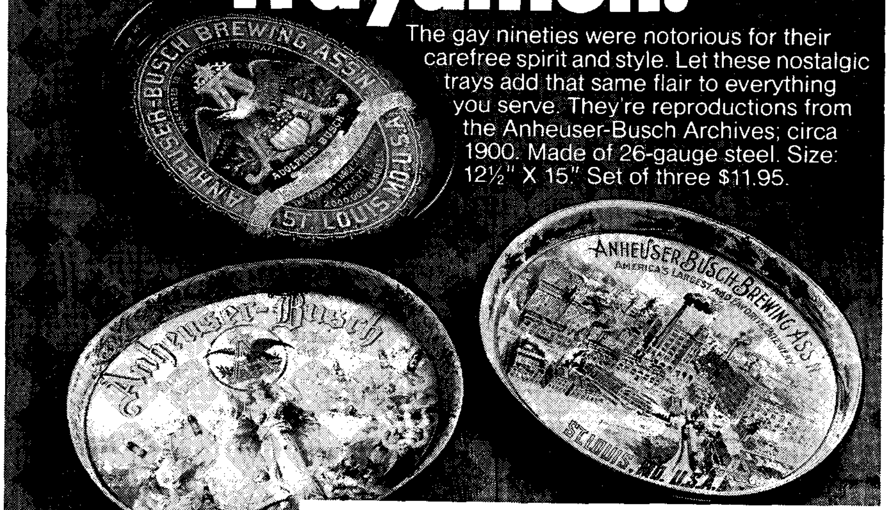
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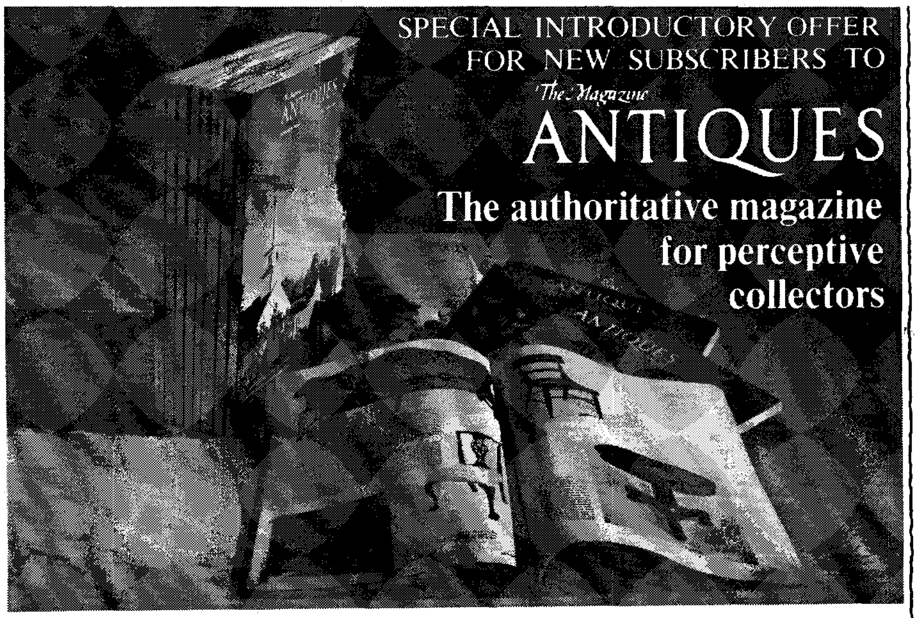

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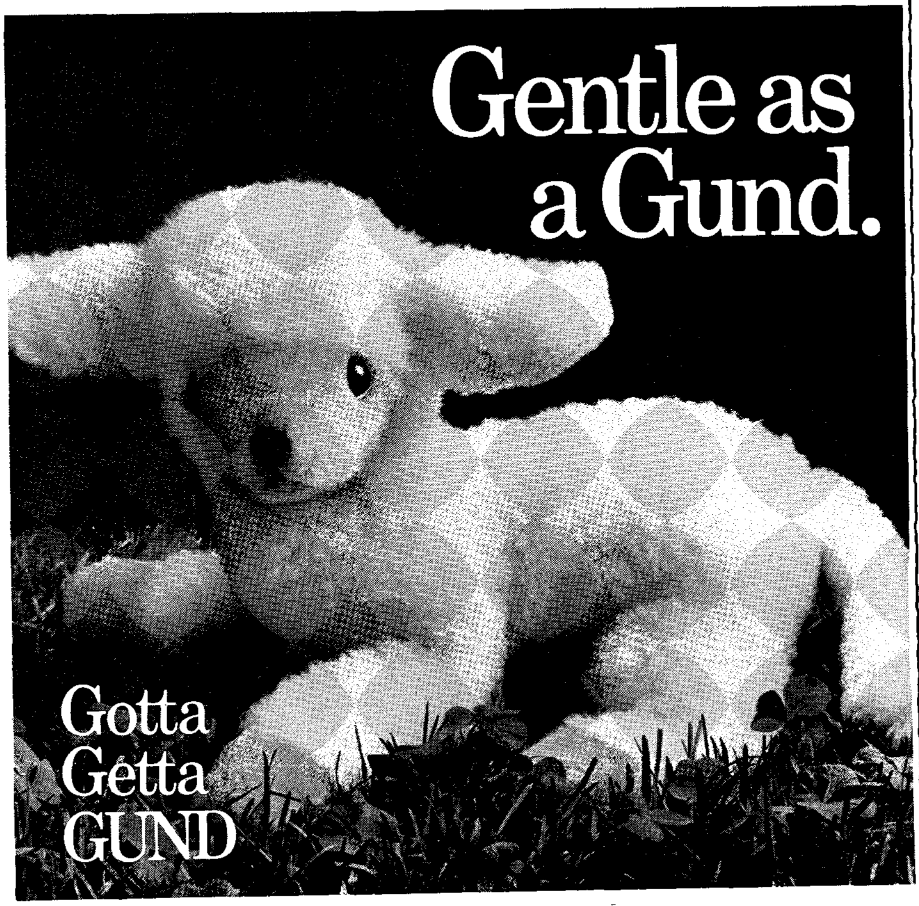

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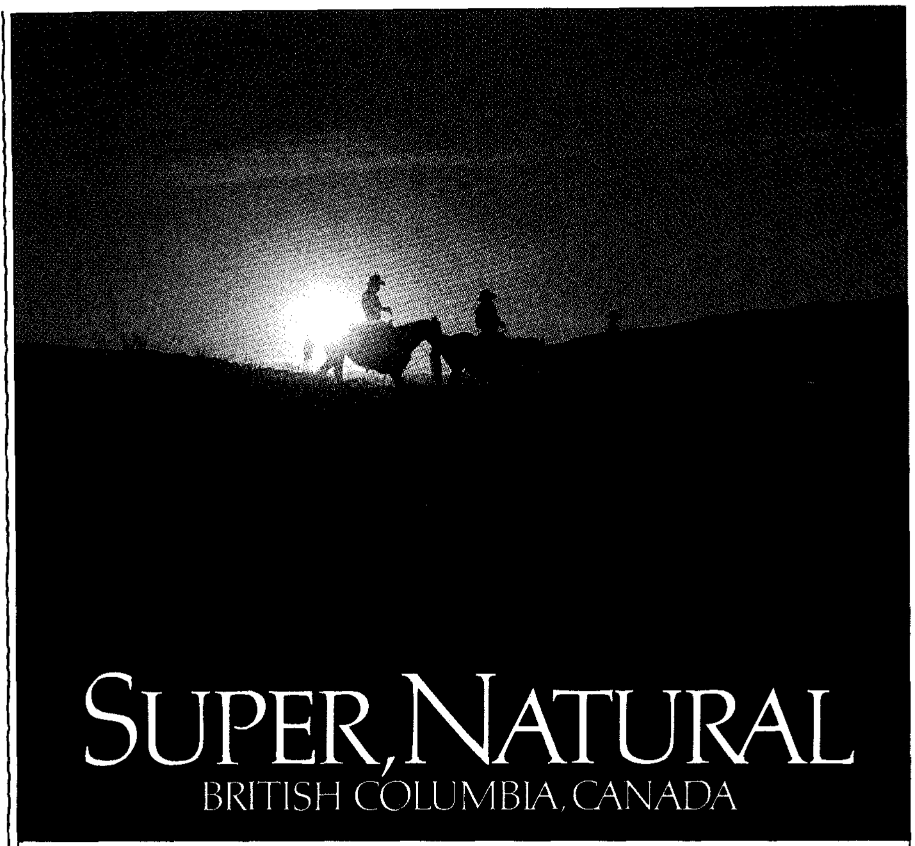
ministration did not think this was a good idea, and eventually it was beaten down. Weinberger also advanced the thought that principal Cabinet Secretaries should have offices in the Old Executive Office Building, next to the White House. White House staff members managed to lose this idea along the way. Now they are trying to establish various "issue clusters." The problem they are encountering is the one that every White House staff encounters, and one that defies any tidy solution: that on some occasions an issue in one area, such as agriculture, intersects with foreign policy, or vice versa, but there is no point in the Secretary of State's sitting around discussing the ins and outs of parity. When I talked with Meese in late January, he pronounced himself well pleased with the way things were going, but he added that one of his largest problems was that of sorting out the Cabinet jurisdictions. The purpose of holding so many Cabinet meetings at the beginning was to have the various members get to know one another and feel that they were part of "the team" and all that (only a few of them were well acquainted with Reagan before they were selected, and some had barely met him), but there were other purposes as well: to make sure that the Secretaries were "aboard" on the President's proposals to cut spending, and to make it clear at whose pleasure they served. Shortly after the economic program was announced, one White House aide said to me, somewhat wearily, "We went to extraordinary lengths to make sure the Cabinet and the White House staff were riding on the same train."

In any event, it was essentially no contest between the Cabinet members and David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget. Stockman was a student of the federal budget when he served in the House of Representatives, from 1977 through the end of last January, and was at work on the budget cuts even before some of the Cabinet officers were named. Many of the Cabinet officers were confronted with Stockman's proposals before they had found their way around their departments or gathered their own staffs. One White House aide said to me, "Stockman was the only one who was ready."

Other efforts have been made to guarantee that this Administration will be run from the center, and will reflect the President's views. The White House is taking a strong hand in the selection of those who serve under the Cabinet officers. E. Pendleton James, Assistant to the President for Presidential Personnel, said to me in an interview, "Because of the President's involvement in the process, I think you'll find an Administration whose focus is on the Oval Office rather than on the Cabinet Secretaries." He continued, "In previous Administrations, there were appointees who never met the President. We have a system set up where if there's an Assistant Secretary of Commerce who hasn't seen the President in a long time—eight weeks, say—we'll get that person into a White House meeting with the President. The reason we're doing that is if we're going to have an Administration of change we have to have people who are motivated for change. One way is to keep the attention on Ronald Reagan—bring them here, have their loyalty here. We're going to have highly motivated members of the team." One White House aide remarked, "The way to get ahead in an Administration is to support the Administration you're in."

THE process of recruiting people for the Administration has been moving slowly not just because of the new ethics law, which was put into effect in 1978—which Administration people cite as the reason—but also because of the number of people involved in the decisions that have to be made and the political equations that have to be solved. The right wing set up a howl when the Cabinet was selected, arguing that it was too reflective of the "mainstream" that Reagan had run against. It has since been somewhat mollified by sub-Cabinet and agency appointments. Senator Paul Laxalt, of Nevada, Reagan's close friend and a strong proponent of the Sagebrush Rebellion, had a great deal to say about appointments to the Interior Department and to a number of other places as well. Former employees or associates of Laxalt are dotted about the Administration. Laxalt, worried about stories during the transition suggesting that Reagan was going to modify several positions he had taken in the campaign, phoned his old friend and said, "I don't like this at all, Ron," and urged Reagan to reiterate some of his campaign themes in his Inaugural Address. Senator Jesse Helms, Republican of North Carolina and watchman on the right, raised a fuss about several nominations, and at-



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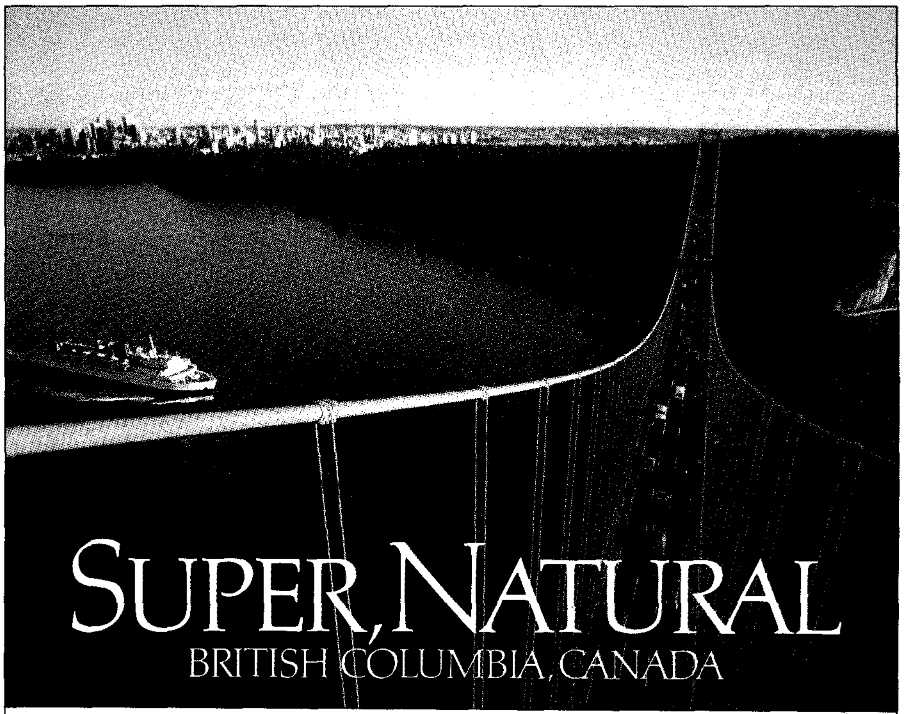

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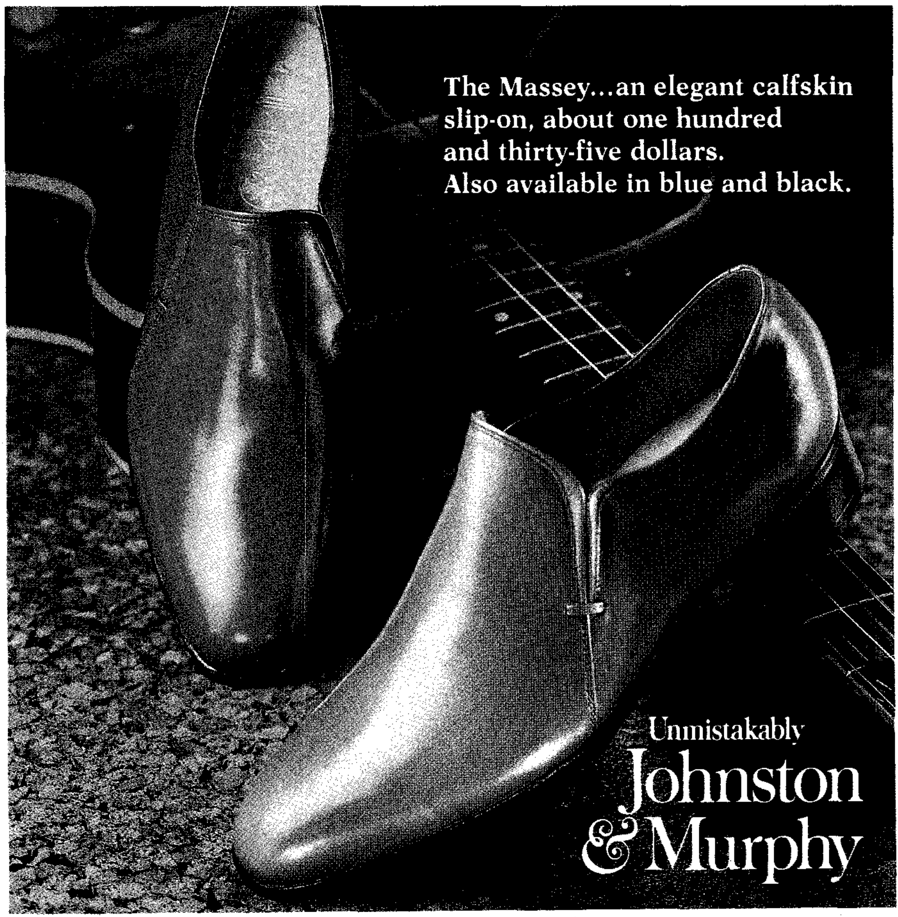
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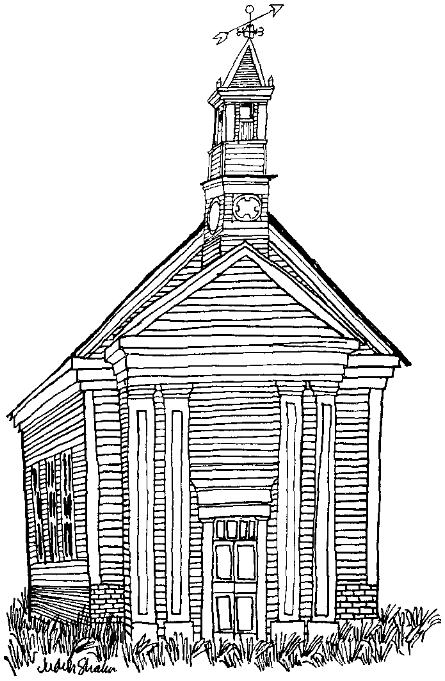
tempts, including some appointments, have been made to pacify him—that, of course, being what he had in mind. When I interviewed Helms in early February, he told me that, at his request, he received a list of proposed nominees each afternoon and was invited to comment on it. He said, "I was concerned early on at the pattern I *thought* I saw developing in the appointments. I began to think it was dangerous to your health to be a Reagan supporter for a long time. I talked to the President about this." Helms has exercised a senator's prerogative of blocking nominations, and has held up some appointments to the State Department. (Haig had moved quickly to fill most of the slots himself.) "The State Department is threatening to be run by career élitists, just like it's always been," Helms told me. "In foreign and defense policy, let's try something new, even if it's wrong."

One step that was taken to pacify Helms and others on the right was to assure them that William Wilson, a member of the Kitchen Cabinet of wealthy Californians who are old friends of Reagan's and were heavily involved in the selection of the Cabinet, would continue to pass judgment on appointments. Members of the Kitchen Cabinet have been meeting in the Old Executive Office Building. Helms and other conservatives have been asked by the White House to hold off pushing some of the social issues that they espouse and that Reagan supported in the campaign (anti-abortion, prayer in schools), on the ground that the issues are highly controversial and could interfere with the effort to get the economic program through Congress. The conservatives are coöperating, but they are biding their time. Besides, the economic program includes a number of things the conservatives want, including increases in military spending. Meanwhile, the Reagan White House has taken steps to reassure those who supported Reagan on social issues. The first outsiders Reagan met with after the Inauguration were anti-abortionists who were staging a march in Washington, and an anti-abortionist has been named to an important health-policy position; and Richard Schweiker, the Secretary of Health and Human Services, has announced that he not only favors a constitutional amendment outlawing almost all abortions but also opposes the provision of contraceptive devices under Medicaid and does not think that the government should promote sex education. The pressure from the right is not a totally inconvenient thing for the Administration (just as indignation from the left is not inconvenient for a Democratic Administration). "It gives us running room," one Reagan aide says.

The concern of the Reagan White House that the original Reagan base be kept intact is rooted partly in pragmatism and partly in loyalty. "The base" can be helpful or it can be disruptive (by pushing its own agenda, by opposing other Republicans in congressional elections). And there is on the part of the Kitchen Cabinet and some others a strong feeling that a debt is owed to those who have supported Reagan for a long time. (Some advisers are more concerned about "the base," and some about reaching out to the rest of the Republican Party, and some about the new coalition with blue-collar workers that Reagan tried to construct in the campaign.) "There's a feeling that such loyalty should be rewarded," one Reagan adviser says. "The people who went out on the firing line early were almost alone." According to this view, the "mainstream" wasn't there then and should not be rewarded now. Lyn Nofziger, who has served Reagan for many years and is quite conservative, was brought to the White House to try to keep the right soothed. Nofziger's very appointment was intended as a signal. He works to see that conservatives get enough Presidential and White House attention, and badgers the personnel people to appoint Reagan supporters. "We have told mem-



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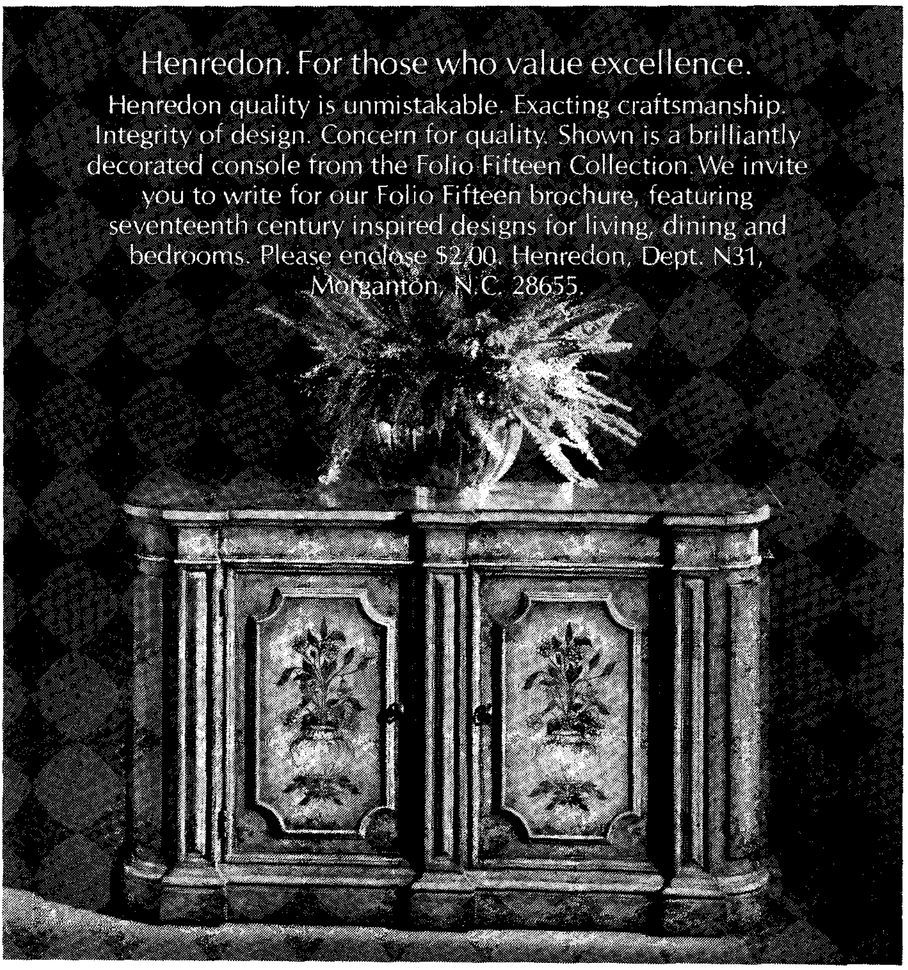

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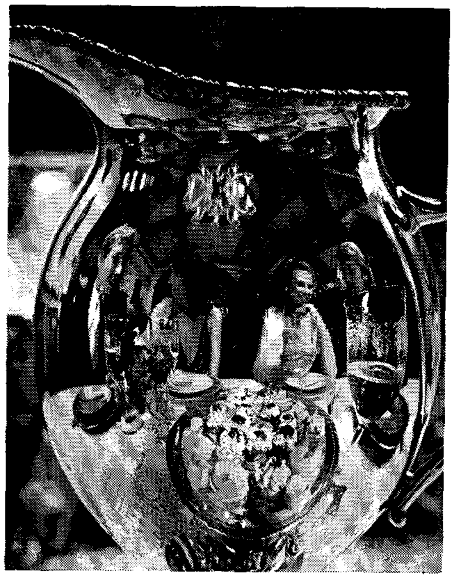

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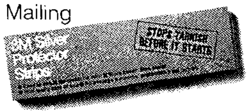

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bers of the Cabinet that we expect them to help us place people who are competent," he says, and he adds, with a grin, "As far as I'm concerned, anyone who supported Reagan is competent."

At the center of it all are the White House staff members—and, of course, the President. In general, the staff people seem to have a view of Reagan's role similar to the one they had when he was a candidate. "We have a President who's really leading the country," a longtime Reagan associate said to me recently. "He may not be leading the Administration, but he's leading the country." I asked this man what he meant. He replied, "He has done a number of things—some of them picayune, like throwing out the thermostat controls—that get the government out of the business of governing. He doesn't summon people in and demand that they do this or that. He hears all the arguments and makes decisions. He's not a forceful leader unless he has to be. Sometimes it seems he's just sitting there—he's not a John Connally or a Dick Nixon, saying, 'By God, it's got to be done this way.' You have other guys saying, 'This is the way the President wants it done.' "

That the President has a clear picture of where he wants the country to go is an advantage for those who speak and act in his behalf, just as it was when he was a candidate. "During the campaign, his ability to express where he wanted to take the country was a real asset to us," one of his advisers says. "We could convey a sense of direction." (Carter provided neither his campaign nor his government with any such asset.) The Reagan adviser continued, "Given his belief in what he was saying and his commitment to deliver on it, we didn't have any choice but to deliver—early, forcefully, single-mindedly." Reagan's aides count on him to give the Administration what he gave the campaign—his sense of direction and his talents as "a communicator." The ability to convey a sense of direction and to "communicate" are what everyone seems to agree a President needs, whether or not they agree on where he wants to go or what he is saying. Reagan is the first President since Kennedy who has been comfortable with television. Reagan's aides talk of him, as they did during the campaign, in a way that conveys that they feel they have a valuable property on their hands ("We will maximize the use of his talents as a communicator") and

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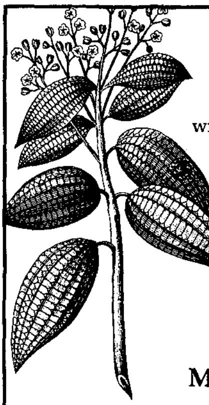

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also conveys a feeling of protectiveness toward him.

WASHINGTON is always eager to know who is up and who is down within the White House, and invests a great deal of time scrutinizing the relationships among those at the top. Reagan's three most important aides—Meese; James Baker, the Chief of Staff; and Michael Deaver, who serves as Deputy Chief of Staff—have made an effort to present a picture of harmony. Meese has long had a secure relationship with Reagan, as has Deaver, and neither of them needs to jockey for power; Baker, who ran Gerald Ford's campaign in 1976 and George Bush's during the 1980 primaries, has his own recognized strengths—his organizational ability and his political judgment. Meese's strength, according to others in the White House, lies in his ability to synthesize and be the broker on issues for Reagan, in his knowing when to close on an issue and when not to make a decision; his strength does not lie in organization, as was apparent to many during the campaign. Deaver, who served Reagan in Sacramento, and whose public-relations firm subsequently managed Reagan's career, and who has long been close to both President and Mrs. Reagan, has a sense of what is good for Reagan—how to allocate his time, how to show him at his best. Baker's role is supposedly to organize the White House and oversee its communications and politics, while Meese handles policy, but there is no distinguishable line between policy and politics. When the economic package was being drawn up, for example, Baker got involved in the substantive implications of what the political traffic would bear—as in the decision not to lower the top tax rate on unearned income from seventy per cent to fifty per cent all at once.

The relationship between Richard Allen, Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, and Alexander Haig is also, naturally, the subject of much speculation. After a pre-Inaugural flurry of television appearances, Allen was effectively silenced as a foreign-policy spokesman, in order to avoid still another characteristic of the Carter Administration. But shortly one heard of times when Allen prevailed over the State Department (for instance, on how to handle the Seaga visit), and that he was allying himself with Helms in Helms's efforts to block the nomination of some of Haig's as-

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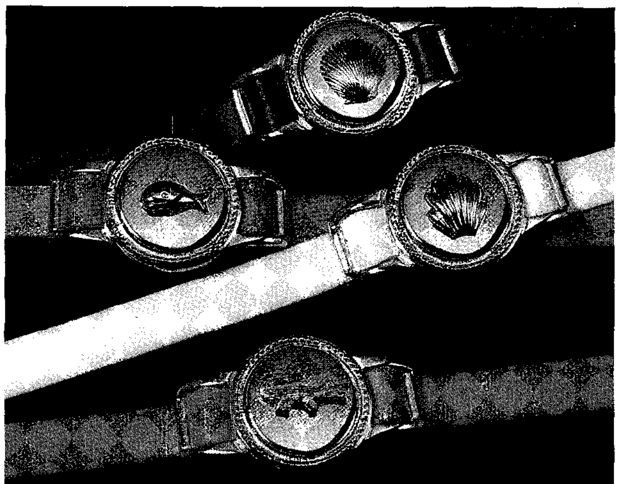

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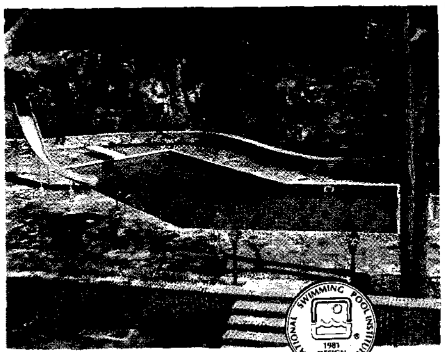

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sistants. And Allen enjoys that most important of assets—propinquity. He has been with Reagan a long time and Haig has not, and Haig is not terribly popular with the Reagan crowd. One Reagan aide said to me, "He has no real constituency within the Administration." Some Reagan associates had opposed Haig's being named—they questioned his judgment and worried that he had his own agenda (becoming President)—but the issue was settled when Robert Byrd, who seemed to have forgotten that he would now be the Senate Minority, rather than Majority, Leader, said it was possible that the Senate would not confirm Haig. White House aides obviously could hardly wait to tell reporters about Haig's attempt on Inauguration Day to get the President to endorse a plan for reorganizing the foreign-policy machinery in a way that would have benefitted Haig. Haig was taking a page out of Henry Kissinger, his former boss (page 39 of Kissinger's memoirs, to be precise); Haig seems to have Kissinger's instincts for bureaucratic intrigue without Kissinger's subtlety. (Like Kissinger, he has taken to confiding in certain columnists.) During his confirmation hearings, he wore out the Democrats on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with the kind of self-assurance that often passes for thought in Washington, and by sheer intimidation. Usually, it is the members of Congress who intimidate witnesses before the television cameras, but Haig didn't give them a chance, and the Democrats, who never quite managed to organize themselves, gave up. Since then, Haig's actions have given rise to the question of whether he has a picture of where he is trying to take foreign policy—whether he is a "strategic thinker," as advertised. In mid-February, I asked someone at the White House whether Haig and Reagan had talked through where they were trying to go with their various harsh statements and actions regarding the Soviet Union. He replied, "No, Haig and the President didn't sit down and decide what they're going to say about the Soviet Union." Thus far, Haig has seemed to view all international questions through an East-West lens—but this is a propensity he shares with Reagan and Allen.

There are inevitably seams in the portrait of the happy family. Some Reagan associates worry that James Watt, the Secretary of the Interior, will turn out to be the zealot he pri-

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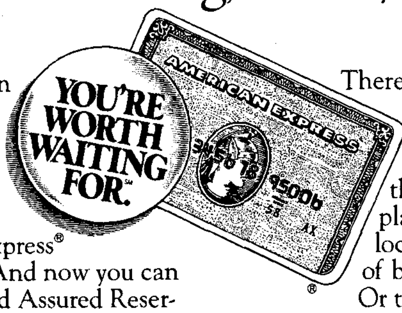

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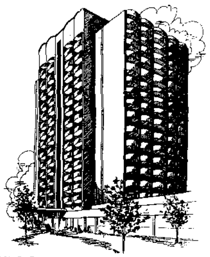

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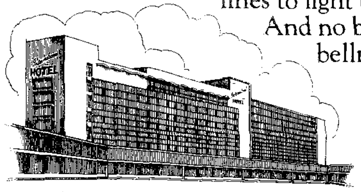

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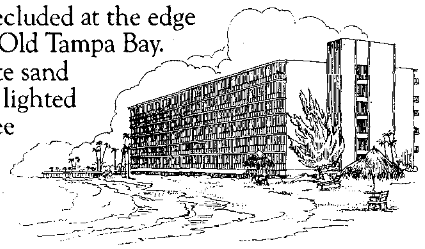

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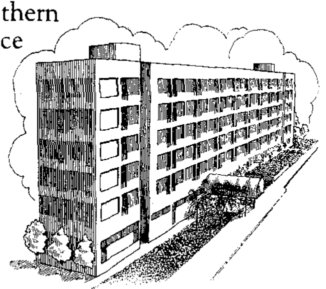

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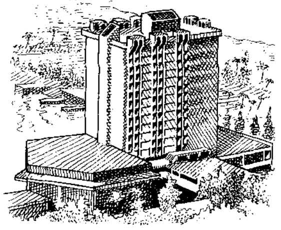

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vately assured senators, before his confirmation, that he would not be. James Edwards, the former Governor of South Carolina—and, as everyone points out, a former dentist—who has been made Secretary of Energy (the Reagan people felt that they needed to appoint a Southerner to the Cabinet), has not impressed his colleagues. The economic group is still sorting itself out. The argument between the "supply-siders"—those who believe that large cuts in tax rates will, through the saving and investment that they assume will result, both stimulate the economy and reduce inflation—and the more conventional conservative Republican economists, which began during the campaign, continued up to (and even after) the time the President presented his economic message. Reagan espoused the supply-side idea in the campaign and remained committed to it. The issues came down to what the relationship should be between tax cuts and budget cuts (how much the latter should offset the former, and what their priority should be) and how optimistic about the results of the tax policy the Administration's economic assumptions should be. Donald Regan, the Secretary of the Treasury, started out by offering the conventional view that the budget should be cut before there could be a tax cut, but soon there were installed around him assistants who are of the supply-side school, and in subsequent testimony he appeared to have seen the light.

Regan's testimony was reportedly written by one of the men sent in to set him straight. Representative Jack Kemp, a co-author of the original bill embodying the supply-side idea, had worked to place his allies in the Treasury Department and, in an interview I had with him in January, cheerfully referred to "our little cabal." (The group also includes Jude Wanniski, who used to write editorials for the *Wall Street Journal* and is now a consultant, and the columnist Robert Novak.) When an Administration official is believed to have got out of line, he is reproved by the cabal. Even David Stockman, Kemp's close friend and a supply-sider himself, has been under some pressure from the old crowd lately, because of modifications made in the original Kemp-Roth bill; people at the White House who are dubious about the whole business of supply-side economics are very circumspect. Some of the aides, with the help of some of the more conventional

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economists advising the Administration, succeeded in tempering the optimism of the economic assumptions of the new program so that the plan wouldn't get laughed out of the room—though the assumptions are still widely considered optimistic. One aide told me, "They may be optimistic now, but you should have seen them before." The argument over the economic assumptions, another told me, was "a religious debate, not a scientific debate." During the various briefings on the economic program, Secretary Regan seemed somewhat confused about how the thing was supposed to work, and from time to time he fell back on saying that it would work if people believed that it would work. This is not entirely Peter Panism: one of the factors feeding inflation is that people expect inflation to continue, and behave accordingly. But the program does encompass a certain degree of wishful thinking and, as a number of people have pointed out, a rather narrow definition of what causes inflation.

But that definition is the one Reagan gave during the campaign: "Government is the cause of inflation." In all sorts of ways, the economic program represents the ideology that Reagan espoused in the course of the campaign and for many years before that. In designing the program, he had a ready and aggressive ally in Stockman. Many of the budget cuts they propose have been overdue for years, and some were proposed by previous Presidents, who could get nowhere with them. But now the climate, which Reagan helped create, may be right. The budget proposals also include a number of cuts—for example, in day-care centers and health services—that could cost more in the end than they would save. Their effect may well be to re-create the kind of dependency that the programs were created to avoid. In some instances, the ideological seems to have got in the way of the simply practical. Of the large number of "categorical" programs (programs granting federal funds for a specific purpose) that the Administration proposes to fold into block grants for the states, some probably could be got along without; others were placed on the books precisely to meet needs that the states would not meet. The various groups whom the programs help are not of equal weight at the state level; pooled programs are likely to be divided up by the powerful old recipients. Reagan aides conceded that they had

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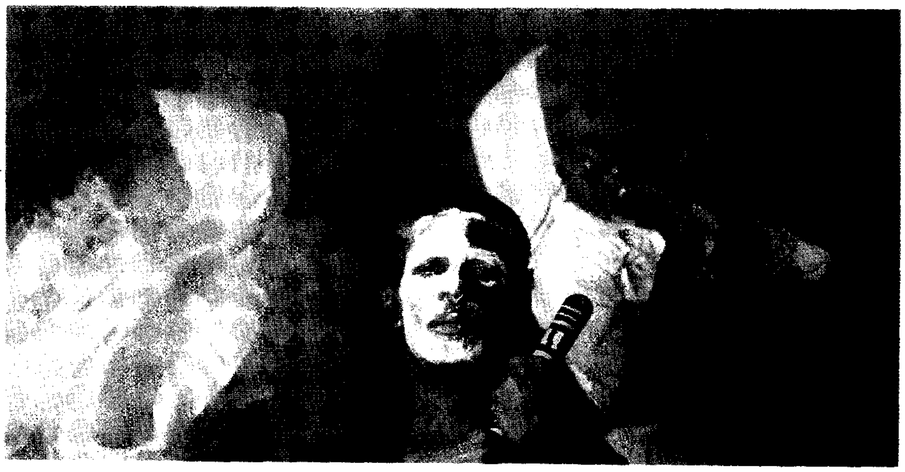

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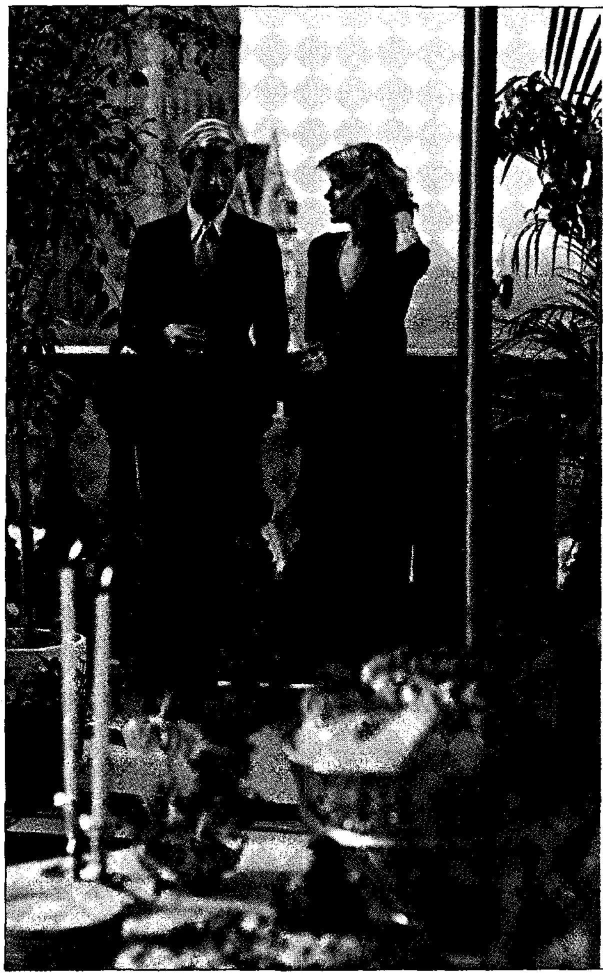

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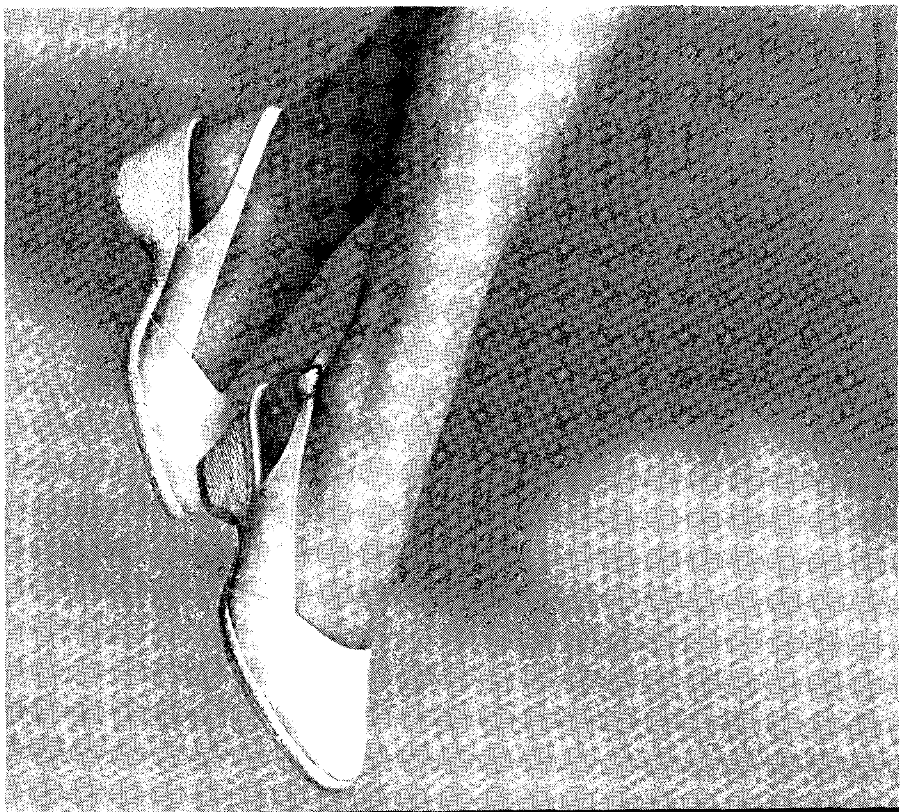

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not yet worked out how to see to it that the states fulfilled the general purposes of the original programs. Defense spending is to rise significantly—just as Reagan said it should—and to a greater extent than was indicated when the economic program was unveiled. The assault on the regulatory agencies has just begun, but it is clear that Reagan's, and Stockman's, idea of "excessive regulation" is a sweeping one: not only will the regulations themselves be reviewed but the agencies' power to regulate is to be sharply limited by reductions in their budgets. (Stockman has suggested that the Federal Trade Commission could be abolished.) What Reagan has offered the public is a program of a magnitude that requires an ideological drive behind it. It has the ring of great confidence, laced with pragmatism. One of Reagan's advisers said to me, "You'll find less difference between the campaigner and the President than is usually the case."

WHETHER the Reagan people's analysis of the economy or of foreign policy is valid is politically irrelevant at this point, just as it essentially was during the campaign. The opposition is even more divided and confused—and frightened—than it was then. And the sheer number of things that Reagan is doing or proposes to do disperses the targets. Some Democrats are tempted to give Reagan the bulk of his program both to avoid angering the voters and to fix the responsibility if, as many believe, the program doesn't work—the "give him enough rope" school. Some Democrats feel that parts of Reagan's program should be opposed on the merits. Senator Edward Kennedy, among others, is of this school, and he also thinks that it would be good politics for the Democrats to set themselves apart from Reagan's approach, in anticipation of the time when public opinion swings against it, as he believes it will. A few Democrats have what for them is a nightmare vision: that in July of 1982 the Reagan program is tottering and the economy is not improving, and the President goes on television and places the blame on a Democratic-controlled House and "a willful band" of Democrats in the Senate.

During his governorship, Reagan was both a tough combatant and, when necessary, a compromiser. Some of Reagan's advisers see a danger that the economic program won't work and that the blue-collar constituency Reagan attracted in the campaign will turn on him. Some worry that though they have tried to exercise caution in the President's and others' rhetoric, public expectations have been raised too high. Theirs is the classic dilemma of how to stir the country to dramatic action without leading it to expect dramatic results. Not many Republicans are enthusiastic about the tax program. A number of people within the Administration do not expect Congress to enact a three-year, ten-per-cent-a-year tax cut, as Reagan proposes. People within the White House are aware that they will not win them all, and a number of strategies are under consideration.

By the end of the President's first month in office, many people at the White House were feeling overwhelmed by the volume of work. Some White House offices are still understaffed. "I feel like we've been here five years," one man said to me when he'd been there four weeks. But the traffic isn't going to get any thinner, and events may not coöperate in keeping the focus where the President's aides want it to be. A few aides realize that what they have been through so far is the easiest part. One White House man said to me shortly after the President's economic program was announced, "The question is how well the White House and the Administration will work under real stress, which is coming. The stress of producing something in this environment is different from the stress of getting something through when people are picking at you and when you are dealing with institutions you can't control." Some of the President's advisers sense that the Reagan Administration is taking a big gamble—and that there are a lot of hazards out there, domestic and international. But as of now they feel very good. —ELIZABETH DREW

•

Earlier, a spokesman said that flight might be delayed till Monday if forecasts were correct. Predictions callo at least three morys ohriablkept the Solr henger gred RS Mredy, tasaden, alfnautics speciliwhod the plane, had said Wednesday that if the weather turned bad, crew members might return to their California homes until next week.
—*Johnson City (Tenn.) Press-Chronicle.*

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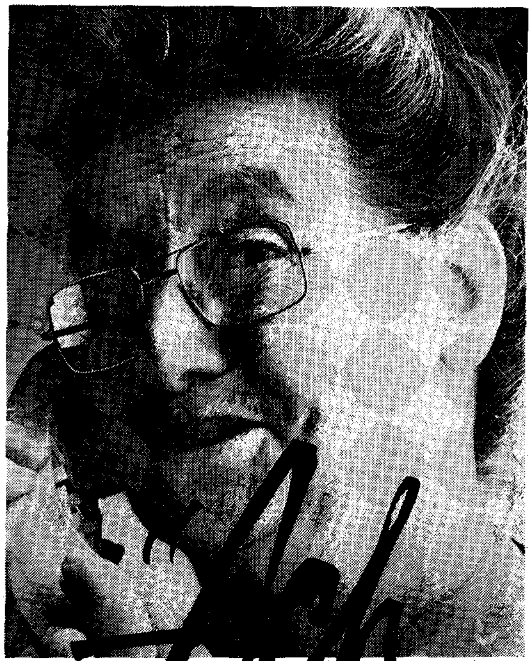
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	EST	CST	MST	PST
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Germany	6	7	8	9
Greece	7	8	9	10
Hong Kong	13	14	15	16
Israel	7	8	9	10
Japan	14	15	16	17
New Zealand	18	19	20	21
South Africa	7	8	9	10
Sweden	6	7	8	9
United Kingdom	5	6	7	8
Venezuela	1	2	3	4

*based on Standard Time

Clip this page

It's a good idea to clip this chart so you'll have all the information handy when you need it.

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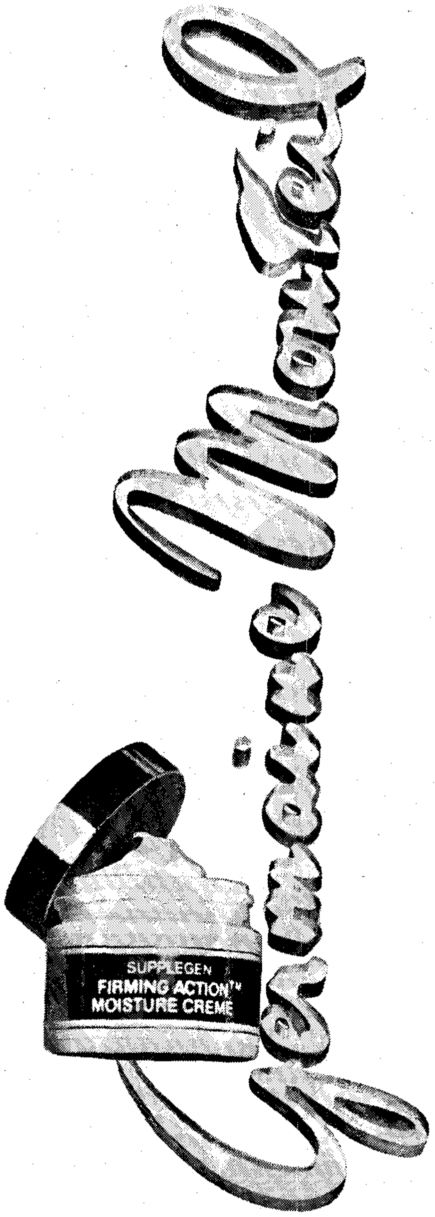

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UNCLES

THE house was stuffed with uncles. They came down from Petoskey, up from Lansing and Saginaw, across from Bay City. They arrived sheepishly, shuffling their shoes, but soon were testing the floorboards, huffing at the windows, plumping the seat cushions. They lit cigars, checked the furnace, warned nephews about the government. They violated bowls of peanuts, potato salad, pickles, and mayonnaise that had been left on the kitchen counter by the aunts. The bay stretched out like table glass, with small advancing cracks of waves. The house was ten feet from the shore, propped on a bank of earth, with wooden stairs leading down to the beach.

The first uncle was a tall, lean certified public accountant who drove a Chevrolet and always looked as if he was apologizing for something. The second uncle was short and squat, looked like a troll, and drove Mercurys backward through the alleys in Bay City for a used-car dealer. He believed that it would reduce the mileage on the odometer. The third uncle sold bicycle reflectors and wrenches from a hardware store in Cadillac. He had the ability to materialize in any picture taken within a hundred-yard radius of his house. The fourth uncle owned a cheese factory; he was tall as a sunflower, full of elbows, knees, and Adam's apples.

Every Labor Day they appeared, like fireflies, at the big summer house on the bay and told enormous lies, which were swallowed like gooseberries.

THE CAR-EATING SWAMP

The uncle who worked for the used-car dealer once sold a 1955 Packard Clipper Custom to a man and, as he was delivering it, stuck the car in a ditch. He went to get a tow truck and when he came back the Packard had swum away. A farmer had turned on his irrigation pumps and flooded the ditch. The uncle arrived just in time to see the Packard being eaten by a swamp. The chrome hood ornament, a standing cormorant, disappeared beneath the mud as he came running up. But he was not as upset as he would have been if the swamp had eaten a Mercury. He had been a Mercury man ever since the first one appeared, in the thirties, and if you said that a Mercury was just a Ford with forty-five cents more chrome in the grille he would threaten you with a Lithuanian knife

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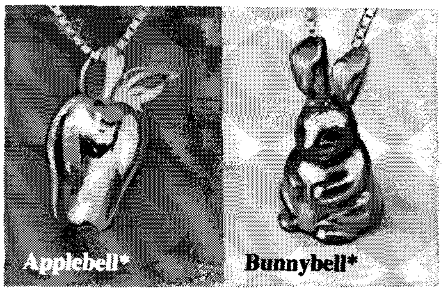

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he brought over from the Baltic. He was a Lithuanian German who spoke Russian and hated the czar and the Bolsheviks. He came to this country to find his fortune, and instead found Mercurys and my aunt.

He set up a tent on the other side of the swamp and waited for the mud to burp the Packard up. The cheese uncle joined him, and the two of them sat for a week smoking Dutch Masters and saving the bands, which they looped over pencils and stuck in the dashboard of the cheese uncle's car. At night, through the mist, the Mercury uncle dreamed he saw Bolsheviks on snowshoes sliding across the mud with long rifles slung across their backs and black Greek sailor caps on their heads. The uncles sat, smoked, and dreamed like this for days. The cheese uncle wanted to finance a scuba diver to find out just where the Packard was. The Mercury uncle didn't want to hear about it. He was a testy little man, and had a craving to go back to Bay City and put a Mercury in reverse. He went back, and a week later got a telegram saying the Packard had surfaced. There was a dead goat in the trunk. No one knew where it had come from. Goats had been driven out of the swamp years before, and the nearest goat farm was in the next state. My uncle was at a loss to explain, though he thought that if he mounted the goat's head victoriously in his den it would somehow make more real the whole idea of goats in Packards. Firm in his principles, whatever they were, he was a Baltic Napoleon.

There was no end to this story. It was stopped in midair, a balloon of possibilities, half fulfilled. Every time they were pressed for the end of the story the uncles yawned in unison, like the Ink Spots. The goat in the Packard was like the Mercury in my uncle. Trapped in the trunk, the goat could never fully achieve its goatness, while my uncle could never realize his fortune when doomed to a life in reverse. As the story stopped, and then grew in my mind by stopping, the house continued to fill up with uncles. They shuffled about the huge wooden house, which seemed like a summer boat with slats.

THE TRAVELLING LAKE

Every summer the uncles went to Lake St. Clair to fish. My father had a cabin on the edge of the lake with thirteen feet of shoreline. Inside the cabin was a large muskie, mounted and varnished. It had the imprint of a

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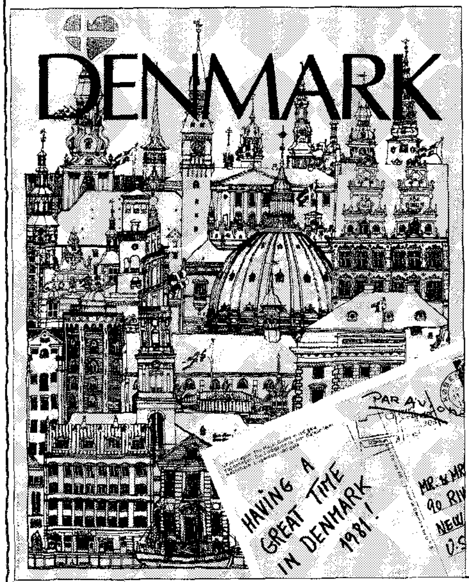
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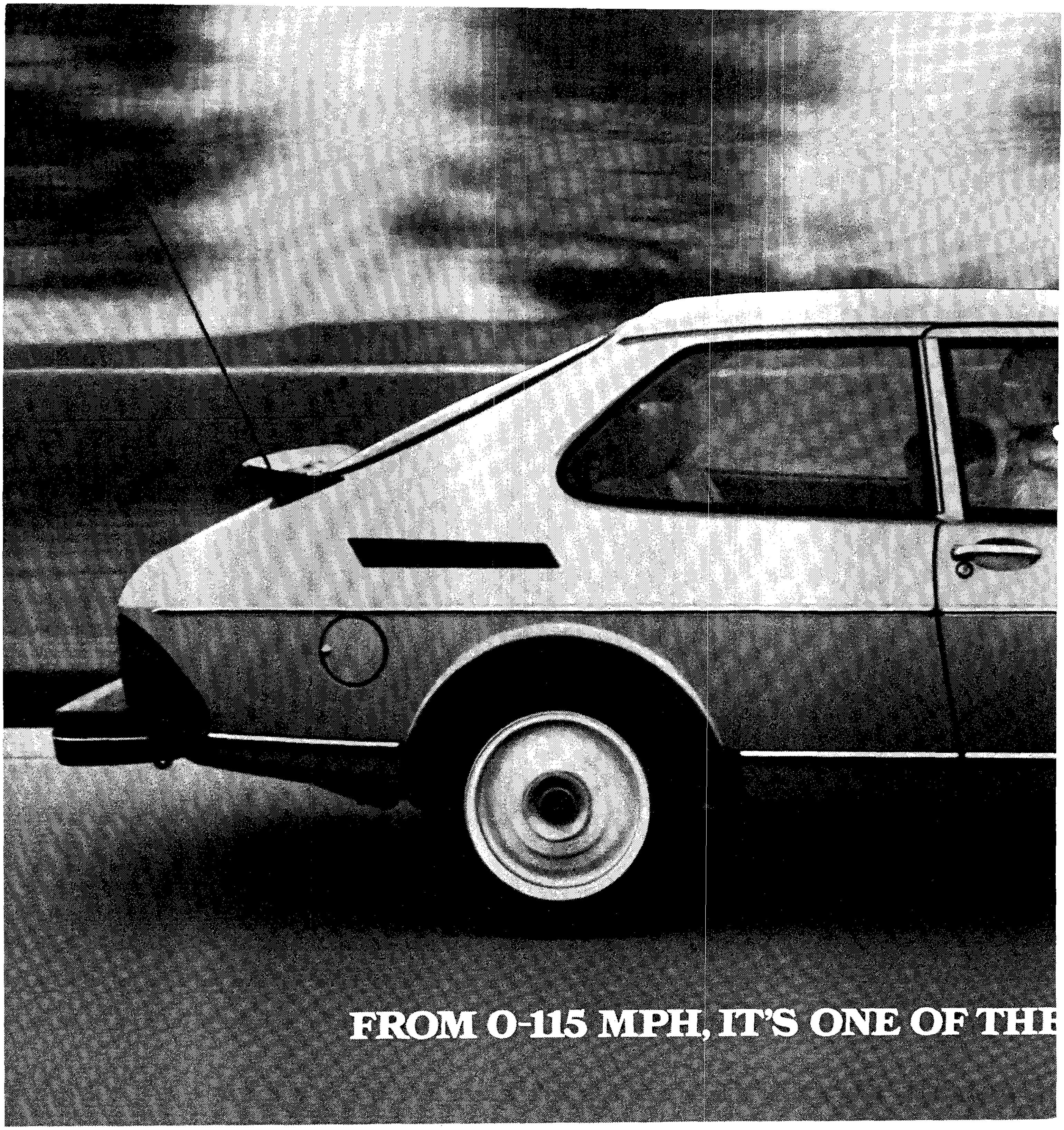

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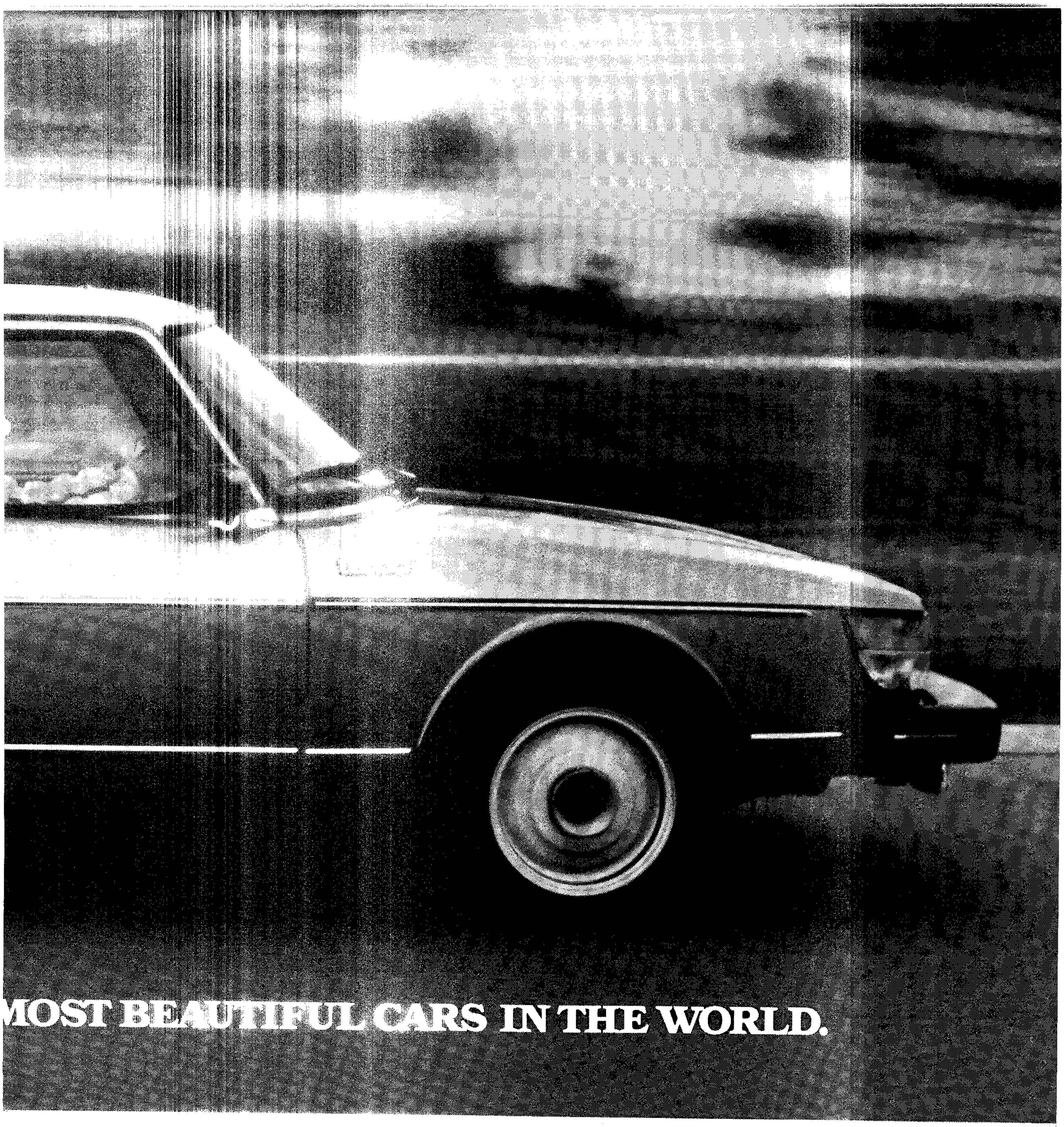

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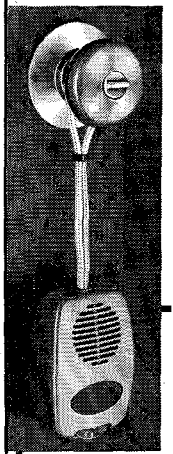

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hammer in its head. My father had hit the fish with a hammer because, after he caught it, it kept walking around in the boat. It refused to lie down. The lake walked, too. One summer they went up there and the lake was gone. There was just a big hole, with boats lying in the mud. Sticking up from the mud were tractor tires and cow bones and a hay baler. At first my father was going to move the cabin, but then he thought the lake would come back. He left the cabin where it was, with thirteen feet of mudline instead of thirteen feet of shoreline. He waited for ten years.

Did the lake ever come back? I was the only one interested. The uncles were playing Parcheesi. For my C.P.A. uncle the question was like a slow freight on the way to his brain. He was ninety-one years old, and had white hair growing on the bottom of his ears. He stood transfixed, like a paperweight—one of those plastic domes with liquid inside. He turned on one foot, using the other as a pivot.

"Goats are always dirty," he said. "That's the way they are, and you can't do anything about that."

Vanished

The cheese uncle could also have been my tomato uncle, because in addition to the cheese factory he owned a tomato farm and made tomato paste and shipped it to Heinz. He loved tomatoes. He painted his house red, wore tomato-red suits, and married a woman with red hair. "A bad year for tomatoes means nothing to me," he said. "I just store them, stamp on them, and use the pulp. Nothing goes to waste. We even use the stem."

He introduced a tomato cheese, which went absolutely nowhere, and was on the point of introducing tomato ice cream when his banker pulled out. He was also involved in an urban-renewal project in Saginaw. He wanted to take over a city block to expand his farm. He couldn't wait for the bulldozers or the contractors or the city officials, and one day the block just disappeared. In its place was a wide but not very deep hole. People figured he was responsible, and he was besieged by real-estate speculators and relatives of families who used to live on the block. No one knew where the block had gone. He never said.

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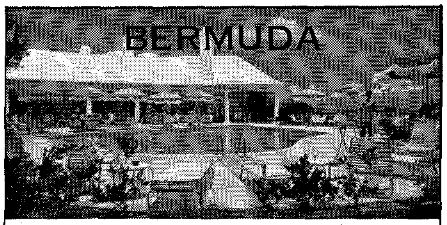

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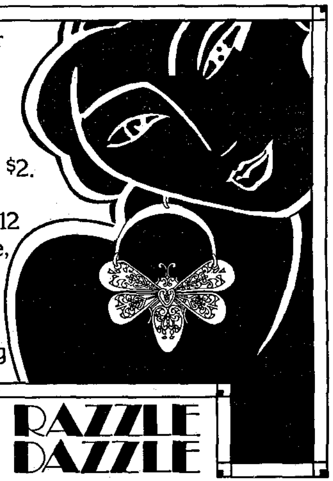

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sticks out under the belt. The hardware uncle had a belly. He loved hardware. His store was full of long, wide tables and narrow aisles jammed with obscure and complicated metal and chrome fixtures that converted one thing into another thing, or replaced three fixtures with two, or changed a stream to a spray, or concentrated a year's energy in one spot, making it hot enough to burn its way through cement. He also sold bicycles, tires, and picnic hampers. He made keys. Sold bags of cement. Embossed letters on plastic and sealed narrow things inside. He cut chain, opened locks, sold bullets. In the back of his store he sat on a wooden swivel chair. He was on top of a mountain of hardware. People had to scramble over nuts and bolts and adjustable wrenches to find him. It was easier to reach him by phone.

One summer he appeared in every single picture taken in Cadillac. By official count, this was one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three, if you include two blurred Instamatic shots taken by a couple from Madison Heights. Those who didn't know my uncle wondered how his face got in their pictures, and then reasoned that the darkroom had somehow accidentally inserted it—by overlapping a negative, or something like that. Or perhaps they blamed double exposures. People who knew him just figured they had accidentally taken his picture. He even appeared in several underwater shots taken in Lake Cadillac. No one knew how he did it. No one asked. No one knew that he was in anyone else's pictures.

This was years ago. They're all gone now. But in my mind the huge house near the bay is still jammed with uncles. They are spilling out the windows, popping out the doors. They grill hamburgers and franks, sizzle beans, and chase each other around the house. The fat on their ankles falls over the sides of their tight shoes. They drink beer and give me quarters. They sit on the porch and cry over the sunset. They tip over the canoe, get paint on the window, break the hammock. So many uncles I hardly know what to do with them.

The C.P.A. uncle has never seen so many uncles. The cheese uncle is terrified. The Mercury uncle is angry. He hasn't seen a single Mercury parked on the road. The hardware uncle winks at me. "People are taking many pictures," he says. "How would you like to be in every one of them?"

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BOOKS

Understanding Ashbery

IT seems time to write about John Ashbery's subject matter. His "As We Know" (Viking; $12.50) will, of course, elicit more remarks on his style—a style so influential that its imitators are legion. It is Ashbery's style that has obsessed reviewers, as they alternately wrestle with its elusive impermeability and praise its power of linguistic synthesis. There have been able descriptions of its fluid syntax, its insinuating momentum, its generality of reference, its incorporation of vocabulary from all the arts and all the sciences. But it is popularly believed, with some reason, that the style itself is impenetrable, that it is impossible to say what an Ashbery poem is "about." An alternative view says that every Ashbery poem is about poetry—literally self-reflective, like his "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror." Though this may in part be true, it sounds thin in the telling, and it is of some help to remember that in the code language of criticism when a poem is said to be about poetry the word "poetry" is often used to mean: how people construct an intelligibility out of the randomness they experience; how people choose what they love; how people integrate loss and gain; how they distort experience by wish and dream; how they perceive and consolidate flashes of harmony; how they (to end a list otherwise endless) achieve what Keats called a "Soul or Intelligence destined to possess the sense of Identity."

It is worth quoting once more Keats' description of this world not as a vale of tears but as a vale of what he called "soul-making." We are born, according to his parable, with an intelligence not yet made human; we are destined to the chastening of life, which, together with painful labor on our part, tutors our chilly intelligence into a feeling and thinking soul. "I will put it in the most homely form possible," wrote Keats to his brother George in Kentucky:

> I will call the *world* a School instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the *human heart* the *horn Book* used in that School—and I will call the *Child able to read, the Soul* made from that *school and its hornbook*. Do you not see how necessary a World of Pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a soul?

In a less passionate tone, Keats added in another letter that the mind in uncongenial company is forced upon its own resources, and is left free "to make its speculations on the differences of human character and to class them with the calmness of a Botanist."

In these passages, Keats writes very generally—in the first with the generality of parable, in the second with the generality of taxonomy. Ashbery, too, is a generalizing poet, allegorizing and speculating and classifying as he goes, leaving behind, except for occasional traces, the formative "world of circumstances," which, as Keats says, by the trials it imposes proves the heart, alters the nature, and forms a soul. Ashbery turns his gaze from the circumstances to the provings and alterations and schoolings that issue in identity—to the processes themselves. He has been taking up these mysteries with increasing density in each of his successive volumes.

I was only one of many readers put off, years ago, by the mixture of willful flashiness and sentimentality in "The Tennis Court Oath" (1962). And I was impatient for some time after that because of Ashbery's echoes of Stevens, in forms done better, I thought, and earlier, by Stevens himself. Ashbery's mimetic ear, which picks up clichés and advertising slogans as easily as "noble accents and lucid inescapable rhythms" (as Stevens called them), is a mixed blessing in the new book (which has undigested Eliot from the "Quartets" in it), as in the earlier ones. But though some superficial poems still appear in these new pages, poems of soul-making and speculative classification—evident in "Rivers and Mountains" (1966) and taking expository form in the prose of "Three Poems" (1972)—have been in the ascendant since "Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror" (1975) and "Houseboat Days" (1977). In "Self-Portrait," Ashbery gives his own version of the Keatsian soul-making:

> It is the lumps and trials
> That tell us whether we shall be
> known
> And whether our fate can be exemplary, like a star.

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art," Keats wrote, echoing Shakespeare and Wordsworth. The

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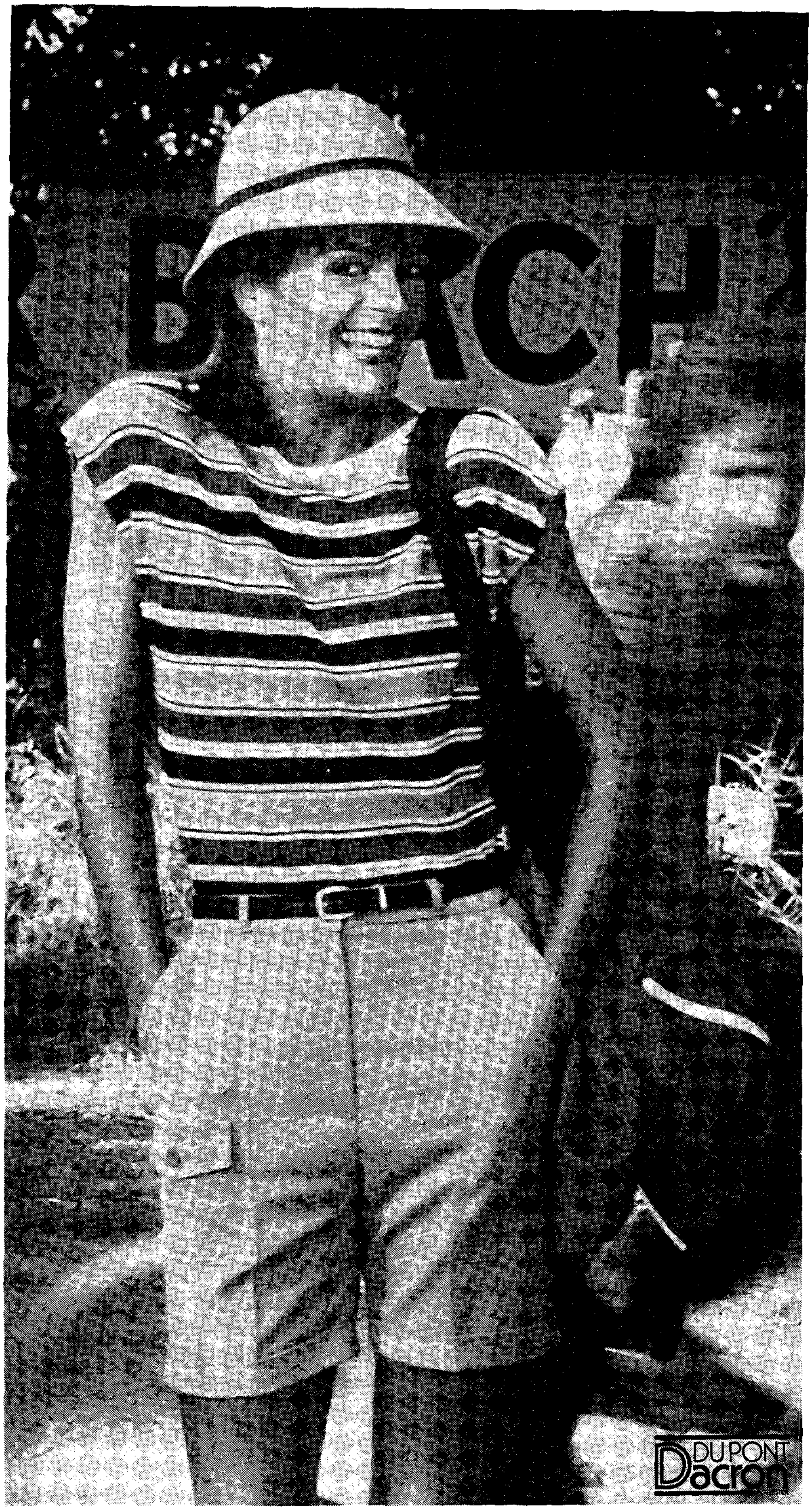

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Ashbery touch comes in the word "lumps," as in "to take your lumps"—the word anchoring the lofty sentiment to our ironic existence in the world.

Increasingly, Ashbery's poems are about "fear of growing old/Alone, and of finding no one at the evening end/Of the path except another myself," as the poem "Fear of Death" (from "Self-Portrait") rather too baldly puts it. The distinct remove of his subject matter from immediate "experience" also concerns Ashbery:

> . . . What is writing?
> Well, in my case, it's getting down
> on paper
> Not thoughts, exactly, but ideas,
> maybe:
> Ideas about thoughts. Thoughts is
> too grand a word.

Something—which we could call ruminativeness, speculation, a humming commentary—is going on unnoticed in us always, and is the seedbed of creation: Keats called it a state of "dim dreams," full of "stirring shades, and baffled beams." We do not quite want to call all these things "thoughts." They nonetheless go on. Do we have ideas about them? Well, yes, as Keats did when he thought of them as shadowy stirrings, perplexed shafts of light. Our "ideas" about these "thoughts" that are not thoughts are, as Keats said, the stuff of poetry before it is put into a neater mental order. Intuition, premonition, suspicion, and surmise are the characteristic forms of Ashbery's expression. Otherwise, he would not be true to the stage of spiritual activity in which he is interested. In Ashbery we find, above all, what Wordsworth called

> . . . those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a Creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized. . . .

These misgivings and questionings are often put quite cheerfully by Ashbery, in a departure from the solemnity with which truth and beauty are usually discussed. The chaos we feel when one of the truths we hold to be self-evident forsakes us is generally the source of lugubrious verse; for Ashbery, for whom a change of mood is the chief principle of form, "the truth rushes in to fill the gaps left by/Its sudden demise so that a fairly accurate record of its activity is possible." In short, a new truth sprouts where the old one used to grow, and the recording of successive truths is what is on Ashbery's mind.

A certain coyness attacks poets, un-

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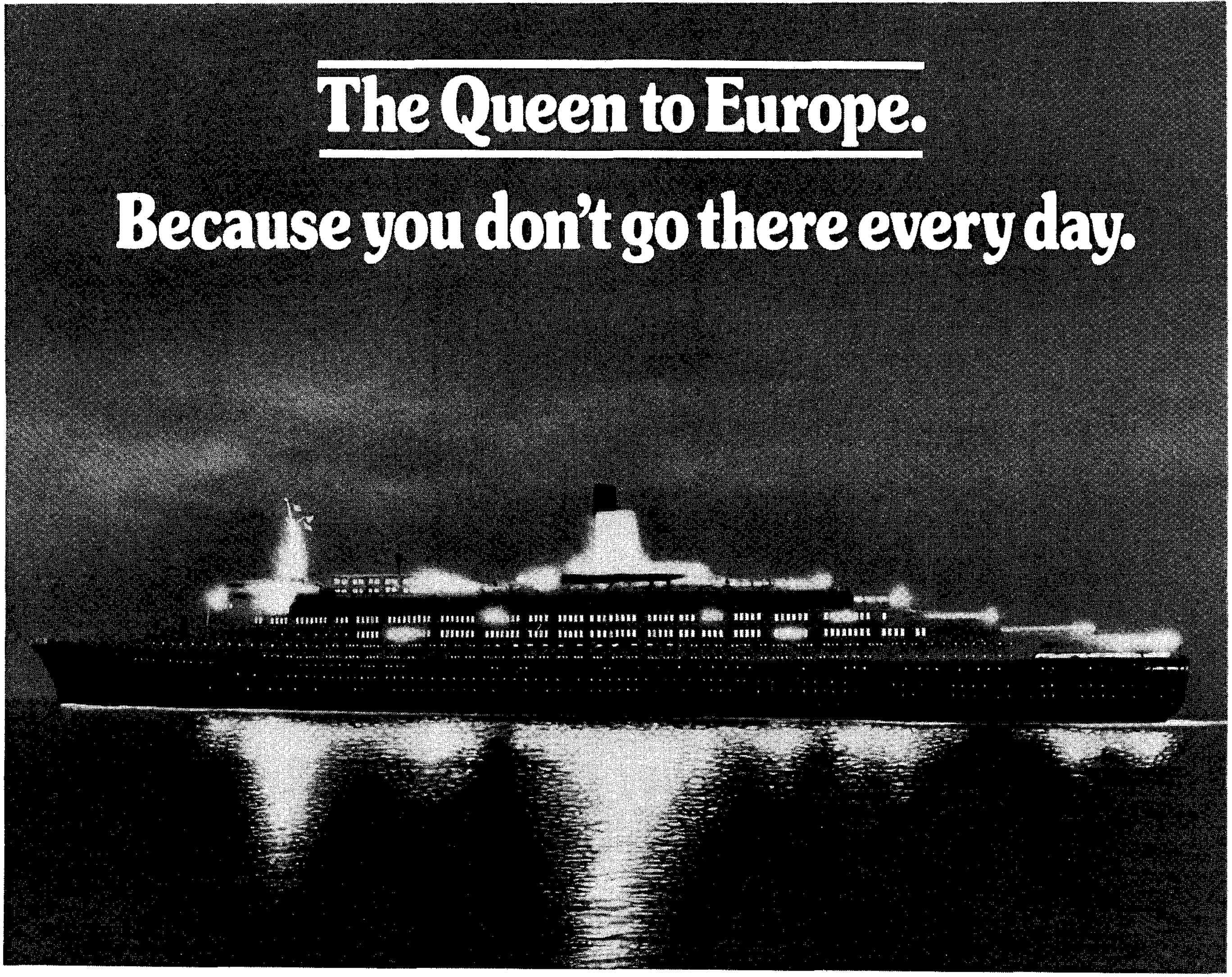

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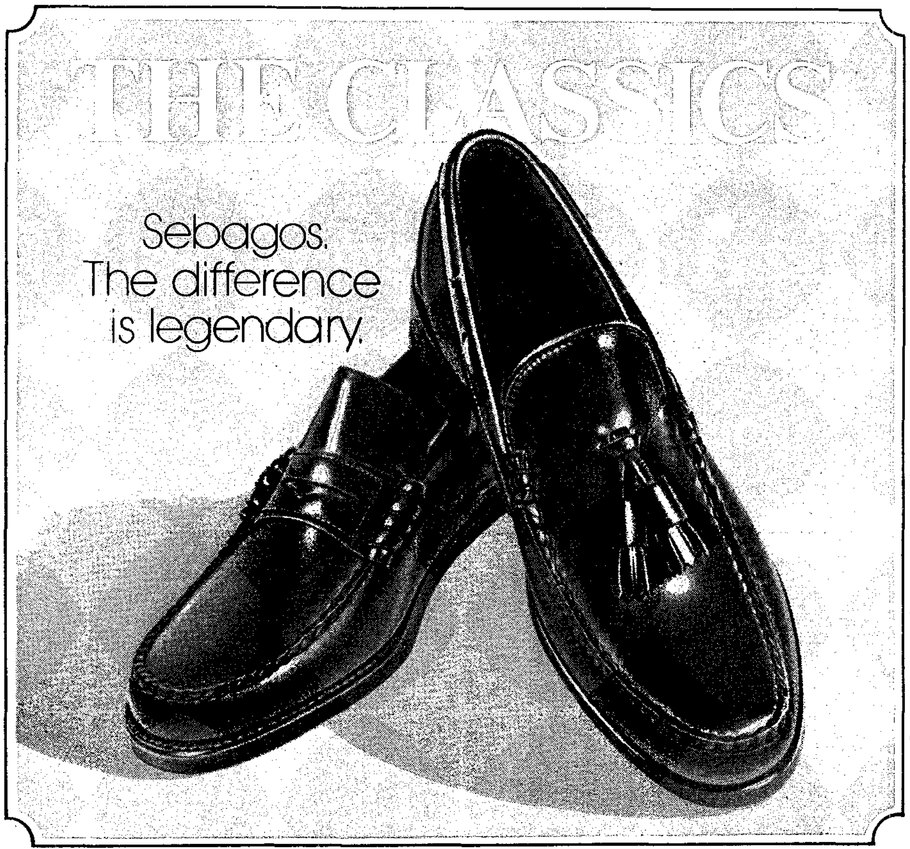

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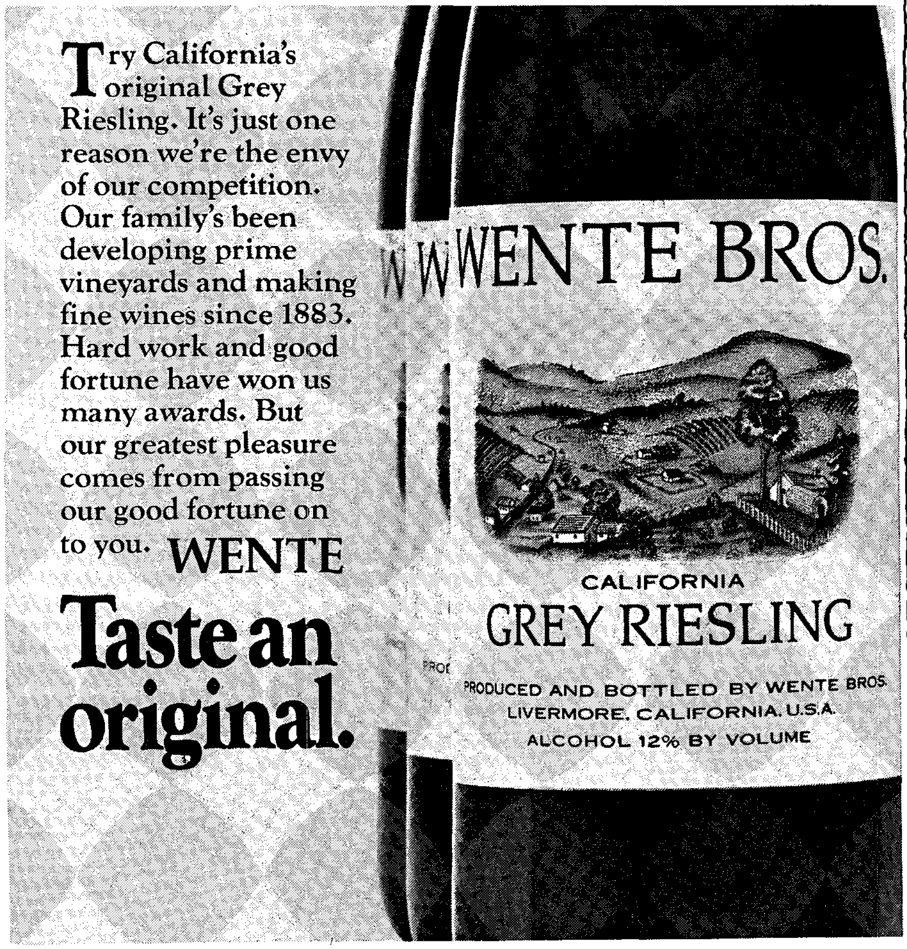
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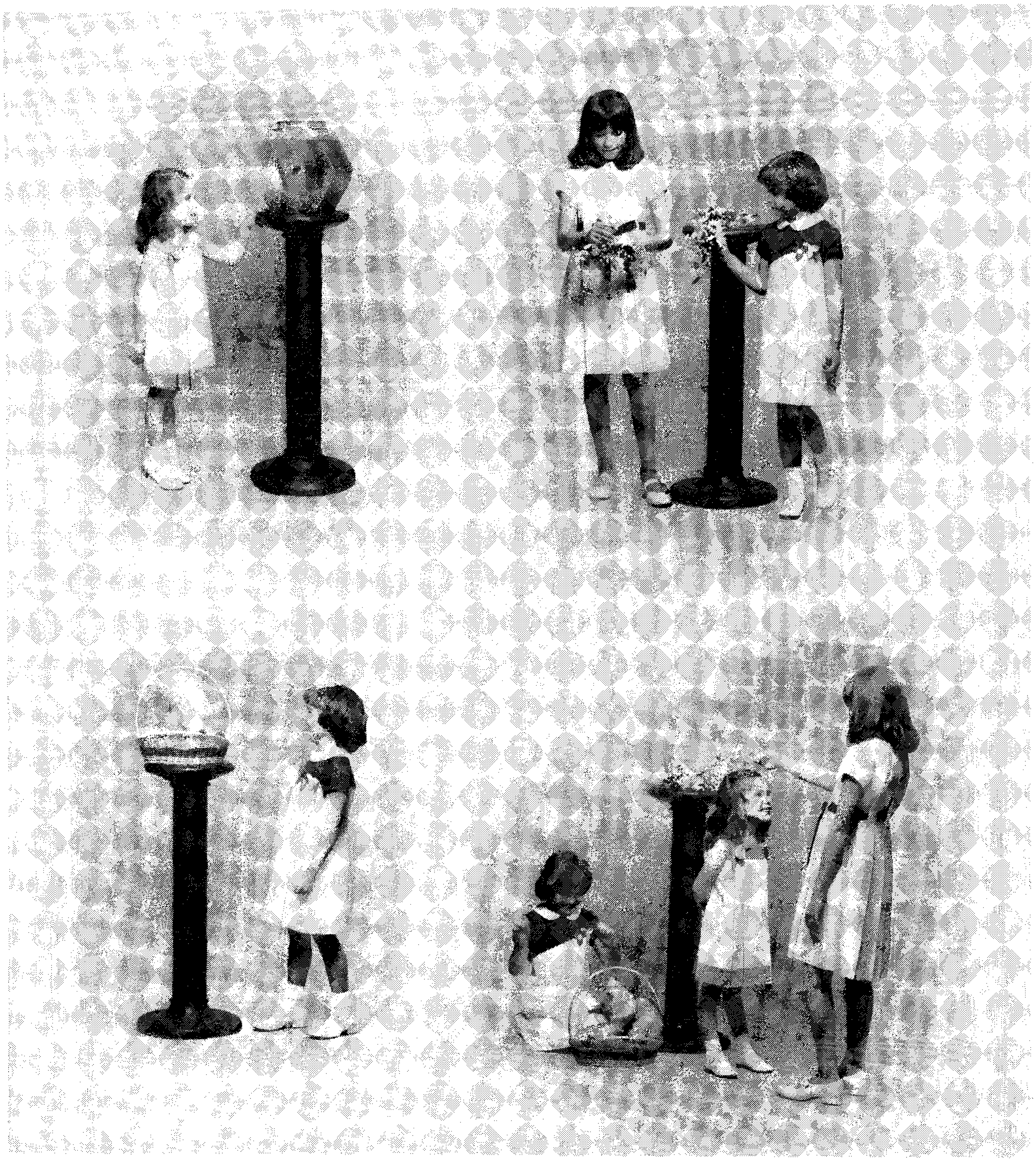
derstandably enough, when they are asked about their subject matter. It seems too self-incriminating to reply, "Oh, love, death, loneliness, childhood damage, broken friendships, fate, time, death, ecstasy, sex, decay, landscape, war, poverty." Back in 1965, the Interview Press, in Tucson, published "John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch (A Conversation)," in which the following exchange occurs:

> ASHBERY—I would not put a statement in a poem. I feel that poetry must reflect on already existing statements.
> KOCH—Why?
> ASHBERY—Poetry does not have subject matter, because it is the subject. We are the subject matter of poetry, not vice versa.
> KOCH—Could you distinguish your statement from the ordinary idea, which it resembles in every particular, that poems are about people?
> ASHBERY—Yes. Poems are about people and things.

To this playful warding off of banality (all the while including it), Ashbery truthfully adds, "When statements occur in poetry they are merely a part of the combined refractions of everything else." One can't, in short, extract the discursive parts from a poem and think they are the poem, any more than one can substitute the discursive remark "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" for the ode of which it is a part. However, the relation that was agitating Keats in that ode was surely the relation between truth and beauty, between the representational and the aesthetic, and there is no harm in saying so. Similarly, for Ashbery, it is no disservice to his eloquent fabric of "filiations, shuttlings . . . look, gesture,/Hearsay" ("Self-Portrait") to speak of what the shuttlings are shuttling around, what the gestures are gesturing to.

An eminent scholar told me recently, more in sorrow than in anger, that he had read and reread the poem "Houseboat Days" and still he could not understand it. This can happen, even as people read Ashbery with good will, because Ashbery has borrowed from Stevens a trick of working up obliquely to his subject, so that the subject itself makes a rather late appearance in the poem. The poem begins with a thought or image that provides a stimulus, and the poet works his way into the poem by an exploratory process resembling, Ashbery has said, philosophical inquiry. The beginning, Ashbery modestly adds, may eventually not have very much to do with the outcome, but by then it has become



To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour. —*William Blake*

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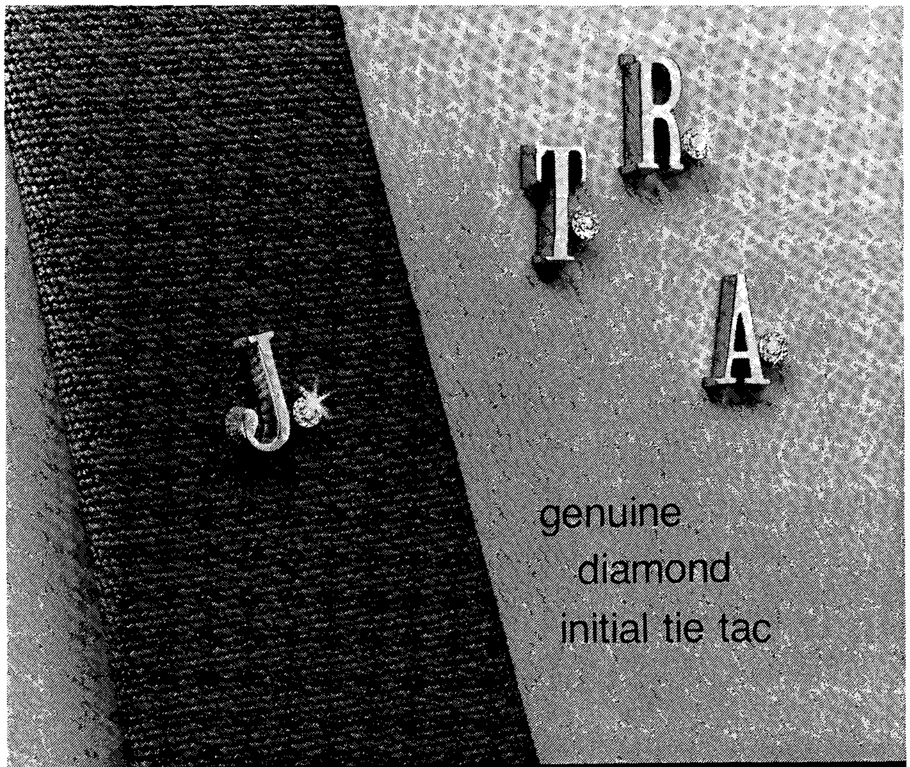

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enmeshed in the poem and cannot be detached from it. If a reader proceeds past the rather odd and off-putting beginning of "Houseboat Days," he will come to a meditation, first of all, on how little either the mind or the senses finally give us. In youth, we are appetitive, mentally and physically, and are convinced we are learning and feeling everything; as we age, we find how much of what we have learned is corrupted by use, and how fast the surge of sensual discovery ebbs:

> . . . The mind
> Is so hospitable, taking in everything
> Like boarders, and you don't see
> until
> It's all over how little there was to
> learn
> Once the stench of knowledge has
> dissipated, and the trouvailles
> Of every one of the senses fallen
> back.

After the next meditation (on the insusceptibility of our inmost convictions to reason and argument) comes a meditation on the ubiquitous presence, no matter what your convictions make you praise or blame in life, of intractable pain:

> . . . Do you see where it leads? To
> pain. . . .
> . . . it . . . happens, like an explosion
> in the brain,
> Only it's a catastrophe on another
> planet to which
> One has been invited, and as surely
> cannot refuse:
> Pain in the cistern, in the
> gutters. . . .

Oddly enough, our first response to emotional pain all around us, down in the cisterns, up in the gutters, is to deny we are feeling it; it is, Ashbery muses, "as though a universe of pain/ Had been created just so as to deny its own existence." In the manifesto that follows, Ashbery sets forth a Paterian ethics of perception, introspection, memory, art, and flexibility. He ar-

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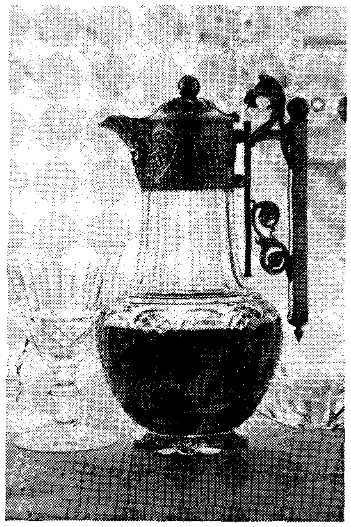

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gues, given the nature of life, against polemic and contentiousness:

> But I don't set much stock in things
> Beyond the weather and the certainties of living and dying:
> The rest is optional. To praise this, blame that,
> Leads one subtly away from the beginning, where
> We must stay, in motion. To flash light
> Into the house within, its many chambers,
> Its memories and associations, upon its inscribed
> And pictured walls, argues enough that life is various.
> Life is beautiful. He who reads that
> As in the window of some distant, speeding train
> Knows what he wants, and what will befall.

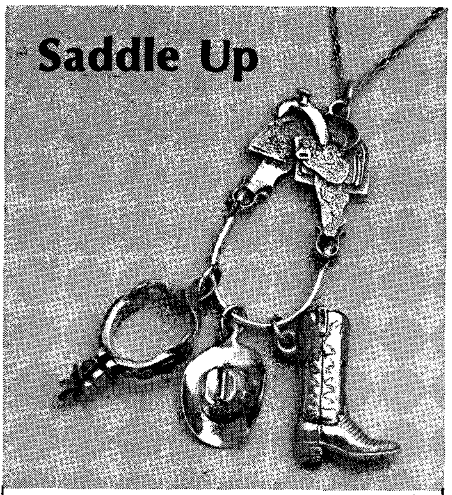
What we hear in these lines, with their ethos of sweetness and Hellenic light borrowed from Arnold, is a syntax borrowed from Yeats: "He who can read the signs nor sink unmanned" and "May know not what he knows, but knows not grief." But Yeats would not continue, as Ashbery does, by readmitting in the next line a Keatsian melancholy: "Pinpricks of rain fall again." Hope, he says, seems in middle age a futile emotion: "hope is something else, something concrete/ You can't have." Hope exists still, but suppressed, confined to the subterranean life of dream, repressed until the force of desire becomes unmanageable —a tidal wave:

> . . . It becomes a vast dream
> Of having that can topple governments, level towns and cities
> With the pressure of sleep building up behind it.
> The surge creates its own edge
> And you must proceed this way: mornings of assent,
> Indifferent noons leading to the ripple of the question
> Of late afternoon projected into evening.

And what results from the balked torrential surge and earthquake of desire? They find their way much diminished, says the poet, into these poems, these addresses, these needle-tracings of disturbance:

> Arabesques and runnels are the result
> Over the public address system, on the seismograph at Berkeley.

And what do they cost, these houseboat days, our days in this fragile ark, adrift on the Byronic tide? They cost precisely (by a "little simple arithmetic") everything, and they point to the end of the vacation, that "last week in August" which the poem envisages, with not much time left at all, as the



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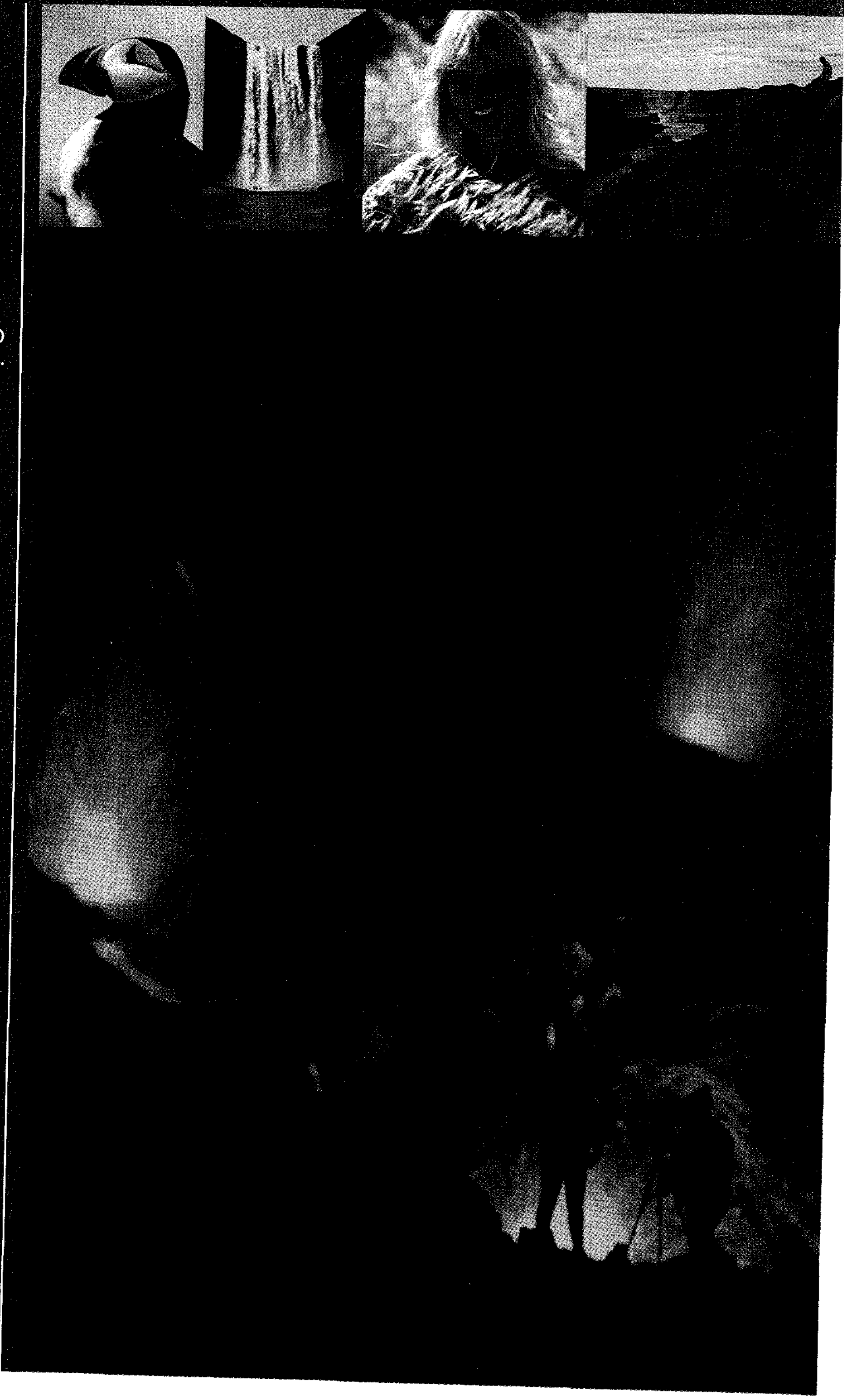

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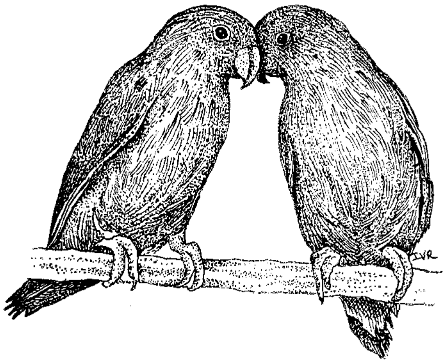
rain gathers, and we notice this instant "for the first and last time," as one would notice a place on the dustcover of a book one is closing, "fading like the spine/Of an adventure novel behind glass, behind the teacups." In this light, the mournful beginning of the poem—about a break in a previously healthy surface, about thinking, over the hotel china, at breakfast, about the end of one's stay—is also about the common heresy of thinking oneself immortal and finding the wing of death rushing above, about the tendency of the mind to linger (to "botanize," to borrow Keats' metaphor) on these questions of time and death, and about the equal tendency of life (a dazed daisy, or life "dazed with the fume of poppies," to quote the unrevised ode "To Autumn") to blossom again in its inhospitable environment:

> "The skin is broken. The hotel breakfast china
> Poking ahead to the last week in August, not really
> Very much at all, found the land where you began . . ."
> The hills smouldered up blue that day, again
> You walk five feet along the shore, and you duck
> As a common heresy sweeps over. We can botanize
> About this for centuries, and the little dazey
> Blooms again in the cities. . .

Life for Ashbery, as everyone has noticed, is motion. We are on boats, on rivers, on trains. Each instant is seen "for the first and last time;" each moment is precious and vanishing, and consequently every poem is unique, recording a unique interval of consciousness. This is a consoling aesthetic, since by its standards every utterance is privileged as a nonce affair; it is also mournful, since it considers art as fleeting as life. In an interview he gave to the *New York Quarterly* (reprinted in "The Craft of Poetry;" Doubleday, 1974), Ashbery spoke unequivocally on various topics—his subject matter, his supposed "obscurity,"



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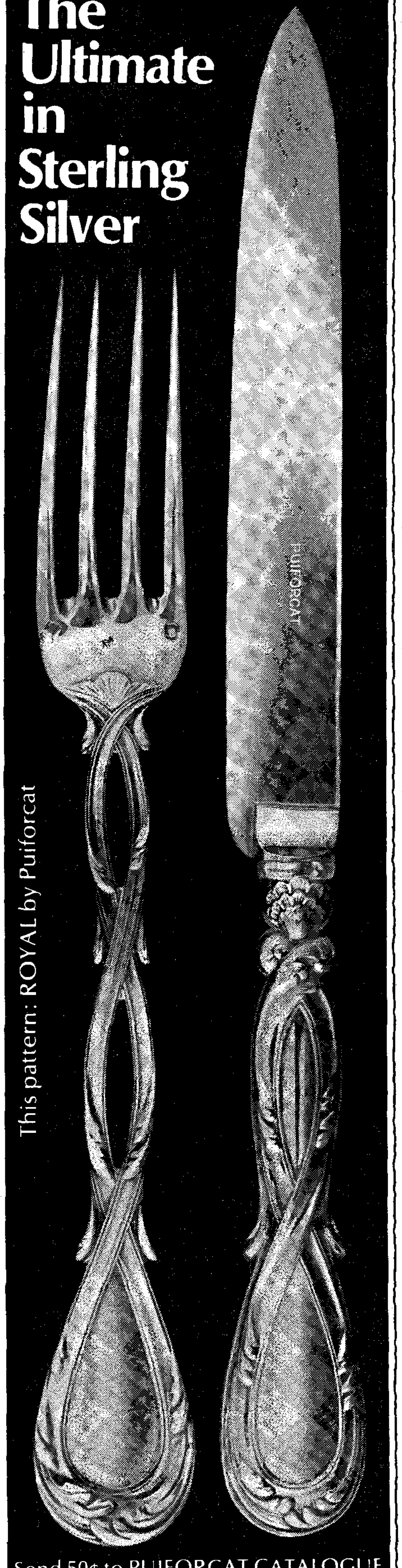

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his method of writing, his forms, his influences. There are occasional self-contradictions in the piece, as might be expected in conversation on matters so complex. But, for the record, some of Ashbery's helpful remarks bear repeating:

> All my stuff is romantic poetry, rather than metaphysical or surrealist. . . . As far as painting itself goes . . . I don't feel that the visual part of art is important to me, although I certainly love painting, but I'm much more audio-directed. . . . French poetry on the whole hasn't influenced me in any very deep way. . . . I'm attempting to reproduce in poetry . . . the actions of a mind at work or at rest. . . . ["The Skaters"] is a meditation on my childhood which was rather solitary. I grew up on a farm in a region of very hard winters and I think the boredom of my own childhood was what I was remembering when I wrote that poem—the stamp albums, going outside to try and be amused in the snow. . . . Also an imaginary voyage prompted by the sight of a label or a postage stamp was again a memory of childhood. . . . In the last few years I have been attempting to keep meaningfulness up to the pace of randomness . . . but I really think that meaningfulness can't get along without randomness and that they somehow have to be brought together. . . . The passage of time is becoming more and more *the* subject of my poetry as I get older. . . . ["Fragment"], like maybe all of my poems, [is] a love poem. . . .

The entire interview is a revealing one, and links Ashbery conclusively to the Western lyric tradition. In short, he comes from Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Stevens, Eliot; his poems are about love, or time, or age.

And yet it is no service to Ashbery, on the whole, to group him with Stevens and Eliot; when he echoes them most compliantly, he is least himself. In any case, though he descends from them, he is not very much like them: he is garrulous, like Whitman, not angular, like Eliot; he is not rhetorical, like Stevens, but, rather, tends to be conversational, for all the world like Keats in his mercurial letters. The familiar letter, sometimes the familiar essay are his models now that he has forsaken the formal experiments of his earlier books. We open "As We Know" already included, by its title, in a complicity of recognition and inquiry. The book clarifies itself over time, and is itself the clearest of all Ashbery's books; his special allusiveness, a private language perfected over the past twenty years, appears in it, of course, but there are long stretches of accessible table talk, so to speak. These appear chiefly in "Litany," a long poem written in double columns, in what I find a somewhat

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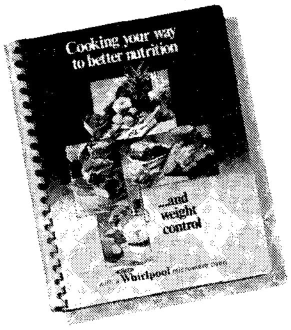

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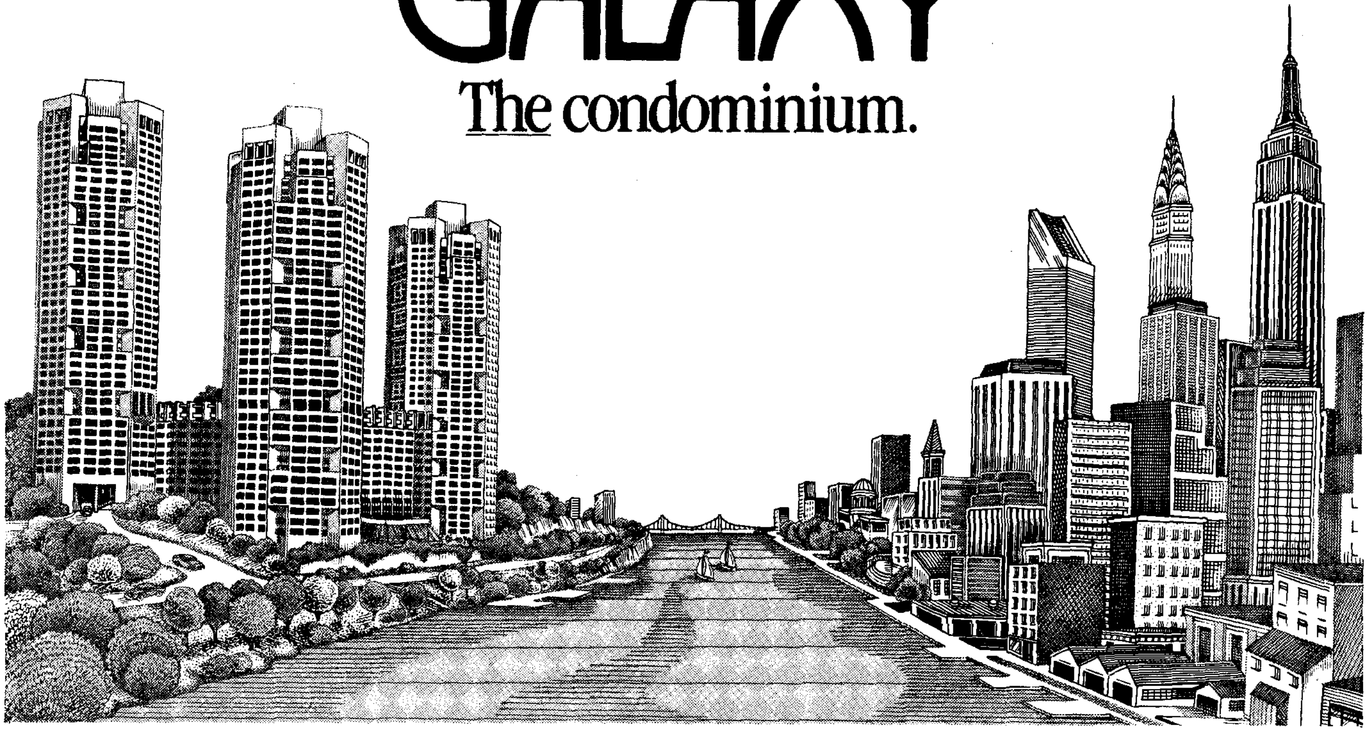

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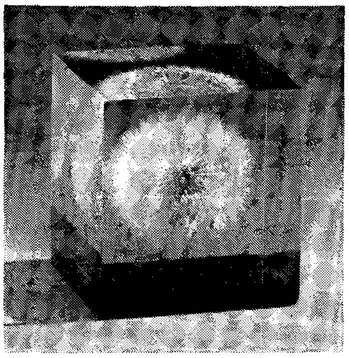

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> . . . Earthly inadequacy
> Is indescribable, and heavenly satisfaction
> Needs no description, but between
> Them, hovering like Satan on airless
> Wing is the matter at hand:
> The essence of it is that all love
> Is imitative, creative, and that we
> can't hear it.

Ashbery, like Coleridge, who found all life an interruption of what was going on in his mind, lives in the "chronic reverie" of the natural contemplative. As often as not, his contemplation is chagrined, reproachful of the world that promised us so much and gave us so little. At times, he even doubts whether we are doing any soul-making at all:

> . . . And slowly
> The results are brought in, and are
> found disappointing
> As broken blue birds'-eggs in a nest
> among rushes
> And we fall away like fish from the
> Grand Banks
> Into the inky, tepid depths beyond. It
> is said
> That this is our development, but no
> one believes
> It is, but no one has any authority to
> proceed further.
> And we keep chewing on darkness
> like a rind
> For what comfort it can give in the
> crevices
> Between us. . . .

These are the dark passages that Keats foresaw and feared, sketched by Ashbery in his characteristically speckled humor.

Ashbery has said that his long poems are like diaries, written for an hour or so a day over long periods, and "Litany"—a "comic dirge routine," like so many of his poems—has to be listened to as well over a long stretch of time. Such a form of composition, he says in a poem at the end of "Houseboat Days," has to do with "The way music passes, emblematic/ Of life and how you cannot isolate a note of it/And say it is good or bad." Nor can a line, or a passage, or an inception or conclusion from Ashbery be isolated as good or bad: "the linear style/is discarded/though this is/not realized for centuries." It is our wish to isolate the line as touchstone which makes us at first find Ashbery baffling; once we stop looking for self-contained

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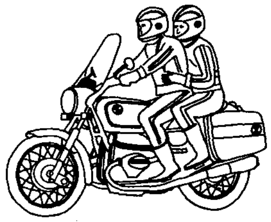

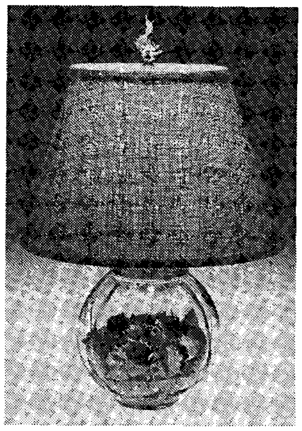

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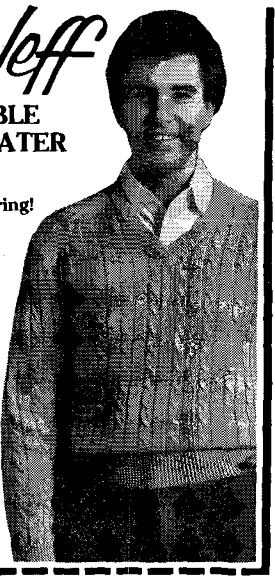

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units we begin to feel better about our responses, and soon find a drift here, a meander there that feels, if not like our old beloved stanzas or aphorisms, at least like a pause in the rapids. What we find in him (to quote again from "Houseboat Days") is "branching diversions around an axis": the axis of loss, or forgetfulness, or remorse, or optimism, or human drama—since we are all, as Ashbery wittily says, "characters in the opera *The Flood*, by the great anonymous composer."

"Houseboat Days" is the volume containing Ashbery's most explicit short accounts of his own intent. His model there is a tapestry done in the form of a Möbius strip; this metaphor, with its (literal) new twist on an ancient figure for the web of art, coexists with the metaphor of the litany, the chain of words, the sequence of lessons in the heart's hornbook:

> We may as well begin the litany here:
> How all that forgotten past seasons us,
> prepares
> Us for each other, now that the
> mathematics
> Of winter is starting to point it out.

As things are reduced, once leafless, to the harsh geometry lesson of winter, we learn the diagrammatic forms of life, and chant its repetitive and lengthening chant. Such is the mournful view. On the other hand, Ashbery is irrepressibly sanguine. Something will always turn up to change the mood, as it does in a sonata. Never was there a "castaway of middle life" (Ashbery was born in 1927) more confident of his daily bread from the ravens:

> . . . Impetuously
> We travel on, life seems full of promise,
> . . . Surely
> Life is meant to be this way, solemn
> And joyful as an autumn wood. . . .

Of course, this cannot last, and the wood is "rent by the hunters'/Horns and their dogs." But a renewal does keep happening: the sun brings, as is its wont, a zephyr, a cowslip.

Not only is Ashbery perennially hopeful, he is perennially generous, especially toward the whole enterprise of art—its origins in experience, the collecting of data that might help it along, its actual, stumbling efforts, its stiffening into print or onto canvas, its preservation by the academies. In "Litany," he is quite willing, for example, for the academy and the critics to exist. After all, his fresco or his "small liturgical opera," this litany, will be preserved by the academy, described by critics, long after the author

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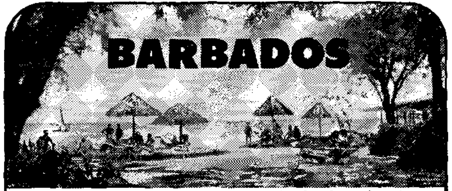

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dies, and even while time threatens to devour everything:

> Certainly the academy has performed
> A useful function. Where else could
> Tiny flecks of plaster float almost
> Forever in innocuous sundown almost
> Fashionable as the dark probes again.
> An open beak is shadowed against the
> Small liturgical opera this time.
> It is nobody's fault. And the academy
> Has saved it all for remembering.

As for critics, they are there, like the poets, to keep reminding people of what is in fact happening to them:

> . . . People
> Are either too stunned or too engrossed
> In their own petty pursuits to bother with
> What is happening all around them, even
> When that turns out to be extremely interesting. . . .
> . . . who
> Can evaluate it, formulate
> The appropriate apothegm, show us
> In a few well-chosen words of wisdom
> Exactly what is taking place all about us?
> Not critics, certainly, though that is precisely
> What they are supposed to be doing.

The despair of language here is a sign of Ashbery's yearning for a vision less than preformulated, more than foreseeable: for something done by great poets ("and a few/Great critics as well," he adds generously); that is, to

> . . . describe the exact feel
> And slant of a field in such a way as to
> Make you wish you were in it, or better yet
> To make you realize that you actually are in it
> For better or for worse, with no
> Conceivable way of getting out. . . .

I quote these lines even though they are not among Ashbery's best—they haven't his eel-like darting—because they show his earnestness about the whole enterprise of art, as he asks for a new criticism, deriving from the actual current practice of poetry, for only in this way do we make our poetry intelligible to ourselves:

> It is to count our own ribs, as though Narcissus
> Were born blind, and still daily
> Haunts the mantled pool, and does not know why.

It is as though poetry were incompetent to see its own image until reflected in the discursive analysis of criticism. And it may be so.

The best moments in Ashbery are those of "antithesis chirping/to antithesis" in an alternation of "elegy and toccata," all told in a style of "ductility, its swift/Garrulity, jumping from

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line to line,/From page to page." The endless beginnings and endings in Ashbery, the changes of scenery, the shifting of characters ally him to our most volatile poets—the Shakespeare of the sonnets, the Herbert of "The Temple," the Keats of the letters, the Shelley of "Epipsychidion." He is different from all but Keats in being often very funny; in "Litany," for example, he gives himself mock commands and injunctions:

. . . And so
I say unto you: beware the right margin
Which is unjustified; the left
Is justified and can take care of itself
But what is in between expands and
    flaps. . . .

And in a parody of Blake he goes "bopping down the valleys wild;" the poetry of pastoral, parodied, becomes both touching and ridiculous:

The lovers saunter away.
It is a mild day in May.
With music and birdsong alway
And the hope of love in the way. . . .

Then, in a trice, the pastoral grows grim:

. . . Death likes to stay
Near so as to be able to slay
The lovers who humbly come to pray
Him to pardon them yet his stay
Of execution includes none and they lay
Hope aside and soon disappear.

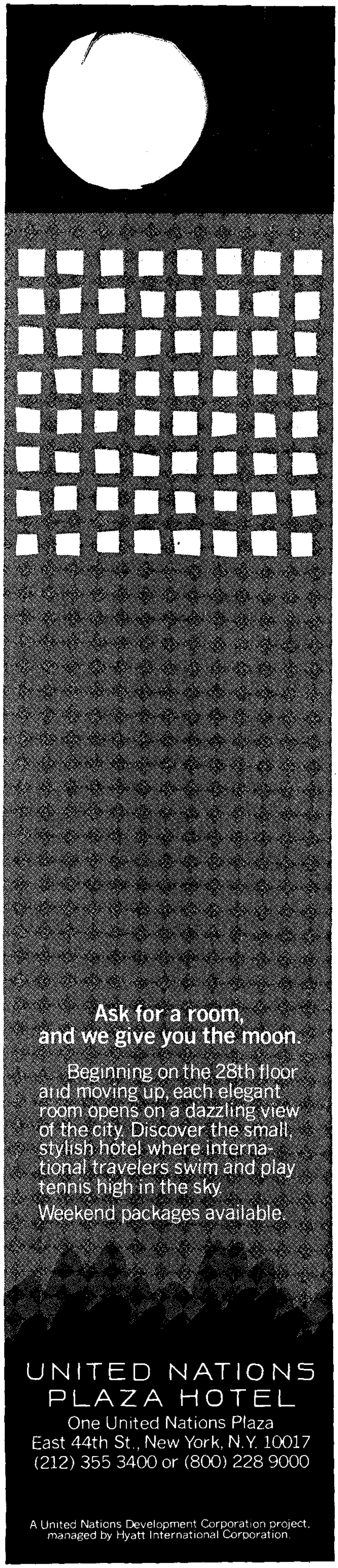
And so the small liturgical opera of "Litany" goes on through three parts, in a Protean masque of genres. Different readers will prefer different arias and, through the device of the double columns, different counterpoints. My current favorite is an ode to love:

. . . It is, then,
Gigantic, yet life-size. And
Once it has lived, one has lived with it.
    The astringent,
Clear timbre is, having belonged to one,
One's own, forever, and this
Despite the green ghetto that intrudes
Its blighted charm on each of the
    moments
We called on love for, to lead us
To farther tables and new, surprised,
Suffocated chants just beyond the range
Of simple perception.

This ode continues for nearly forty lines; the part I have quoted is paired, in the other column, with a reflection on solitude, perhaps preceding death:

. . . The river is waning
On. Now no one comes
To disturb the murk, and the profoundest
Tributaries are silent with the smell
Of being alone. How it
Dances alone, in winter shine
Or autumn filth.

As always in Ashbery, there is a new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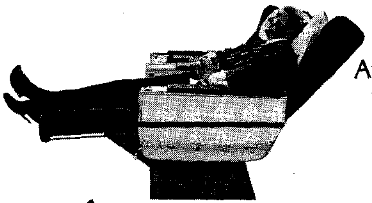

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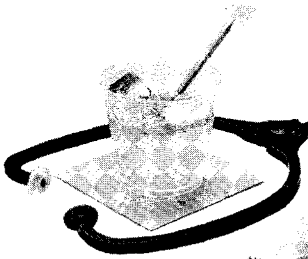

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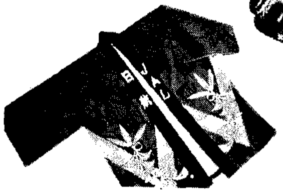

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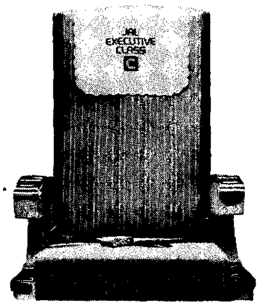

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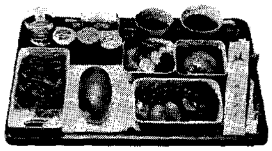

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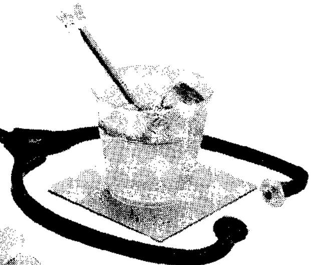

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beginning, an upswelling. Even the end of "Litany" shows us caught in the reel of life, as the naïf speaker earnestly addresses us for help:

Some months ago I got an offer
From Columbia Tape Club, Terre
Haute, Ind., where I could buy one
Tape and get another free. I accept-
Ed the deal, paid for one tape and
Chose a free one. But since I've been
Repeatedly billed for my free tape.
I've written them several times but
Can't straighten it out—would you
Try?

We all think life's first reel is free; we always find ourselves billed for it over and over; we can never "straighten it out." Never has Freud been so lightly explicated.

The rest of "As We Know"—forty-seven short lyrics—is not any more easily summarized than "Litany." There are poems (I begin this list from the beginning) about growing up, about fidelity, about identity, about death, about (I have skipped two) the permanence of art, about construction, deconstruction, and perpetual creative joy in the face of death:

. . . We must first trick the idea
Into being, then dismantle it,
Scattering the pieces on the wind,
So that the old joy, modest as cake,
  as wine and friendship
Will stay with us at the last, backed
  by the night
Whose ruse gave it our final meaning.

One could go on, listing the subjects of all forty-seven poems. They are all "about" something. Some are carried off better than others; some seem destined to last, to be memorable and remembered—none more so than the calmly fateful "Haunted Landscape."

"Haunted Landscape" tells us that we all enter at birth a landscape previously inhabited by the dead. We all play Adam and Eve in the land; we then suffer uprootings and upheaval. We are all—as Ashbery says, quoting Yeats—"led . . ./By the nose" through life; we see life and ourselves dwindle into poverty, and it is only our naïveté (some would say stupidity) that lets us construct castles in air, which of course collapse. Life is both a miracle and a non-event. At the end, we die, and become part of the ground cover and the ground; we become ghosts, as we are told by an unknown herald that it is time to go. The transformation takes place without our knowing how, and our history becomes once again the history of earth's dust. This is the "plot" of "Haunted Landscape;" there is no plot more endemic to lyric. I quote the middle lines, about the eternal reappearance and

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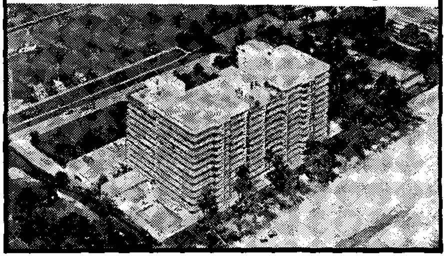

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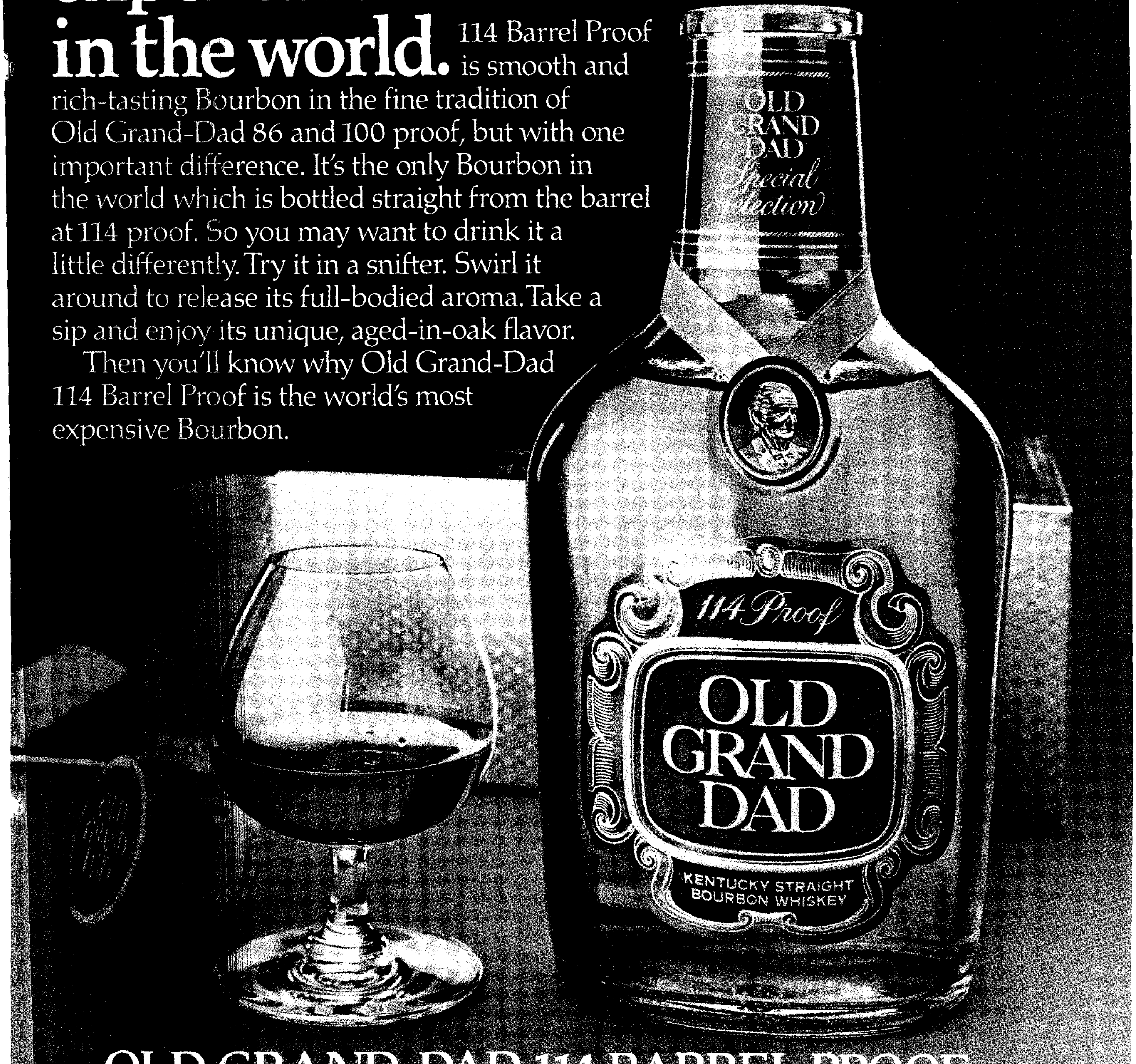
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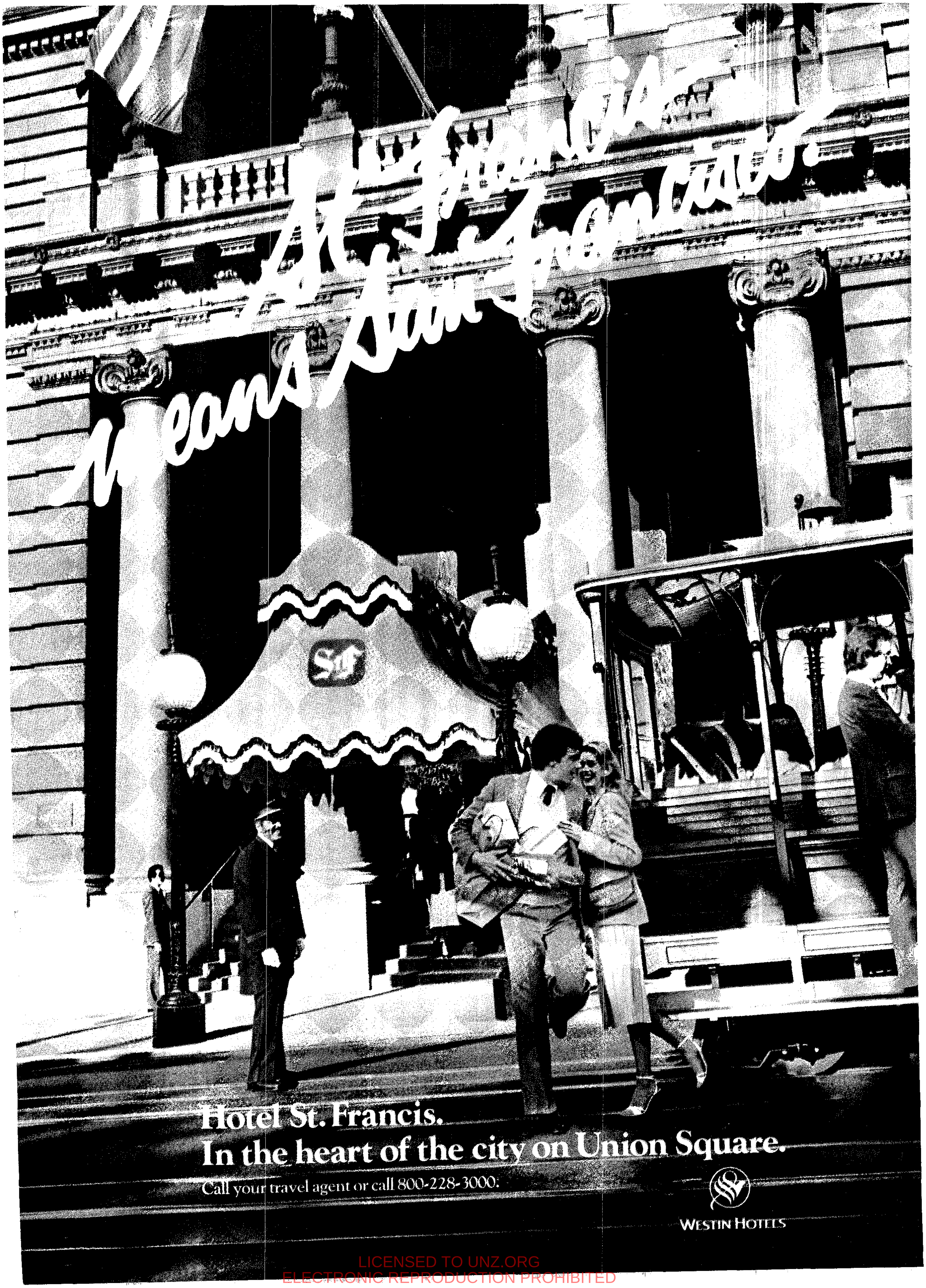
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sexual conjunction and final undoing of the archetypal human couple:

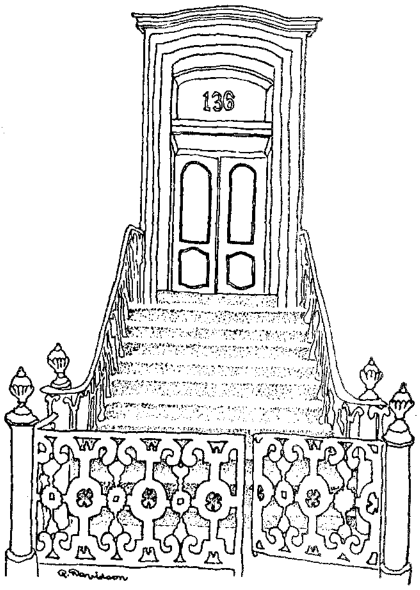
> She had preferred to sidle through the
> cane and he
> To hoe the land in the hope that some
> day they would grow happy
> Contemplating the result: so much
> fruitfulness. A legend.
> He came now in the certainty of her
> braided greeting. . . .
>
> They were thinking, too, that this was
> the right way to begin
> A farm that would later have to be
> uprooted to make way
> For the new plains and mountains that
> would follow after
> To be extinguished in turn as the ocean
> takes over
>
> Where the glacier leaves off and in the
> thundering of surf
> And rock, something, some note or
> other, gets lost. . . .

It is from Stevens that Ashbery learns the dispassionate recording of horror, as here the farm is uprooted, the plains are extinguished, and the irretrievable note (of hope, of happiness, of love) is lost, if not under the glacier then in the crash of surf and rock. And what can we look back on? Only the ruined pastoral, our quenched dreams, our diminished life:

> And we have this to look back on, not
> much, but a sign
> Of the petty ordering of our days as it
> was created and led us
>
> By the nose through itself, and now it
> has happened
> And we have it to look at, and have to
> look at it
> For the good it now possesses which
> has shrunk from the
> Outline surrounding it to a little heap
> or handful near the center.

"Others call this old age or stupidity," comments Ashbery. We cannot bear to utter those words of ourselves.

In the meantime, the only heroism,



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even when life becomes shaming and humiliating, is to attain the eye that misses nothing:

> The wide angle that seeks to contain
> Everything, as a sea, is an eye.
> What is beheld is whatever lives,
> Is wildly unappetizing and inappropriate,
> And sits, and fits us.

With every construction of pleasure, there arises, says Ashbery, a precisely equivalent and simultaneous construct of criticism, and vice versa: "They are constructing pleasure simultaneously/ in an adjacent chamber/That occupies the same cube of space as the critic's study." The perplexed relations between these two—pleasure and criticism, beauty and truth—are shown in constant flux in these poems, the question perpetually reëxamined:

> The contest ends at midnight tonight
> But you can submit again, and again.

Ashbery is an American poet, always putting into his poems our parades and contests and shaded streets. He sometimes sounds like Charles Ives in his irrepressible Americana, full of "dried tears/Loitering at the sun's school shade." There is nonetheless something monkish in these poems, which, in spite of their social joy and their hours of devoted illumination in the scriptorium, see a blank and blighted end. The poem with the portmanteau title "Landscapeople" sums up our dilemma—the intersection of humanity and nature. It tells us, in brief, all that Ashbery has to say at this moment about our lives, a summary both scarred and sunlit:

> Long desired, the journey is begun.
>   The suppliants
> Climb aboard the damaged carrousel:
> Some have been hacked to death, one
>   has learned
> Some new thing, and all are touched
> With the same blight. . . .

It is the blight man was born for, we remind ourselves. We travel in circles on the carrousel, going nowhere:

> And the new ways are as simple as the
>   old ones,
> Only more firmly anchored to the
>   spectacle
> Of the madness of the seasons as it
>   unfolds
> With iron-clad rigidity, filling the sky
>   with light.

The sacred seasons, Keats wrote, must not be disturbed. But they bring the chilly auroras of autumn, as Stevens said, filling the sky with "the color of ice and fire and solitude." At the close of "Landscapeople," Ashbery thinks of Wordsworth's "Immortality" ode, and

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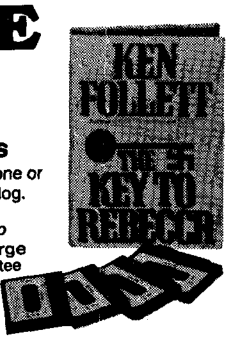

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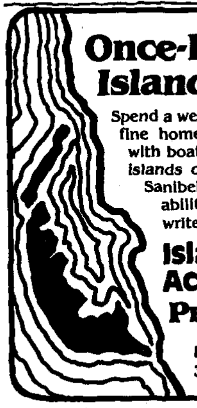

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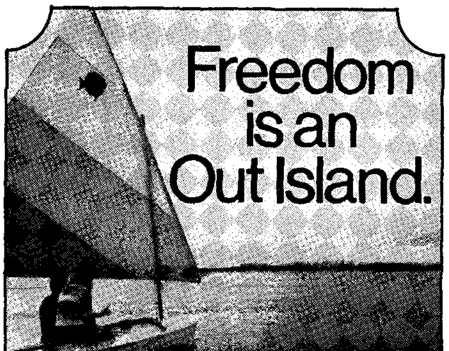

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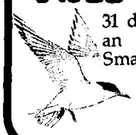

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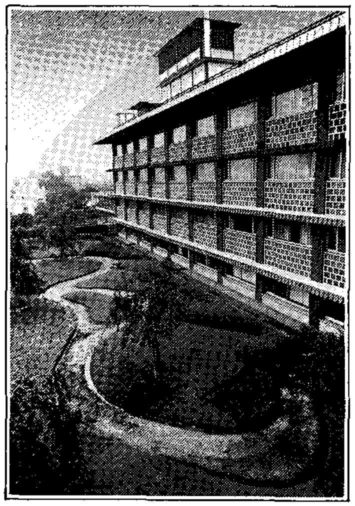
of his own art as a Rilkean Book of Hours:

> We began in an anonymous sensuality
> And lived most of it out before the
>   difference
> Of time got in the way, filling up the
>   margins of the days
> With pictures of fruit, light, colors,
>   music, and vines,
> Until it ceases to be a problem.

I have been extracting chiefly the more accessible parts of Ashbery, but it is possible to explain his "hard" parts, too, given time, patience, and an acquaintance with his manner. It is possible also to characterize that manner—by turns so free-floating, allusive, arch, desultory, mild, genial, unassertive, accommodating, wistful, confiding, oscillatory, tactful, self-deprecatory, humorous, colloquial, despairing, witty, polite, nostalgic, elusive, entertaining. It is within our grasp to schematize his practice, categorize his tics—opaque references, slithering pronouns, eliding tenses, vague excitements, timid protests, comic reversals, knowing clichés. We can recognize his attitudes—the mania for collection, the outlandish suggestions, the fragrant memories, the camaraderie in anguish. If we ask why the manner, why the tics, why the attitudes, and we do ask it—at least, I have sometimes asked it and heard it asked—the answer, for a poet as serious as Ashbery, cannot be simply the one of play, though the element of playfulness (of not being, God forbid, boring or, worse, bored) always enters in, and enters in powerfully. The answer lies in yet another of Ashbery's affinities with Keats. Keats said that the poet had no identity of his own but, rather, took on the identities of other things—people, animals, atmospheres—which pressed in upon him. "I guess I don't have a very strong sense of my own identity," said Ashbery in the *New York Quarterly* interview. "I find it very easy to move from one person in the sense of a pronoun to another and this again helps to produce a kind of polyphony in my poetry which I again feel is a means toward greater naturalism." "A crowd of voices," as Stevens called it, is spoken for by the single poet; as we feel ourselves farther and farther from uniqueness and more and more part of a human collective, living, as Lowell said, a generic life, the pressure of reality exerts a pressure on style—a pressure to speak in the voice of the many, with no portion of their language (whether the language of cliché, the language of the media, the



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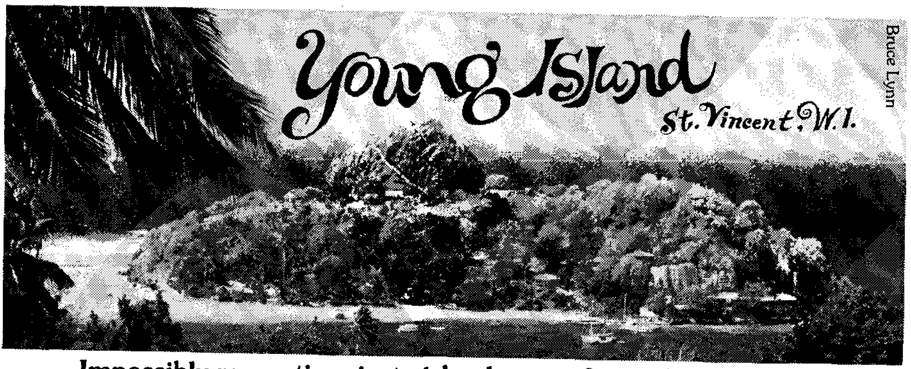

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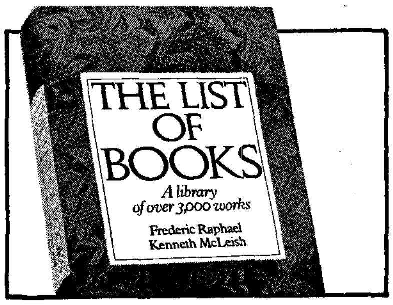

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language of obscenity, or the language of technology) ruled out. Our dénouement is a collective fate; we are "already drenched in the perfume of fatality." What the poet can do is remind us of "the gigantic/Bits and pieces of knowledge we have retained," of that which "made the chimes ring." If anything, in Ashbery's view, makes a beautiful order of the bits and pieces and the chimes ringing, it is poetry:

> If you listen you can hear them ringing
> still:
> A mood, a Stimmung, adding up to a
> sense of what they really were,
> All along, through the chain of lengthening days.

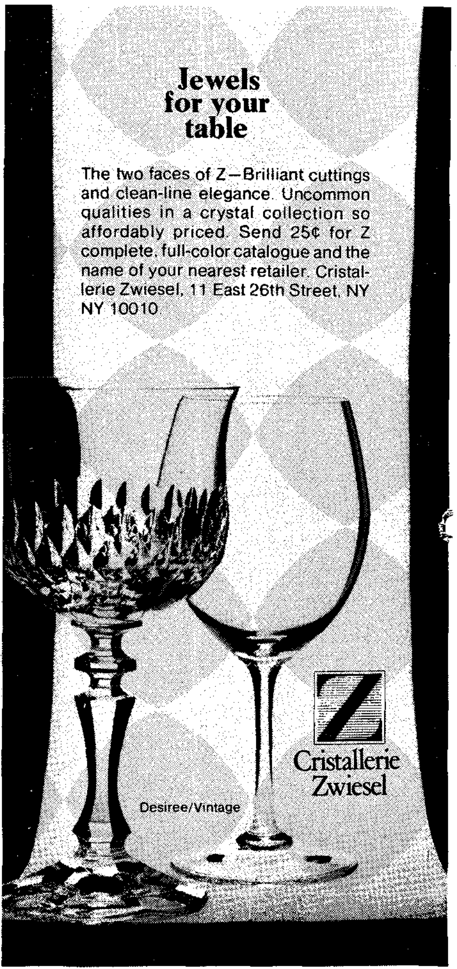
—HELEN VENDLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FABLE, by Robert Pinget, translated from the French by Barbara Wright (Red Dust; $6.95). From this French writer of strange integrity, a work of surpassing strangeness. The hero—"this Miaille or whatever his name is"—finds himself sleeping overnight in a hole in the hay of a barn he seems to recognize. Someone is watching him, but who? The countryside has been devastated by a disastrous war, or has it? Bands of naked men roam around eating corpses. There are allusions to the Crucifixion and the Fall, and overtones of blasphemy, which, the translator tells us in a curt afterword, "the author now disapproves of." The prose is resolutely abstruse, sibylline, and laconic; it's a rare paragraph that has more than a single sentence in it. "To move words around, a sublime game," the author (or an approximation) confides. "To inhabit every utterance so as to give it its own meaning." After a while, the hero puts out his eyes with a knife, and his name changes slightly, to Miette. The atmosphere of futuristic cataclysm yields to a gossipy lament for the past simplicities of country life in M. Pinget's usual fictional village of Fantoine. His bleak riddling is distinguished from his mentor Beckett's by a vivid sense of communal voice and surreally filtered regional authenticity. Not for every taste, this fable yet has its resonances, deriving from "these sorts of reversals that throw light on things in depth."

NOTE: "'Ellis Island' and Other Stories," by Mark Helprin, has been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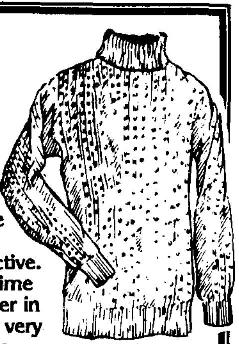

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Consumer Orientation
No. 11 in a Series
Subject: Longlife Design.
The Antithesis of
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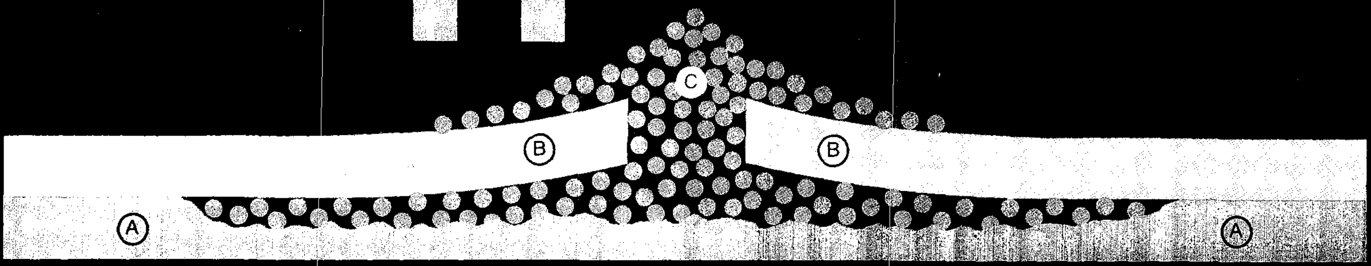
11

Porsche 911



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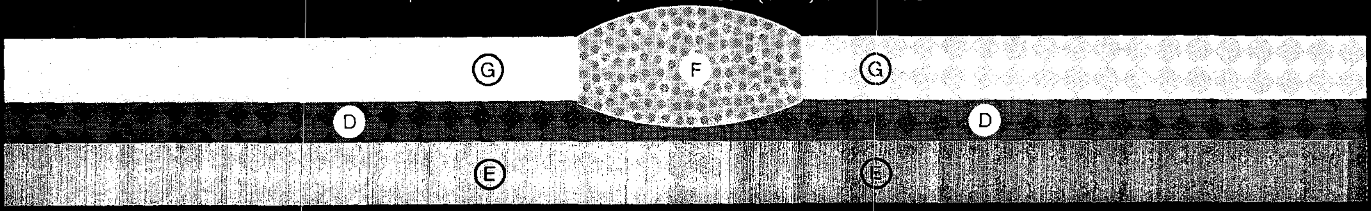

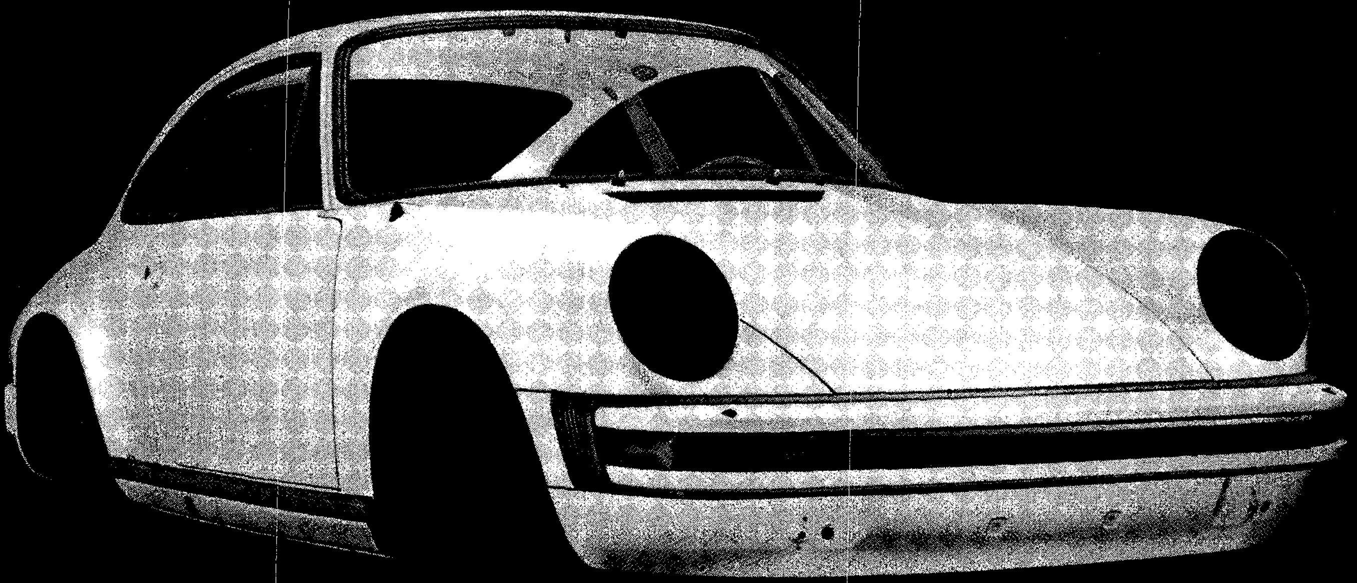

At the Porsche Research and Development Center (Entwicklungzentrum) in Weissach, the steel body of a Porsche 911 has been standing outside in the elements—protected only by hot dip galvanizing—for 7 years. To date, there has not been one speck of red rust.

published by Delacorte ($10.95). Most of the stories, including the story of the title, first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

A PRESIDENT IN LOVE: THE COURTSHIP LETTERS OF WOODROW WILSON AND EDITH BOLLING GALT, edited by Edwin Tribble (Houghton Mifflin; $11.95). The first appearance in print of the romantic correspondence between the widower President and the woman who became his second wife. The letters run from April through December of 1915, when the two were married—a period in which world events (the sinking of the Lusitania, for example) and their domestic repercussions occupied the President's mind. Mrs. Galt, however, occupied his heart, and his extensive, ardent handwritten missives flowed at all hours, amid every crisis. She was at first uncertain whether she truly loved her suitor, whether she was worthy of so distinguished a man, and whether she could bear the publicity that came with the position of President's wife, but his assiduity, patience, and passion overcame her anxieties, and their wooing had fewer problems (for instance, his daughters approved of their future stepmother) than most. Their perfect sympathy seems, in historical retrospect, to have had a drawback: she resented opposition to him and did not mollify but exacerbated conflicts; in her letters, she refuses to see any but the lowest motives in men who disagreed with her beloved.

NEVER AT REST, by Richard S. Westfall (Cambridge; $49.50). Professor Westfall, of Indiana University, has written a monumental biography of Isaac Newton. It is monumental in every sense; some nine hundred pages long and packed with footnotes, it covers in detail every aspect of Newton's private and scientific life. Also, miraculously, it is a delight to read. In the twenty years that Professor Westfall has spent writing it, he has become so attuned to the material that he dominates it totally, and not vice versa. Newton was an unbelievably complex man—a scientific genius, needless to say, but also a religious heretic, which he managed to conceal during his lifetime. His physics and mathematics represented only a relatively small fraction

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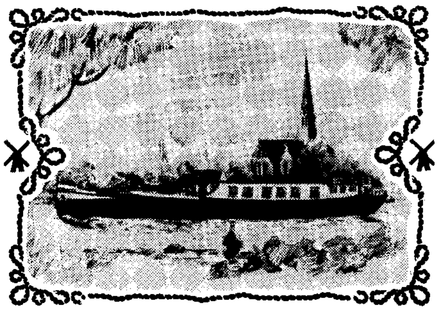

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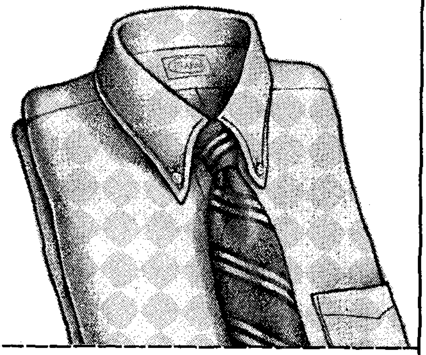

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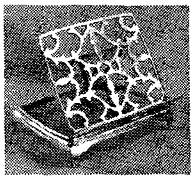

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of his activities, which also included alchemy, Biblical study, and, eventually, his wardenship of the Mint in London. Anecdotes enliven the book like raisins in a pudding. For example, soon after Newton published his "Principia," which inaugurated modern physics, a student passed him in Cambridge and remarked, "There goes the man that writt a book that neither he nor any body else understands." Like many student remarks, this one was wrong on all counts.

THE STRANGE DESTINY OF RUPERT BROOKE, by John Lehmann (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). A well-known English man of letters scrutinizes an idol of his elders—a poet who is nowadays (Mr. Lehmann contends) as greatly undervalued as he was formerly overpraised. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) was a handsome young man, active in sports, amateur theatricals, and causes (he was a leader of the Fabians at Cambridge), and he wrote and published poetry from his teens. His canonization, however, was the posthumous reward for five patriotic sonnets—fustian, mainly—that appeared in 1915; his death (of blood poisoning) that year, when he was on the way to Gallipoli, presented an irresistible temptation to wartime sentimentality. The portrayal of Brooke as a flawless hero who gladly died for his country may have encouraged enlistments, but in truth Brooke was a young man whose neuroses, confused sexual entanglements, and social climbing suggest considerable instability, at the same time that his light verse, critical essays, and travel writing suggest considerable talent. Mr. Lehmann quotes extensively from Brooke's published writing, from his letters, and from the accounts of people who knew him, including those who worshipped him, those who were hurt by him, and the very few, such as Virginia Woolf, who were capable of detached appraisal.

POPULISM, by Margaret Canovan (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $17.95). This work not only settles earlier political and scholarly debates but sets the intellectual stage for further discussions and evaluations of the assorted movements and parties known as "populist" the world around. The author surveys several populist movements, including those of the United States and

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Russia in the nineteenth century and of Eastern Europe and Latin America in the twentieth, discriminating among them with accuracy, stylistic simplicity, and brevity. Occasionally wry, always astute, she describes various forms of populist government, from Perón's dictatorship to Switzerland's democracy, and rejects wholesale pro- and anti-populist arguments, which have often misread history because of historians' own anxieties: for example, the fact that Joe McCarthy elicited wide public approval persuaded many writers of the nineteen-fifties that populism was a dangerous eruption of mass ignorance and bigotry. This, as the author points out, example by example, is not necessarily so. Although all populist movements resent élites, some have more justification than others.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY, by Miriam J. Benkovitz (Putnam; $11.95). Aubrey Beardsley was fortunate in that he arrived at his individual style at a very early age; that is about all he was lucky in. Throughout his short career (he died at twenty-five, in 1898), he was harassed by wretched health and by money worries brought on by his touching sense of responsibility: in spite of his dandyism and his bohemian ways, he was steadfast in his support of his rather ne'er-do-well parents and, when she needed it, his beloved sister. This biography is a sympathetic portrayal of a truly original artist, seen against the background of his period—the nineties in London and Paris—and within a circle of friends and collaborators that included Max Beerbohm, W. B. Yeats, Sir William Rothenstein, and Oscar Wilde. The author, in her evaluation of Beardsley's character (a tricky task, because Beardsley kept to himself and did not confide in his friends), tends to discount his reputation for decadence and evil—a reputation grounded in his association with Oscar Wilde, which is ironic, since Beardsley did not much like Wilde. Illustrated with photographs and with a good number of Beardsley's brilliant drawings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MORDIDA MAN, by Ross Thomas (Simon & Schuster; $13.95). Mr. Thomas stands apart from most writers of suspense novels in that he writes with style and wit,

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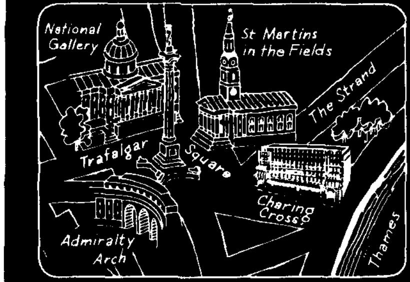

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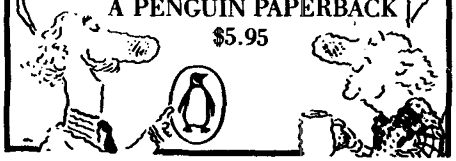

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and from all but a few in that he never writes the same story twice. "The Mordida Man" (the title refers to a Mexican term meaning "bribe giver") has to do with international terrorists and with the intricately interrelated abductions of a wanted "freedom fighter" called Felix and the brother of the President of the United States, and with a rough-justice resolution brought about by the Mordida Man, a much decorated Vietnam warrior and one-term Congressman named Chubb Dunjee. His associates or antagonists include a Hungarian girl, an English thief, some rotten and defrocked C.I.A. and F.B.I. types, a Libyan diplomat, a Gambian diplomat, a Japanese, a German, and a female Algerian terrorist, and the geography he covers includes London, Rome, Libya, Malta, Washington, and New York. He is an attractive and properly heroic hero, and his adventure here is thoroughly enjoyable.

The Rat on Fire, by George V. Higgins (Knopf; $10.95). A case of arson—the torching of an unprofitable black tenement in Boston—told almost entirely in dialogue or, at times, monologue. The speakers are a theatrical lawyer who owns the increasingly derelict building, the two losers he hires to do the job, the police investigators who get wind of the plan almost at the start, a black state senator, and a hardworking black woman tenant and her worthless son. As in last year's "Kennedy for the Defense," there is little direct action here. The action is recounted by participants after the event, and they relate it, at an unconscionable length, in a street vocabulary of standard obscenities and a couple of hundred articulations in basic Bostonese English. Mr. Higgins can be very entertaining in his chosen sleazy world, but as his characters ramble on and on he can be a little tedious, too.

•

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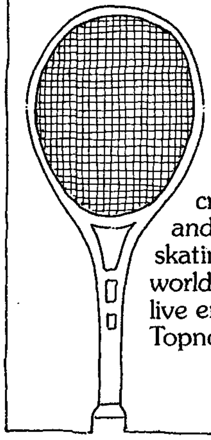

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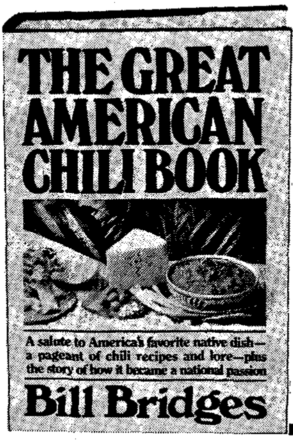
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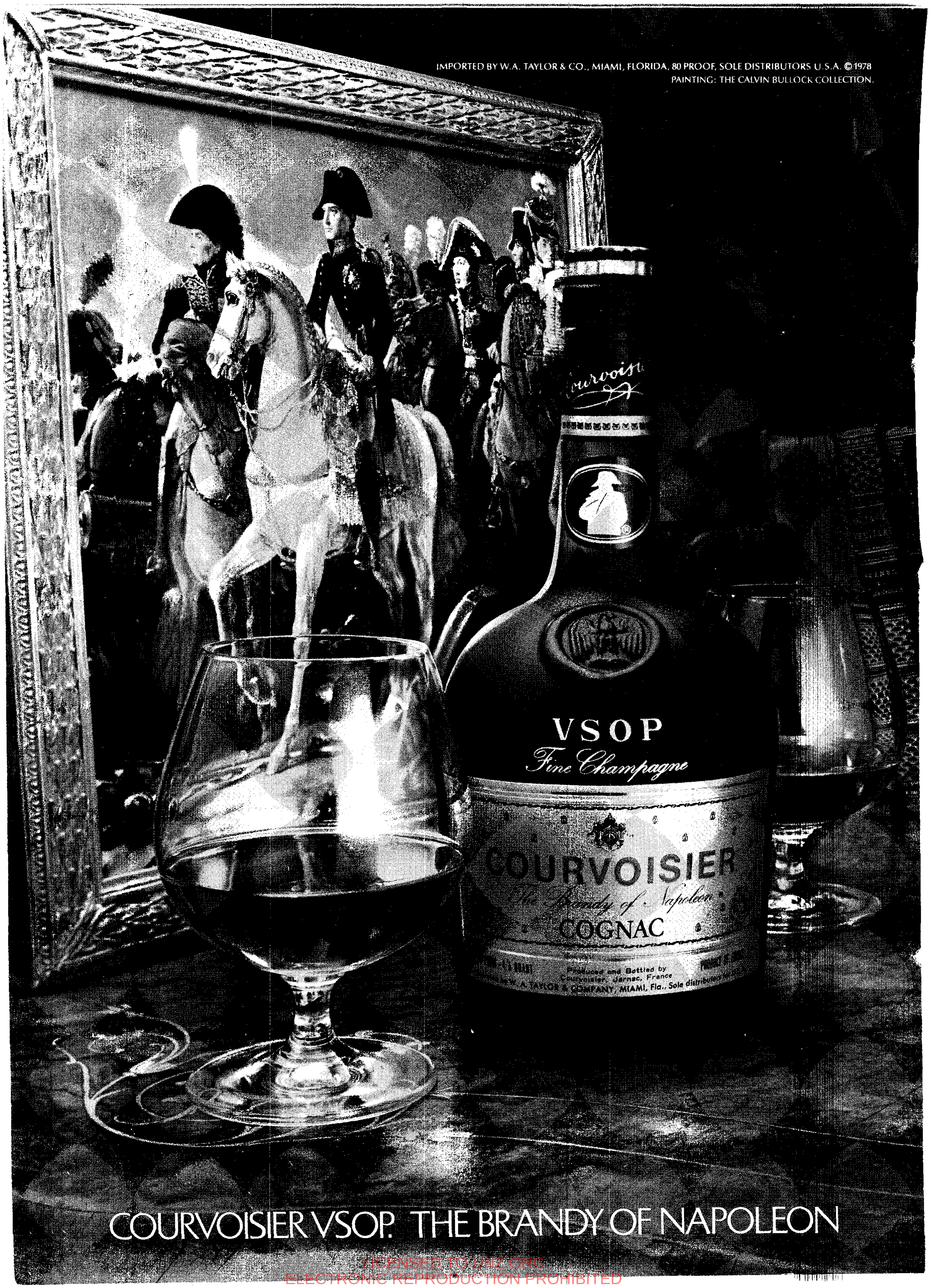
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